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GOETHE'S FAUST

*Wer die Dichtkunst will verstehen,
Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen:
Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.*

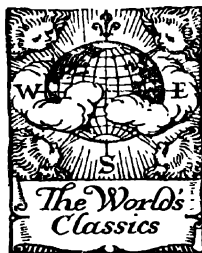
GOETHE.

FAUST

A TRAGEDY IN TWO PARTS

By
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Translated in the original metres
by BAYARD TAYLOR, with intro-
duction by MARSHALL MONTGOMERY
and notes by DOUGLAS YATES



Geoffrey Cumberlege
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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

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BAYARD TAYLOR

Born, Kennett Square, Chester County,
Penn., U.S.A. 11 January 1825
Died, Berlin 19 October 1878

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INTRODUCTION

i. 'Faust' a Work of Art

IT has always been known that a philosophical, or, to speak more accurately, a theological, idea lies at the base of Goethe's presentation of the Faust-legend. Unfortunately the gradual but steady trend of scholarship turned away from this elementary truth and towards the analysis of the evolution of the legend, which at one time almost bade fair to throw the poem itself into obscurity. Just as for the anthropologist *homo pithecanthropus* became a more fascinating figure than Dante or Shakespeare, so in the mind of the philologist the *Volksbuch*, the Puppenspiel, and finally the 'excavation' of the *Urfaust* became more absorbing topics than the finished work of the great poet. This, since it was 'made up' of so many elements which could be shown to exist by themselves in an earlier, more naked form, lacked the charm of the primitive; it was considered deficient in spontaneity and over-weighted with complex and heterogeneous materials. Moreover it had been nearly sixty years a-making. It might be compared to a great cathedral, perhaps; only if it had ever had a ground-plan, this had apparently been abandoned by the architect-builder before the structure was half complete. How, men said, could Goethe, the young Titan, and Goethe, the aged Olympian, have worked to the same plan? The thing, on the face of it, looked somewhat ridiculous. The historian, supported by 'facts', knew better than that. Goethe himself had talked of the 'secrets' it contained. August Wilhelm Schlegel's¹ account of Part I was taken very seriously. He had said:

"To the youthful epoch belongs his *Faust*, a work which was early planned, though not published till a late period,

¹ *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* (originally translated by John Black); cited from the revised version by

and which even in its latest shape is still a fragment, and from its very nature perhaps must always remain so. Goethe's work, which in some points adheres closely to the tradition, but leaves it entirely in others, purposely runs out in all directions beyond the dimensions of the theatre. . . .

What Schlegel had said in criticism of Part I was readily considered to apply still more to Part II and to the work as a whole. The adverse views of Coleridge and Lamb are too well known to be cited. Even G. H. Lewes, in his almost passionate defence of Goethe's *Faust*, warns us not to expect too much from the Second Part, and confesses himself among those of 'Goethe's most loving students' who find it to be 'of mediocre interest, very far inferior to the *First Part*, and both in conception and execution an elaborate mistake'.

Unhappily even now, nearly a century after Goethe's death, many critics and thousands of readers still grope blindly after the key to the unity of this great work, or more idly content themselves with recognizing the beauty of particular fragments—*dissecta membra*, they imagine, of an exploded whole. From Matthew Arnold himself down to his latest critic¹ we discern with difficulty any clear appreciation of the real unity of idea underlying, supporting, and binding together the two parts. Here and there, of course, exceptions exist to prove that we are not a wholly uncritical people. The influence of J. S. Blackie and of the earlier German 'unitarians', little read as they have been in this country, has not passed quite unnoticed; but in general the impression made upon the reading public is parallel to that left upon Goethe's biographer Hayward, who introduces his chapter on *Faust* with the remark, 'In what follows, "Faust" must be under-

A. J. W. Morrison, published in 'Bohn's Standard Library' in 1879, p. 517.

¹ J. B. Orrick, *Matthew Arnold and Goethe* (Publ. of the English Goethe Society, N.S., vol. iv, London, 1928).

stood as the First Part unless the Second is specified.' One had hoped, too optimistically, that the influence of M. Edmond Scherer, to whom these English critics owe so much, had evaporated for ever, but one or two recent discussions point all too clearly to the inheritance of these strangely inadequate theories by certain writers of our own day. To attempt to refute these criticisms *seriatim* is beyond our present purpose. It seems wiser to approach the subject from the opposite angle by stating, however briefly, the case for those who persist in regarding *Faust*—the whole *Faust*—as a unified work of art.

'L'art de Goethe est ce qui est le plus difficile à faire comprendre en Angleterre.'¹ The content of *Faust* is so noteworthy that the philosophic, but too often un-aesthetic, German mind has been thereby misled into disregarding or belittling the form. Herr Julius Bab, for example, has recently written a valuable study entitled *Faust, das Werk des Goetheschen Lebens*,² but in his introduction he is at the greatest pains to explain 'that we have not here to do with a work of art begun and finished upon a clear plan'. It is not, he insists, a 'created' work, but one which 'came into being and grew'. As if every true work of art did not 'come into being and grow'. *Poema nascitur, atque fit!*

It is incontrovertible—*Faust* grew! I have elsewhere³ compared it to a mighty and somewhat gnarled and weather-beaten tree. But the simile, like all similes, is intended only to express a portion of the truth. It is true that it grew; it is no less true that it was made. It was born of the spirit, but conceived in mental activity and brought forth with the pains of labour. Goethe

¹ J.-M. Carré, *Goethe en Angleterre*, deuxième éd. (Paris, 1920), p. 294, following the passage on 'le défaut de la critique de Matthew Arnold: il n'a pas le sens artistique. . . . Il ressemble sur ce point à Carlyle.'

² Second ed., Stuttgart, &c., 1920.

³ *Studies in the Age of Goethe*, p. 62.

might well have parodied himself and given it the motto:

Alone he knows my work,
Who knows the face of care!

Truly this kind of work goes not forth, save with prayer and fasting. Equally it does not reveal its form, any more than its meaning, to the first glance of an idle eye. This form is not a circle or a square, but an intricate, highly-wrought pattern. The mere relation of what is contained in the poem, however skilfully achieved, gives a completely inadequate impression of the whole. The content and the form are in fact, as in every true work of art, only separable by a process of abstraction which resembles the dissolution of body and soul. Yet, for the same reason, the study of the content helps towards the understanding of the form, and vice versa.

Both Goethe and Schiller were profoundly impressed with the value of the standards of antiquity for aesthetic judgements, neither of them thought it necessary to adhere rigidly to these standards. It is clear to any one who is willing to look at *Faust* as a whole—as if, let us say, it had appeared as a single work in 1833—that classical standards are not therein closely followed. It should be equally clear that the work is far from being uninfluenced by the classical root-ideas of balance, harmony, and grandeur. But Erwin von Steinbach and Dante, Shakespeare and the Baroque have come between; Rousseau, too, and the Romantics have passed this way. And over all broods the Germanic spirit, ever ready in the midst of time to cast a longing gaze upon eternity. The complexity of the elements of this work is undeniable, yet this complexity yields to analysis, revealing beneath the richly decorated surface the simple outlines of the main structure.

There is a common theory that the best poetry and art have nearly all been created before the creator

reached the age of forty. Many great poets have indeed died or lost their reason before this crucial age, but the fact hardly warrants the conclusion that it would be better had such a fate overtaken them all. Let us hear upon this the opinion of one of our leading modern artists.¹ He writes of painting, but his words surely apply to every art:

'But it must not be forgotten that good painters, like good wine, are apt to improve with age, and it is often the work of their later years which moves us most to admiration. Perhaps it is not till an artist is turned fifty that he can be unreservedly accepted. By that time, it is true, he will have shed the pleasant attributes of youth but will have preserved undimmed its inner vision and, with the experience of a lifetime, be on the way to grasp at last the long-sought magical formula by means of which he will be able to achieve that perfect fusion of his soul with external nature which is the touchstone of the greatest art. Doubtless he will have become in the process rather difficult to handle and maybe almost impossible to understand, for he will necessarily have withdrawn himself somewhat apart from a world

*Where Charity is made a Trade that men grow rich by,
And the Sandy Desert is given to the Strong.'*

It is greatly to be desired that every one who approaches Goethe, and more especially *Faust*, should digest Mr. John's words before light-heartedly setting out to pillory the weaknesses they so easily discern in the works of the poet's old age. When they find him, as they so often do, 'rather difficult to handle' and, frequently, 'almost impossible to understand' they may then perhaps begin again the baffling process of the search for 'the touchstone' of the poet's art. Too many have contented themselves with, more or less inadequately, appreciating his 'message' and, fairly definitely, refusing to take seriously the question of his art.

¹ Augustus John, R.A., *The Unknown Artist* (in *Vogue*, March 7, 1928).

Let me cite a recent and characteristic specimen of English criticism of Goethe by an anonymous, but obviously thoughtful, critic, the very title of whose essay¹ suggests that Goethe's art is not a matter of great moment, contrasted with his culture and his religion.

'In his art, too, we find the same old contradiction. Few men have ever more deeply felt the purity and nobility of Greek art than Goethe, yet this did not prevent him from filling his longer works, such as *Wilhelm Meister*, *Faust*, and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, with amorphous masses of matter which he was determined to unload somewhere, and by which the design was completely swamped. *Iphigenie* is, perhaps, the only important work of Goethe's in which the lessons of Greece are faithfully applied.'

Such is the traditional uncritical-critical English method of dismissing Goethe's maturest works. Like Wagner, the pedant *famulus*, these English critics seem to have jumped to the conclusion that the master must be 'declaiming a Greek tragedy'; they feel puzzled and annoyed when they discover things far more strange and unfamiliar. It is, after all, only a Wagnerian pedant who can long to find in *Faust* 'the lessons of Greece faithfully applied'. For *Faust* is, among other things, the outstanding symbol of modern poetry, precisely because it is written in many moods about one vast theme and ends in an upward-tending but somewhat indistinct gesture rather than in a dogmatic epilogue. Unending progress, not the certain reward of a golden throne among the gods of Greece, nor the tragedy of a noble but hopeless struggle with Ananke, is the fate of the symbolic hero. And the form of the work is *necessarily* no more 'Greek' than the content, but it does not follow that it is *necessarily* bad!

ii. *The Magical Formula*

One grows weary of the captious critics. Let us grant them the truth of their main contention. Goethe's

¹ *The Gospel of Goethe*. Leading article in *The Times Literary Supplement* for December 9, 1920 (No. 986).

Faust contains over 12,000 lines; like the city of Rome and the British Constitution it was not made in a day, and from no point of view, even that of Mr. Augustus John's touchstone of the 'fusion' of the poet's soul 'with external nature', can it be considered 'perfect'. But these critics have grown so bold that they deny, of course under Goethe's aegis, the philosophic value of the work. They solemnly inform us that '*Faust* is poetry, not thought', and naively add, 'Goethe was never weary of driving home that point'.¹ And the great Croce himself can certainly be invoked in support, for has he not alleged the Prologue in Heaven to be 'the crest of a great artist, but not more than a jest, quite out of harmony with the drama which follows and which was, in the first period, planned to be serious; a scene in Paradise with the angels, God, and the devil, where there is not even an archaic colouring, but a *dégagé* manner, slightly in the style of Voltaire'.

Have these critics ever tried to realize the meaning of that great song of the archangels, with which the Prologue in Heaven opens, which strikes the keynote of the whole poem and contains a whole theodicy in twenty-eight brief lines? If not a vindication, it is most assuredly a magnificent asseveration of Divine Providence in view of the existence of evil. Most readers of *Faust* hurry through it as though it *were* a mere deliberate piece of decorative archaism. They would find it instructive to weigh carefully every line of these magnificent chants. Almost no one who does so will ever again pass over these lines as 'mere poetry'. At the risk of seeming pedantic I print here as literal a translation as I can give in verse.

¹ See the leading article on Goethe in *The Times Literary Supplement* for December 20, 1923, which is partly a review of Croce's very unequal little volume on Goethe.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

The Lord. The heavenly hosts. *Afterwards* Mephistopheles.¹ (The three archangels come forward.)

RAPIHAEL

The sun, as still of yore, doth sound
Amid the chants of brother spheres,
And with the noise of thunder bring
To fullness all th' appointed years.
'The angels see him and grow strong,
Tho' none his being fathom may:
Those inconceivably high works
Are glorious as on that first day.

GABRIEL

And swift, too swift by far for thought,
Circles the earth; the lovely light
Of Paradise is follow'd fast
By deep, tremendous, gloomy night:
The sea foams up in broad white streams
At the deep base of solid rocks,
And rock and sea are torn along
In spheric speed that reason mocks.

MICHAEL

And storms rush hurtling thro' the air
From land to sea, from sea to land,
And raging from a chain of cause
And deep effect at Thy command.
Destruction flames in lightning flash,
That for thy thunderclap makes way--
Yet still Thy angels honour, Lord,
The gentle passing of Thy day.

ALL THREE

The angels see, and stronger grow,
While none Thy Being fathom may,
And all Thy high and splendid works
Are glorious as on that first day.

¹ How many English readers ever notice this *afterwards* by which the 'Prologue in Heaven' is clearly divided into two (strictly three) scenes?

The 'second portion of the Prologue is obviously based upon the opening scene in the Book of Job. It is more necessary to insist upon the meaning and importance of the archangels' song. This is surely intended to assert, and does assert in splendid poetry, instinct with thought, that the Universe not only was created, but is sustained by one living, all-powerful Creator, whose will and purpose may be discerned in the 'high works' of his hand, in the dark and terrific, as in the light and paradisiac—*discerned, not plumbed to the depths*. These works are too high for the minds of the created to grasp in their fullness and depth, even their movements are too swift for the created mind to seize and follow; their alternations of violence and gentleness, of murk and brilliance, startling to the minds even of the angels, are part of their Creator's will and purpose, of the integrated unity of creation.

We have been lightly too assured that *Faust* is 'poetry, not thought'. The facile distinction breaks down almost at the first lines of this great poem. No intelligent reader would expect to find in *Faust* a treatise on philosophy even faintly resembling the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, but the attempt to dis sever poetry, especially this poem, from thought is surely vain. *Faust* is just as much rooted in thought as in feeling, though the one may predominate in this section of the poem and the other in that. Even the disintegrators generally admit the existence of an *idée maîtresse*, a *Leitgedanke*, though some of them, like Croce, will have it that the hero of the Second Part is a different being from him of the First. This *Leitgedanke*, or guiding conception, of *Faust* has been recently traced by Konrad Burdach, the most learned Germanist alive, to no less philosophic a writer than Leibniz.

The passage in which Burdach¹ finds the root-idea

¹ *Die Disputationsszene und die Grundidee in Goethes Faust*. By Konrad Burdach. In the periodical *Euphorion*, Bd. XXVII, Heft I (Stuttgart, 1926), pp. 1-69. D. Mahnke's

of Goethe's *Faust* occurs in Leibniz' *Vernunftige Grundsätze von der Natur und der Gnade* (at page 781 of the edition of 1744). It is so clearly echoed in *Faust* that no argument seems necessary to prove that it was indeed the chief rock upon which the philosophy, or rather the theology, of *Faust* came to be grounded.

It may be rendered as follows:

'It is true that the highest happiness, no matter with what kind of beatific intuition or cognition of God it may be united, can never be perfect: for God, being infinite, can never be completely known. Accordingly our happiness will (and must) *never consist in a complete enjoyment, in which nothing more is left to be desired*, and in which our spirit might become dulled: but in a *continual progress*, of delights and new perfections.'

Burdach points out that this confession of faith is also 'that truth, which allows the Lord God to win his wager with Mephistopheles, the secret cause of the perpetual state of dissatisfaction, of ever renewed desire and ceaselessly striving toil, that masters Faust up to his last moment on earth and prepares for him the way for his future climb upwards to God'.

It seems clear that Leibniz supplies Goethe with the theological formula for *Faust*, the poet's part being to supply the magic which turns dogma into art. We see that the formula of the content of *Faust* is theological, but, deriving immediately from Leibniz, it might be considered 'modern'. Before we go on to the form let us, however, note as clearly as may be that, despite its Storm-and-Stress remnants, its classical elements, and its neo-platonic affinities, *Faust*, for all its seeming modernity and its Leibnizian formula, is yet the last great poetic version of the scholastic *Weltanschauung* ('view of life'). It turns essentially upon the most burning question of medieval philosophic theology,

study *Leibniz und Goethe, Die Harmonie ihrer Weltansichten (Weisheit und Tat*, herausgegeben von Arthur Hoffmann, Heft 4: Erfurt, 1924) follows out the same idea.

the question of man's imperfection and man's perfectibility. This is a question which would seem to have exercised the mind of Goethe from an early age up to the very end of his life. It has perhaps not been sufficiently remarked how close Goethe appears to come in *Faust*, especially in the scenes following Faust's death, to the theology of the *Doctor angelicus*, Thomas Aquinas.¹

We know from Eckermann² which verses Goethe regarded as containing the 'key to Faust's salvation'. We are perhaps nowadays a little too ready to stress Faust's 'ever higher and purer activity up to the end', and forget that Goethe added the words 'and from above the everlasting love that comes to his aid'. The sentence which follows ends with a phrase that points back perhaps not only to the New Testament, especially to the Revelation of St. John the Divine,³ but also to Thomas Aquinas's doctrine of the 'kingdom of grace' which perfects the 'kingdom of things'. For Goethe says 'this is entirely in harmony with our religious conception, according to which we are saved not simply by our own strength, but through the divine grace which is added to it'.

In the *Prologue in Heaven* Goethe had long since confronted his readers with a hierarchy of spirits of different degrees of perfection and imperfection, God,

¹ R. Petsch refers only to Francis of Assisi in connexion with the *Pater seraphicus*, but this title belongs also to Bonaventura, to whom Goethe may similarly be indebted. In Goethe, as in Leibniz, we have the same combination as in Nicolas of Cusa, *coincidentia oppositorum*, 'mysticism united to enlightenment'.

² *Conversations with Goethe*, June 6, 1831.

³ Cf. *Rev.* i. 4 and ii. 7 f. Goethe himself takes credit for having given his 'poetic intention' both 'form and firmness' by introducing these sharply outlined figures and ideas of the Christian church' (Eckermann, *ibid.*). The influence of Christian mysticism on the whole poem and notably on its end, seems undeniable. Goethe perhaps owed more to Herder than is commonly supposed.

the archangels and angels, *the* or *a* devil Mephistopheles, and the man Faust, the destined object of the proposed contest. 'Inter theologicos libros *Summa theologiae* eminet, summis laudibus celebrata.' Goethe, who claims to have read Brucker's *History of Philosophy*¹ diligently in his youth, can scarcely have overlooked the greatest of the Schoolmen, though he may be indebted more directly to Leibniz, Campanella, and other intermediaries. It is in the seventy-seventh question of the first part of the *Summa theologiae* that St. Thomas Aquinas poses the inquiry *Utrum sint plures potentiae animae* ('whether there are many powers of the soul?') and answers thus:

'Of necessity we must place many powers in the soul. . . . We conclude therefore that things which are below man acquire a certain limited goodness; and so they have a few determinate operations and powers. But man can acquire universal and perfect goodness, because he can acquire beatitude. Yet he is in the last degree, according to his nature, of those to whom beatitude is possible; therefore the human soul requires many and various operations and powers. But to angels a smaller variety of powers is sufficient. In God there is no power or action beyond His own essence.

'There is yet another reason why the human soul abounds in a variety of powers;—because it is on the confines of spiritual and corporeal creatures; and therefore the powers of both meet together in the soul.

'(In reply to the objection that 'the higher a power is, the more unified it is. But the intellectual soul excels all other forms in power. Therefore above all others it has one virtue or power.') 'The intellectual soul approaches to the Divine likeness, more than inferior creatures, in being able to acquire perfect goodness; although by many and various means; and in this it falls short of more perfect creatures.'²

¹ See Jac. Bruckeri, *Hist. Crit. Philos.*, tom. iii (1743), p. 807, and Goethe's *Einwirkung der neueren Philosophie* (1820), Jubiläums-Ausg., Bd. 39, p. 29, and *ibid.*, p. 354 for Goethe's quotation from Thomas Campanella.

² *S. Theol.* Part I, Question LXXVII, art. ii (third number, pp. 56-8, trans. by the English Dominicans, 1912).

The exact degree of Goethe's dependence upon Aquinas is, for us, secondary. Goethe claimed to be, after all, chiefly an artist ('Künstler'), and what matters to us is to realize the difference that this philosophy of God, man, angels, and devils made to his art in *Faust*. His method of producing his commentary on life is that of employing *phantasmata*; he is the nearest German successor to Durer, despite the gap in time between them. And in *Faust*, at least, his artistic 'orientation' is far more Gothic than Greek. In a true sense Goethe was 'the heir of all the ages', but in *Faust* his 'deeply-religious nature', as Jacob Minor called it,¹ anti-dogmatic though it clearly is, rests after all upon the conception of 'upward striving towards God's heaven' in the midst of this confusing earthly world, which, in an earlier poem, he made Christ himself address with the words:

O world amazingly confused,
Wherein most strangely is bemused
Order's spirit with error's idleness,
Enchained ring of acts that curse or bless,
O mother, who hast borne me for the grave,
Whom I, tho' I created and do save,
Upon the whole don't clearly understand! . . .
Your plight hath call'd me from my stars above,
Nor lets me rest in God's deep bosom of love.²

In Question CXII (*ibid.* p. 479) Aquinas discusses the appearance of Satan before God, as related in Job i. 6, under the heading (art. iii) 'Whether all the Angels who are sent, assist.' His conclusion is that 'Satan is not described as having assisted [before God], but as present among the assistants; for, as Gregory says (*Moral.* ii): *Though he has lost beatitude, still he has retained a nature like to the Angels.*' This is a hint which a modern producer of *Faust* on the stage might do well to bear in mind. Why not present Mephistopheles as a 'fine young fellow' (to use Luther's phrase) similar to Raphael in the book of Tobit?

¹ *Goethes Fragmente vom ewigen Juhen, &c.* (Stuttgart and Berlin, 1904), p. 211. Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 42 f., 58, 93 f.

² Goethe's fragment *Der wiederkehrende Heiland* (Jacob

This conception is biblical and 'Gothic', rather than classical. But this word Gothic brings us at last to the question of form. What we have still to say of the content may be dealt with while we say what needs to be said of the form of Goethe's masterpiece.

We have seen that the thought-formula is religious, even theological. It derives from the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Greek Pantheon, Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus (the Moses legend), Gregory of Nyssa, the Koran, Gottfried Arnold, the Pietists, Leibniz, no less than from the traditional accounts of Faust, Paracelsus, and other magicians. If we have ventured to lay special stress upon St. Thomas Aquinas as the forerunner of Leibniz and Goethe, it is because in him we find the clearest formulation of the theological and ethical conceptions underlying both Goethe's *Faust* and the Gothic spirit in art, of which it was, in 1833, the last and greatest product.¹

It is a good while now since Erich Schmidt in his introduction to the Jubilee edition of *Faust* described this Faust as 'this most symbolic figure of all Germanic poetry', but hardly yet is it readily admitted that Faust is throughout the same Faust, and is throughout symbolic. Goethe himself is partly responsible. In the First Part he made great, indeed excessive, concessions to Naturalism, one result being that, as in *Götz von Berlichingen* the role of Adelheid, so -Minor, *op. cit.*, pp. 95-6). The lines 'Du Kettenring von Wonn'und Wehe' and 'Die ich . . . doch nicht sonderlich verstehe' seem to be clearly echoed by the archangels in the *Prologue in Heaven*.

¹ In *Faust*, as in the nearest and grandest late medieval parallel, Johannes von Saaz's prose-dialogue *Der Ackermann aus Bohmen*, we have a meeting-place of medieval theology and modern humanism. But Goethe, unlike Johannes, makes free artistic use of the Madonna concept (*Mater gloriosa*, *Doctor Marianus*, *Chorus mysticus*). His preoccupation with this figure is tolerably clear in Part II.

here the role of Gretchen tends to be over-stressed, of course to the joy of the romantic-realistic school of critics. In the Second Part he did not hesitate, in a neo-baroque manner, to indulge in 'classical' excursions which, at times, weary or mystify even patient readers and, sometimes, strike them as spoiling what might have been a creditable counterpart to the truly classical dramas of Ancient Greece. The reader does not easily realize that what he has before him is a Gothic edifice, because his mind keeps wandering to the baroque additions, or even prefers to rest on the 'romantic' and 'human' story of Faust and Gretchen.

It is easy to call *Faust* Gothic, less easy to offer some reasoned argument for so calling it. The mere fact that this work is at once intensely religious and supremely human does not help us far, for the same may be said of the highest types of Greek art or literature. The key to the problem lies rather in the formal aspect of the work, since the form is the expression of the spirit, the spirit made manifest to the senses.

What then is characteristic at once of *Faust* and of Gothic art? If we are forced to choose a formula it would suggest that, as artistic products of the human spirit, they both appear less anthropocentric and more 'theovert', than do the classics. The Greeks and Romans, on the whole, tended to make their gods in the image of themselves, only grander and more powerful. The medieval Christians, reversing the process, regarded God as the One from whom emanated and to whom aspired the men and women created by him as 'Ebenbilder' ('reflections') of Himself. The leading concepts of their religions inevitably reacted upon the artists of the two periods. Their 'values' in art tended to take their distinctive tones from their religious 'orientation'. *Faust* bears the stamp of one creator, whose orientation, in the last resort, is more akin to that of St. Thomas Aquinas and therefore to the Gothic than to the more anthropocentric Greek minds

despite many apparently contradictory signs. (The Stoics and the neo-Platonists, to both of whom Goethe is indebted, may be reckoned as intermediate types.)

The difference may be seen most clearly in the attitudes of these artists towards idealism and naturalism. In neither period is there any question of an absolute rule holding good throughout, but comparing the ancient with the medieval, and much of the modern, art we seem to recognize in the latter, upon the whole, a change in the point of view, which could not have occurred except under the influence of the great medieval thinkers.¹ We observe, first and foremost, in the early middle ages a 'concentration of the interests upon supernatural truths',² which tends, upon the whole, to lead in art to the victory of idealism over naturalism.

But Naturalism, though banned almost wholly from the earliest medieval art, could not be banished completely from the philosophical analysis of a world of sensible forms and objects. 'Life took on', in the course of time and thought, 'a new value of its own, as the scene of meritorious works, and nature a new importance as the witness of God's infinite power and wisdom.'³ And once more art reflected the new *Weltanschauung*, in which the visible, sensible, intelligible world about man was looked upon as the 'mirror of the Absolute, Eternal and Infinite' and as simply the 'Manifestation of the divine thought, that is not apprehensible by man's senses and intellect'.⁴

It is impossible to follow here the development of

¹ See Max Dvořák, 'Idealismus und Naturalismus in der gotischen Skulptur und Malerei', *Historische Zeitschrift*, Bd. 119 (München und Berlin, 1919). This profound essay (*ibid.*, pp. 1-62 and 185-246), since reissued in book form, is one of the most important studies of the principles and development of Gothic sculpture and painting hitherto made public.

² *Ibid.*, p. 186.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

this *Weltanschauung* in Gothic art. The most essential fact is that, while naturalism was no longer excluded from the artist's mind, that mind consciously substituted for 'truth to nature' and 'imitation of nature' a higher, more spiritual conception of the artist's task and mission. Nature was the garment of God, the world was divinely ordered, but to the artist was given the higher insight into the mind of the Creator and the privilege of mirroring his mind more closely than does the reflection of it obtained through the 'dark glass' of his senses by the ordinary man. Subjectivity and spirituality asserted their right to dominate over the mere desire to do justice to the outward appearances. Art became more abstract and the attitude of the artist to his product became more sovereign, as he became more and more conscious of his insight into the mind of the Creator. Selection of that which is vitally important, from this spiritual point of view, became the artist's guiding rule. He did not set out to produce an *imago* of nature, but rather a more perfect specimen of the underlying spiritual concept; he was guided by one of St. Thomas Aquinas's leading doctrines, *Pulchritudo habet claritatem*, which meant, in part at least, that the unimportant must be sacrificed. On the other hand, since *integritas*, or completeness, was also demanded, a certain degree of naturalism was not shut out, but actually and explicitly required. The necessity of holding the balance between the two demands resulted in the third demand, that for *consonantia*, becoming all-important. The best medieval artists aimed at and frequently achieved an *ideal harmony* between their spiritual concepts and the material objects they presented.

It may, of course, be urged that a somewhat similar harmony is to be found in the Greek art of the fifth century B.C. But there the emphasis is different, because the underlying temper and *Weltanschauung* are less spiritual and less monotheistic. The very struggle

of the Gothic to admit a certain degree of naturalism is self-conscious, and the stress laid upon the necessity for it proves, as Dvořák says,¹ 'how far removed people were in principle from the ancients and how very different had become the relation of art to nature and life'. It was not now a simple struggle between idealism and naturalism, but an effort to deal justly with the claims of both under the 'primacy of a spiritually idealistic conception of the universe', which rendered such a synthesis not merely desirable but inevitable. But whereas in classical art the norm had been established *from without*, it was now re-established *from within*. This new subjectivity did not imply the reign of individualism, because of the prevailing doctrine of 'general spiritual truths' revealed in special measure to the artists and propounded in the works of art. It is necessary, however, to record the admission that the principle of naturalism once having regained recognition was difficult to control. The contradiction between naturalism and idealism tended to become more and more marked, as the generations of Gothic artists succeeded one another, so that Dvořák remarks at last 'the effort to overthrow every norm' establishing itself as characteristic of the Gothic naturalism.

The very phrase reminds us of the Goethe of the *Shakespearerede*, the essay on German architecture, and the *Urfaust*, as they appear in the common tradition of literary histories. 'More harmful to genius than examples are principles.' Undeniably Goethe himself says it.² 'School and principle fetter—' But what? 'School and principle fetter all the strength of cognition and activity. . . .' 'Thus none of your conclusions is able to raise itself to the realm of truth. . . .'—'There revealed itself to me, in faint guesses, the genius of the great master of the works. Why do you gaze astonished?

¹ Max Dvořák, *op. cit.*, pp. 38 f.

² Cf. Goethe, *Von deutscher Baukunst* (D. M. Ervini a Steinbach), 1772 (Jub. Ausg. Bd. 33, pp. 5-9).

he whispers to me. All these masses were *necessary*, and do you not see them in all the older churches of my city? Only I have raised up their *arbitrary* measurements to the correct proportion. . . .’ He delights to ‘look on the great harmonious masses, made alive in countless little parts; as in works of everlasting Nature, down to the tiniest detail, *all form, and all serving the purpose of the whole.* . . .’

The essay on German architecture is rather dithyrambic and it is not thought out to the end. Room is left for a certain waywardness on the part of the artist. We are assured there are many degrees of virtue in art, as produced by different peoples and individuals. Yet there are ‘proportions that alone are beautiful and everlasting’, which the soul must raise itself up to feel; the secrets of these relationships can only be felt, but their ‘chief harmonies’ can be proved. The life of the ‘Genius’ is a dance performed to the blessed melodies of these relationships, but he has a definite, in fact the highest possible, character, he is ‘akin to God’ and ‘the anointed of God’.

Goethe, in fact, lays down in the clearest language the divine origin of the true artist’s inspiration. Rough, priest-ridden German though he was, Erwin von Steinbach climbed to a height from which none can throw him down. His cathedral shows ‘the deepest feeling for truth and beauty’. Even in 1772 and under the strong influence of Herder Goethe does not refuse ‘to know’, though he puts ‘to feel’ first. My power, he says, unfolded itself full of delight ‘in enjoying and coming to know at the same time’.¹ Supra-rationalism would be a better name than irrationalism for Goethe’s state of mind at this time, for the God whom the artist resembles, and of whom man himself is called an image or reflection, cannot well be thought of as an ‘irrational’ spirit, though his Being transcends, and sometimes makes foolishness of,

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 8.

the reasoning of man. Konrad Burdach spoke of Goethe's drunken encomiums on the builder of the Strassburg Cathedral.¹ If Goethe's words are 'drunken', they are after all the words of a 'man drunk with God', who has but newly realized to the full the affinity of man, and more especially of the great medieval German artist, with the Creator of the Universe. It is an inspiration apt to make any man of feeling, more still, a young, warm-hearted German poet of undoubted genius, talk in less sober tones than befit grave and learned men.

Burdach put forward the thesis that the traditional (extra-biblical) legend concerning Moses was utilized by Goethe in his *Faust*.

'The Moses-legend', he assures us,² 'by no means influenced only the close of the *Faust*-tragedy. . . . The Faust who is entangled in magic has also elements of the Moses type. . . . So too the Faust of the earlier stage of development, who called up the Earthspirit, stormed up the Brocken, and among the Alpine heights, before the sun rose up, won through to the realization that is the decisive step to the inward victory over magic, the realization that man cannot gaze upon the sunlight face to face, that he can only see it in the coloured reflection and only therein find life, the realization that the dying Faust repeats (v. II. 442 f.)

Nay, yonder is the view cut off for us:

None but the fool turns thither his blinded gaze.

This Faust, too, who apparently turns away from the divine, who seeks it only in earthly activity and hard honest toil, who sees it in the taking shape of the work of his own hands and his own mind, he, too, is a reflection and also, one must add an opposite of that Moses, who in the course of old traditions of theosophic mysticism, of magical-panteistic, Christian and Jewish natural philosophy has assumed a new character.'

'Moses' mountain' is 'the knowledge of God', yet on the topmost height of the holy place 'there envelops

¹ Burdach, *Faust und Moses*, i. Teil, Sitzungsberichte der kgl. preuss. Akad. d. Wiss. (1912), xxii, p. 378.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 396-7.

him from all sides darkness impenetrable and unintelligible', even as he comes face to face with God.¹

It would be idle to pretend that in the *Urfaust* Goethe's theology went much beyond vague Pantheism, or Panentheism. Yet even there he is so little 'the enemy of the Church' as to make Gretchen thus answer Faust's 'confession':

That is all very fine and good,
The catechism says much the same,
Only in rather different words.

But the *Urfaust* and the later *Fragment* are but stages, however important, in the growth of the finished work of art. Let us turn to this again, and seek briefly to see it complete from the standpoint to which we have been led.

iii. *The Completed Faust*

Of late years a fresh conception of *Faust* has made marked progress in Germany. This conception has been stated by Herr Heinrich Gerland² in uncompromising terms: 'the tragedy as we have received it was finished by Goethe and left by him to mankind as an integrated whole'. Further, the root-idea is, in essentials, the same as in the beginning, however much the 'execution' has been subject to change. These changes were many and remarkable. If we desire to see *Faust as a whole* we do best to disregard them for the time being.

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 398. Cf. p. 399, and *Urfaust*, 1123 ff., especially 1139-50, and Gretchen's reply. Behind the veil of sense, yet to be felt, the Almighty lives and moves, 'invisible—visible' and 'weaves in everlasting secrecy'. 'Feeling is all, Name is but sound and smoke, a mist about heaven's fiery heat.'

² In *Logos*, Bd. XVI (1927), Heft 3, p. 260, in his essay entitled *Faust. Idee und Plan der Tragödie* (*ibid.*, pp. 259-86). In essentials the view is supported by Professor Heinrich Rickert. See especially his essay on *Die Einheit des Faustischen Charakters* in *Logos*, Bd. XIV, Heft 1 (1925), pp. 1-63.

The idea of *Faust* is not simple, but complex. Every attempt to confine it within a single phrase or sentence is bound to break down. This is the meaning of Goethe's refusal, recorded by Eckermann,¹ to offer any brief reply to German inquirers who asked what idea he sought to incorporate in his *Faust*. His formulation of the course of the action is brief indeed: 'From Heaven through the world to Hell' is, as he indicates, 'a mere makeshift'. He, in fact, denies having consciously sought to incorporate any definite abstract concept in *Faust*, such as he has put in 'The Elective Affinities', and finally, in a phrase much easier to quote than to evaluate, expresses the opinion that 'the more incommensurable a poetic production is, and the less easily grasped by the understanding, so much the better'. Surely Goethe was here speaking in a mood that would have been described by Kanzler von Müller as 'negative, ironical, and self-contradictory'.²

We cannot read even this reply to Eckermann to the end and naively believe that Goethe is still, in 1827, content to hold that 'Feeling is all!' He confesses to having rounded and fully formed, in an artistic manner, not only 'impressions' but also 'views of life'. He had sought by a lively presentation to put these forward so clearly that others should receive the same impressions, when they read, or heard what he presented.

Eckermann's 'Conversations' do not reveal all that Goethe said to him even about *Faust*. Apparently for personal reasons he suppressed 'a deep explanation of his Faust idea and of the importance of *homunculus* as a form-seeking entelechy'.³ In his Journal Eckermann noted (under date 6 January, 1830), 'conversations about *homunculus*. Entelechy and immortality'. The

¹ *Conversations with Goethe*, Sunday, 6 May 1827.

² Cf. Julius Petersen, *Die Entstehung der Eckermannschen Gespräche und ihre Glaubwürdigkeit* (Frankfurt a. M.,² 1925, p. 152).

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 49 (cf. Houben's *Eckermann*, p. 448).

remarks attributed to Goethe in the 'Gesprache' as made on 4 February, 1829, lay stress upon Goethe's belief in 'our future life', which he drew from the concept of activity. But this conception of (valid) 'activity' is part of Goethe's compound of Greco-Leibnizian *Weltanschauung*. The *harmonia universalis* in which Goethe, like Leibniz, believed is not something 'given', and accepted passively by either reason or feeling, but remains always, as Mahnké¹ observes, an unending 'task', to which 'the creative will must bring the whole force of its activity'. This ethical ideal is essentially a rational ideal, not merely intelligible, but even proper to be taught, *pedagogic*, as Gerland insists.

Equally removed from the 'irrational' element which at times appears in *Faust* there is also in Goethe's poem a perhaps more than Leibnizian insistence upon not only the goodness (or perfection) of God (compared with whom the man-monad is moved only by an 'obscure impulsion'), but upon the 'Love from above'. Man's striving, too, is in the sight of his Creator, who does not hate even the Devil and his like, and whose love surrounds and supports 'the true sons of God'. This love is clearly extended to Faust, though he does not seem even at the end of the play to be held fit, without further 'striving' and purification, to see God face to face.

It seems undeniable, the poem *as a whole* rests upon a religious fundament of a definite theological type. Its corner-stones are the *Prologue in Heaven* and the mountain-ravine scenes of the Final Act of the Second Part. Its theology is Hebrew-Rabbinic-Scholastic-Leibnizian, with contributions from other sources, especially Plotinus and Spinoza. But on the whole, the medieval concept of God prevails and underlies all, as in the Gothic sculpture. Faust's 'activity' and 'striving' would be meaningless, if the ruler of the world were not its all-wise Creator and Preserver, the

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 70.

Father of the 'sons of God', who knows Faust to be 'the good man' and is ready to designate him to Mephistopheles as 'myservant'. Goethe's 'picture of the world' is perhaps most clearly painted in the *Prologue in Heaven*. It cannot be understood without accepting the fundamental thesis of an all-ruling God, who does not differ in essentials from the God envisaged by the authors of the Book of Job, the *Summa theologica*, the medieval Mysteries, and by Leibniz in the *Théodicée*. Goethe does not, as some have maintained, adopt a purely monistic attitude, he makes no pretence that evil does not exist. *Faust* is perhaps the most famous example of the struggle between good and evil, but for Faust himself Goethe does weight the scales. God, who is *ex hypothesi* wiser than all the evil spirits together, has no fear of regretting his 'pact' with Mephistopheles. This, doubtless, somewhat detracts from the 'dramatic tension' of the poem, which some prefer to call an epic, but it is absolutely essential to the plan of the work. The first great 'unity' of *Faust* is the unity of its theological foundation. The poet's conception of the Almighty Will is the rock upon which the poem is built.

The second great unity of the poem is found in the character of Faust himself.¹ We have seen that there is a still more fundamental unity in the concept of God, but in the drama of the poem the character of Faust himself is more obviously vital. Faust being a mortal and earth-born is, in part at least, also earth-bound. His more visible unity, or rather, as Rickert well says, his *identity* consists precisely in the struggle in his breast of the 'two souls', which occupy it.² His higher unity, however, might equally well be said to consist precisely

¹ Rickert, who has recently treated this 'unity' most fully and ably (in *Logos*, XIV), does not seem to do complete justice to the theological unity, but is otherwise a most admirable guide.

² In *Logos*, XIV (1925), p. 15 (*Die Einheit des Faustischen Charakters*).

in the fact that he remains 'the good man', however much he fails to 'keep his soul unspotted from the world'. This 'goodness' appears also to be progressive; after the consummation of the Gretchen-tragedy his desires seem to take on increasingly a less sensual and more aesthetic, finally a more social, aspect. The 'spirit of darkness' is gradually beaten back by the 'spirit of light'. He is not a mere average man, but greater by far than most, and readier than most to swing back towards the true pole, however far, for a time, the magnet, be it Gretchen, or even Helena, may have drawn him, trembling, away. Faust is at once a symbol of humanity and an individual human being of peculiar grandeur.¹ His 'goodness', however, can only work itself out through passionate longing, activity, despair, repentance, hope, renewed activity, strange adventures, care, and death. Of Faust's spirit, as of God's creation (Nature), one may say

The splendid Paradisal light
Yields to the deep and dreadful night.

He is all-compact of contradictory energies. His grim contract with Mephistopheles emanates from weariness and despair, yet envisages an endless series of moments of delight. He is the very symbol of man's unceasing pursuit of an ideal happiness, yet so conscious of his own nature, as insatiable this side of unity with the Divine, that his ability to demand, with genuine longing, more than Mephistopheles is able to supply, remains the simple, yet all-sufficing, charm which sets him free to walk all the precipices of life without fearing spiritual destruction. Mephistopheles may boast truly enough

Dust shall he eat and with delight,
Faust remains true to his original ideal,
That I may learn the secret chain
That saves this world from bursting into twain . . .

¹ Rickert, *ibid.*, p. 19. See also *ibid.*, p. 36.

To enjoy and to know are the two aims of his existence, and each is valueless without the other.

The idea of 'striving', the *Leitmotiv* of Faust's character, is equally characteristic of the work of art in which he is used as a symbol. As Faust strives towards his new ideal of life, so Goethe strives towards his new ideal of art which resembles that which has been discovered in the pictures of Giotto, 'that of the autonomous work of art', to borrow Dvořák's formula.¹ Though he began his work in a rather naturalistic mood, we recognize, when we look at it as a whole, a growing tendency towards 'a heroic and idealizing style . . . , which often consciously departs from exhaustive truth to nature'.

The parallel should not be pressed too far. Giotto belongs to the Pre-Renaissance, Goethe to the Post-Baroque era. They seem to approach each other most closely in what Dvořák has called² 'a new artistic objectivity and force of conviction that is but loosely connected with reality'.

Goethe's re-creation of the old legend of Faust on new and original lines, like Giotto's of the old sacred legends, took on, almost too readily, an air of magic and make-believe, which has too much obscured its earnestness and truth.

What binds Goethe's activities together and at the same time proves his kinship with the Gothic artist is his unfailing consciousness of eternity in the midst of active, but limited, human life.³ In Weimar, in Italy, and after his return to Weimar, he opened his mind to experiences which went far beyond and even in some degree contrary to those of his early life. Even in it he

¹ Cf. Dvořák, *op. cit.*, p. 219 f.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 222-3.

³ Cf. Hermann Eßrich, *Goethes Intuition* (Heidelberger Abhandlungen z. Philos. und ihrer Gesch., hsg. von E. Hoffmann und H. Rickert, No. 14, Tübingen, 1928), p. 17 (with important citations from Goethe).

had done homage to Shakespeare and Pindar, as well as to Erwin von Steinbach; later he drew into his sphere of interest more and more of Greece, Rome, and the Renaissance, without abandoning or unconsciously sloughing this 'consciousness of eternity'. Exhibiting a wider range than Giotto's he compensates thereby for a certain falling-off in dramatic intensity of feeling. The 'daemonic' in him is not destroyed, but is kept more firmly in hand, the *eternal values* of 'steadfastness and faithfulness in the present, condition' impress themselves upon him. 'Action is all', but activity must be regulated and controlled by wisdom. And in the sphere of art he learns to value highly 'deep reflection and serious feeling for art, grasping it as a whole'.¹

It would be childish to expect *Faust* to exhibit uniformity in all its parts. There is hardly any Gothic cathedral which does so; even the great North tower of Erwin's Strassburg Cathedral does not carry out his original design, and other parts are Romanic. But if we desire to find the nearest analogue to *Faust* in architecture, and it is here rather than in painting that we must seek it, then we should look south of the Alps, to the Italy whither Goethe fled from Weimar and whence he came back with a new conception of all that is meant by 'art'. Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence is perhaps the grandest example in architecture of the completion of a Gothic edifice of great promise by a master-builder of the early Renaissance working under the inspiration of Rome and Greece and with an immense personal fund of energy, thought, and experience. It is perhaps not too fanciful to see in Giotto's glorious heavenward-pointing tower a counterpart of the *Prologue in Heaven*, and in Brunelleschi's magnificent dome, conditioned as it was, but not spoiled, by the

¹ Cf. *Maximen und Reflexionen*, ed. M. Hecker, No. 367 (*Jub. Ausg.* Bd. 4, p. 223); and B. Cellini, *Anhang zur Lebensbeschreibung* (*Jub. Ausg.* Bd. 32, p. 261).

octagonal substructure of his predecessors, a symbol of the Second Part of *Faust*. The fifth act of Part II might be compared to Brunelleschi's lantern-tower, which in graceful lightness renews the *motif* of the Gothic spring towards Heaven. After the inward-moving centre-seeking dome has seemed to concentrate the spirit upon the balance of opposing forces rooted in the earth, it lifts the eye suddenly upward and crowns all with the cross, at once the symbol of suffering and the promise of salvation. Faust carries his own cross, but in his unending search for the ideal he is upheld by a Spirit greater than himself, whose dwelling is above and beyond as well as on the earth. The earthly bliss and fruit even of Helena and Faust are doomed to destruction. They chant together

Hard on the heels of joy
Follows grim torture. (II. iii. 1413-14.)

Even Lynceus on his tower must confess

Not alone for my delight
Am I set on this great height:
What a world of dreadful woe
Threatens from the dark below! (II. v. 4. 17-20.)

Faust, too old for enjoyment, learns to know 'care', goes blind and dies, but 'the everlasting love' is proclaimed in the end; the angels and 'the beatified youths' promise what Faust has sought from the beginning:

Divinely taught,
You may be bold,
Him whom you honour
You shall behold.

The lantern-tower of 'sacred poetry' points upward towards the face of Almighty God, who is Eternal Love.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Volume 135 of 'The World's Classics' contains Marlowe's *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* and Goethe's *Faust*, Part I, translated by John Anster, with an Introduction by the late Sir Adolphus William Ward, Litt.D., in which the chief historical facts are skilfully summarized.

A fuller account of Faust as a whole than could be offered above will be found in my *Studies in the Age of Goethe* (London, H. Milford, Oxford University Press, 1930). The reader will find there also a list of valuable works dealing with *Faust*. The most recent English books are Professor J. G. Robertson's *Goethe* (London, 1927), Miss F. M. Stawell's and Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's *Goethe and Faust* (London, 1928), Miss Anna Swanwick's version in Bohn's Library, with revised Introduction and Bibliography by Professor Karl Breul, and Professor W. H. van der Smitten's *Faust for English Readers* (London and Toronto, 1926).

M.M.

1932

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

TO PART I

IT is twenty years since I first determined to attempt the translation of 'Faust' in the original metres. At that time, although more than a score of English translations of the First Part, and three or four of the Second Part, were in existence, the experiment had not yet been made. The prose version of Hayward seemed to have been accepted as the standard, in default of anything more satisfactory: the English critics, generally sustaining the translator in his views concerning the secondary importance of form in Poetry, practically discouraged any further attempt; and no one, familiar with rhythmical expression through the needs of his own nature, had devoted the necessary love and patience to an adequate reproduction of the great work of Goethe's life.

Mr. Brooks was the first to undertake the task, and the publication of his translation of the First Part (in 1856) induced me, for a time, to give up my own design. No previous English version exhibited such abnegation of the translator's own tastes and habits of thought, such reverent desire to present the original in its purest form. The care and conscience with which the work had been performed were so apparent, that I now state with reluctance what then seemed to me to be its only deficiencies, —a lack of the lyrical fire and fluency of the original in some passages, and an occasional lowering of the tone through the use of words which are literal, but not equivalent. The plan of translation adopted by Mr. Brooks was so entirely my own, that when further residence in Germany and a more careful study of both parts of 'Faust' had satisfied me that the field was still open,—that the means furnished by the poetical affinity of the two languages had not yet been exhausted,—nothing

remained for me but to follow him in all essential particulars. His example confirmed me in the belief that there were few difficulties in the way of a nearly literal yet thoroughly rhythmical version of 'Faust', which might not be overcome by loving labour. A comparison of seventeen English translations, in the arbitrary metres adopted by the translators, sufficiently showed the danger of allowing licence in this respect: the white light of Goethe's thought was thereby passed through the tinted glass of other minds, and assumed the colouring of each. Moreover, the plea of selecting different metres in the hope of producing a similar effect is unreasonable, where the identical metres are possible.

The value of form, in a poetical work, is the first question to be considered. No poet ever understood this question more thoroughly than Goethe himself, or expressed a more positive opinion in regard to it. The alternative modes of translation which he presents (reported by Riemer, quoted by Mrs. Austin, in her 'Characteristics of Goethe', and accepted by Mr. Hayward),¹ are quite independent of his views

¹ "There are two maxims of translation," says he: "the one requires that the author, of a foreign nation, be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, and his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons, from masterly examples."

Is it necessary, however, that there should always be this alternative? Where the languages are kindred, and equally capable of all varieties of metrical expression, may not both these 'maxims' be observed in the same translation? Goethe, it is true, was of the opinion that 'Faust' ought to be given, in French, in the manner of Clément Marot; but this was undoubtedly because he felt the inadequacy of modern French to express the naive, simple realism of many passages. The same objection does not apply to English. There are a few archaic expressions in 'Faust', but no more

concerning the value of form, which we find given elsewhere, in the clearest and most emphatic manner.¹ Poetry is not simply a fashion of expression: it is the form of expression absolutely required by a certain class of ideas. Poetry, indeed, may be distinguished from Prose by the single circumstance, that it is the utterance of whatever in man cannot be perfectly uttered in any other than a rhythmical form. It is useless to say that the naked meaning is independent of the form: on the contrary, the form contributes essentially to the fullness of the meaning. In Poetry, which endures through its own inherent vitality, there is no forced union of these two elements. They are as than are still allowed--nay, frequently encouraged--in the English of our day.

¹ 'You are right,' said Goethe, 'there are great and mysterious agencies included in the various forms of Poetry. If the substance of my "Roman Elegies" were to be expressed in the tone and measure of Byron's "Don Juan", it would really have an atrocious effect.'--*Eckermann*.

'The rhythm', said Goethe, 'is an unconscious result of the poetic mood. If one should stop to consider it mechanically, when about to write a poem, one would become bewildered and accomplish nothing of real poetical value.'--*Ibid.*

'*All that is poetic in cha actor should be rhythmically treated!* Such is my conviction; and if even a sort of poetic prose should be gradually introduced, it would only show that the distinction between prose and poetry had been completely lost sight of.'--*Goethe to Schiller, 1797.*

Tycho Mommsen, in his excellent essay, 'Die Kunst des Deutschen Uebersetzers aus neueren Sprachen,' goes so far as to say: 'The metrical or rhymed modelling of a poetical work is so essentially the germ of its being, that, rather than by giving it up, we might hope to construct a similar work of art before the eyes of our countrymen, by giving up or changing the substance. The immeasurable result which has followed works wherein the form has been retained--such as the Homer of Voss, and the Shakespeare of Tieck and Schlegel--is an incontrovertible evidence of the vitality of the endeavour.'

intimately blended, and with the same mysterious beauty, as the sexes in the ancient Hermaphroditus. To attempt to represent Poetry in Prose, is very much like attempting to translate music into speech.¹

The various theories of translation from the Greek and Latin poets have been admirably stated by Dryden in his Preface to the 'Translations from Ovid's Epistles', and I do not wish to continue the endless discussion,—especially as our literature needs examples, not opinions. A recent expression, however, carries with it so much authority, that I feel bound to present some considerations which the accomplished scholar seems to have overlooked. Mr. Lewes² justly says: "The effect of poetry is a compound of music and suggestion; this music and this suggestion are intermingled in words, which to alter is to alter the effect. For words in poetry are not, as in prose, simple representatives of objects and ideas: they are parts of an organic whole,—they are tones in the harmony." He thereupon illustrates the effect of translation by changing certain well-known English stanzas into others, equivalent in meaning, but lacking their felicity of words, their grace and melody. I cannot accept this illustration as valid, because Mr. Lewes purposely omits the very quality which an honest translator should exhaust his skill in endeavouring to reproduce. He turns away from the *one best* word or phrase in the English lines he quotes, whereas the translator seeks precisely that one best word or phrase (having *all* the resources of his language at command), to represent what is said in *another* language. More than this, his task is not simply mechanical: he must feel, and be guided by, a secondary inspiration. Surrendering himself to the full possession of the spirit

¹ 'Goethe's poems exercise a great sway over me, not only by their meaning, but also by their rhythm. It is a language which stimulates me to composition.'—*Beethoven*.

² 'Life of Goethe' (Book VI).

which shall speak through him, he receives, also, a portion of the same creative power. Mr. Lewes reaches this conclusion: 'If, therefore, we reflect what a poem "Faust" is, and that it contains almost every variety of style and metre, it will be tolerably evident that no one unacquainted with the original can form an adequate idea of it from translation;¹ which is certainly correct of any translation wherein something of the rhythmical variety and beauty of the original is not retained. That very much of the rhythmical character may be retained in English, was long ago shown by Mr. Carlyle,² in the passages which he translated, both literally and rhythmically, from the 'Helena' (Part Second). In fact, we have so many instances of the possibility of reciprocally transferring the finest qualities of English and German poetry, that there is no sufficient excuse for an unmetrical translation of 'Faust'. I refer especially to such subtle and melodious lyrics as 'The Castle by the Sea', of Uhland, and the 'Silent Land' of Salis, translated by Mr. Longfellow; Goethe's 'Minstrel' and 'Coptic Song', by Dr. Hedge; Heine's 'Two Grenadiers', by Dr. Furness, and many of Heine's songs by Mr. Leland; and also to the German translations of English lyrics, by Freiligrath and Strodtmann.³

¹ Mr. Lewes gives the following advice: 'The English reader would perhaps best succeed who should first read Dr. Anster's brilliant paraphrase, and then carefully go through Hayward's prose translation.' This is singularly at variance with the view he has just expressed. Dr. Anster's version is an almost incredible dilution of the original, written in *other* metres; while Hayward's entirely omits the element of poetry.

² 'Foreign Review', 1828.

³ When Freiligrath can thus give us Walter Scott:—

'Kommt, wie der Wind kommt,
Wenn Wälder erzittern!
Kommt, wie die Brandung
Wenn Flotten zersplittern!

I have a more serious objection, however, to urge against Mr. Hayward's prose translation. Where all the restraints of verse are flung aside, we should expect, at least, as accurate a reproduction of the sense, spirit, and tone of the original, as the genius of our language will permit. So far from having given us such a reproduction, Mr. Hayward not only occasionally mistakes the exact meaning of the German text,¹ but, wherever two phrases may be used to express the meaning with equal fidelity, he very frequently selects that which has the less grace, strength, or beauty.² For there are few things which may not be

Schnell heran, schnell herab,
Schneller kommt Alle! --
Hauptling und Bub' und Knapp,
Herr und Vasalle!

or Strodtmann thus reproduce Tennyson—

‘Es fällt der Strahl auf Burg und Thal,
Und schneeige Gipfel, reich an Sagen;
Viel’ Lichter wehn auf blauen Seen,
Bergab die Wasserstürze jagen!

Blas, Hufthorn, blas, im Wiederhall erschallend:

Blas, Horn—antwortet, Echos, hallend, hallend, hallend!’

—it must be a dull ear which would be satisfied with the omission of rhythm and rhyme.

¹ On his second page, the line, *Mein Lied ertönt der unbekannten Menge*, ‘My song sounds to the unknown multitude’, is translated: ‘My sorrow voices itself to the strange throng.’ Other English translators, I notice, have followed Mr. Hayward in mistaking *Lied* for *Leid*.

² I take but one out of numerous instances, for the sake of illustration. The close of the Soldier's Song (Part I, Scene II) is.—

‘Kühn is das Muhen,
Herrlich der Lohn!
Und die Soldaten
Ziehen davon.’

Literally:

Bold is the endeavour,
Splendid the pay!

said, in English, in a twofold manner—one poetic, and the other prosaic. In German, equally, a word which in ordinary use has a bare prosaic character may receive a fairer and finer quality from its place in verse. The prose translator should certainly be able to feel the manifestation of this law in both languages, and should so choose his words as to meet their reciprocal requirements. A man, however, who is not keenly sensible to the power and beauty and value of rhythm, is likely to overlook these delicate yet most necessary distinctions. The author's thought is stripped of a last grace in passing through his mind, and frequently presents very much the same resemblance to the original as an unhewn shaft to the fluted column. Mr. Hayward unconsciously illustrates his lack of a refined appreciation of verse, 'in giving', as he says, '*a sort of rhythmical arrangement* to the lyrical parts', his object being 'to convey some notion of the variety of versification which forms one great charm of the poem'. A literal translation is always possible in the unrhymed passages; but even here Mr. Hayward's ear did not dictate to him the necessity of preserving the original rhythm.

While, therefore, I heartily recognize his lofty appreciation of 'Faust',—while I honour him for the patient and conscientious labour he has bestowed upon his translation,—I cannot but feel that he has himself illustrated the unsoundness of his argument. Nevertheless, the circumstance that his prose translation of 'Faust' has received so much acceptance proves

And the soldiers
March away.

This Mr. Hayward translates:—

Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward,—
And the soldiers
Are off.

those qualities of the original work which cannot be destroyed by a test so violent. From the cold bare outline thus produced, the reader unacquainted with the German language would scarcely guess what glow of colour, what richness of changeful life, what fluent grace and energy of movement, have been lost in the process. We must, of course, gratefully receive such an outline, where a nearer approach to the form of the original is impossible; but, until the latter has been demonstrated, we are wrong to remain content with the cheaper substitute.

It seems to me that in all discussions upon this subject the capacities of the English language have received but scanty justice. The intellectual tendencies of our race have always been somewhat conservative, and its standards of liberty taste or belief, once set up, are not varied without a struggle. The English ear is suspicious of new metres and unaccustomed forms of expression: there are critical detectives on the track of every author, and a violation of the accepted canons is followed by a summons to judgement. Thus the tendency is to contract rather than to expand the acknowledged excellences of the language.¹ The

¹ I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passage from Jacob Grimm:—‘No one of all the modern languages has acquired a greater force and strength than the English, through the derangement and relinquishment of its ancient laws of sound. The unteachable (nevertheless *learnable*) profusion of its middle tones has conferred upon it an intrinsic power of expression, such as no other human tongue ever possessed. Its entire, thoroughly intellectual, and wonderfully successful foundation and perfected development issued from a marvellous union of the two noblest tongues of Europe, the Germanic and the Romanic. Their mutual relation in the English language is well known, since the former furnished chiefly the material basis, while the latter added the intellectual conceptions. The English language, by and through which the greatest and most eminent poet of modern times—as contrasted

difficulties in the way of a nearly literal translation of 'Faust' in the original metres have been exaggerated, because certain affinities between the two languages have not been properly considered. With all the splendour of versification in the work, it contains but few metres of which the English tongue is not equally capable. Hood has familiarized us with dactylic (triple) rhymes, and they are remarkably abundant and skilful in Mr. Lowell's 'Fables for the Critics': even the unrhymed iambic hexameter of the 'Helen' occurs now and then in Milton's 'Samson Agonistes'. It is true that the metrical foot into which the German language most naturally falls is the *trochaic*, while in English it is the *iambic*; it is true that German is rich, involved, and tolerant of new combinations, while English is simple, direct, and rather shy of compounds; but precisely these differences are so modified in the German of 'Faust' that there is a mutual approach of the two languages. In 'Faust', the iambic measure predominates; the style is compact; the many licences which the author allows himself are all directed towards a shorter mode of construction. On the other hand, English metre compels the use of inversions, admits many verbal liberties prohibited to prose, and so inclines towards various flexible features of its sister-tongue that many lines of 'Faust' may be repeated in English without the

with ancient classical poetry--(of course I can refer only to Shakespeare), was begotten and nourished, has a just claim to be called a language of the world; and it appears to be destined, like the English race, to a higher and broader sway in all quarters of the earth. For in richness, in compact adjustment of parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can be compared with it,—not even our German, which is divided even as we are divided, and which must cast off many imperfections before it can boldly enter on its career.'—*Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache.*

slightest change of meaning, measure, or rhyme. There are words it is true, with so delicate a bloom upon them that it can in no wise be preserved; but even such words will always lose less when they carry with them their rhythmical atmosphere. The flow of Goethe's verse is sometimes so similar to that of the corresponding English metre, that not only its harmonies and caesural pauses, but even its punctuation, may be easily retained.

I am satisfied that the difference between a translation of 'Faust' in prose or metre is chiefly one of labour, and of that labour which is successful in proportion as it is joyously performed. My own task has been checked by the discovery, that the more closely I reproduced the language of the original, the more of its rhythmical character was transferred at the same time. If, now and then, there was an inevitable alternative of meaning or music, I gave the preference to the former. By the term 'original metres' I do not mean a rigid, unyielding adherence to every foot, line, and rhyme of the German original, although this has very nearly been accomplished. Since the greater part of the work is written in an irregular measure, the lines varying from three to six feet, and the rhymes arranged according to the author's will, I do not consider that an occasional change in the number of feet, or order of rhyme, is any violation of the metrical plan. The single slight liberty I have taken with the lyrical passages is in Margaret's song,—"The King of Thule",—in which, by omitting the alternate feminine rhymes, yet retaining the metre, I was enabled to make the translation strictly literal. If, in two or three instances, I have left a line unhymed, I have balanced the omission by giving rhymes to other lines which stand unrhymed in the original text. For the same reason, I make no apology for the imperfect rhymes, which are frequently a translation as well as a necessity. With all its supreme

qualities, 'Faust' is far from being a technically perfect work.¹

The feminine and dactylic rhymes, which have been for the most part omitted by all metrical translators except Mr. Brooks, are indispensable. The characteristic tone of many passages would be nearly lost without them. They give spirit and grace to the dialogue, point to the aphoristic portions (especially in the Second Part), and an ever-changing music to the lyrical passages. The English language, though not so rich as the German in such rhymes, is less deficient than is generally supposed. The difficulty to be overcome is one of construction rather than of the vocabulary. The present participle can only be used to a limited extent, on account of its weak termination; and the want of an accusative form to the noun also restricts the arrangement of words in English verse. I cannot hope to have been always successful; but I have at least laboured long and patiently, bearing constantly in mind not only the meaning of the original and the mechanical structure of the lines, but also that subtle and haunting music which seems to govern rhythm instead of being governed by it.

The Second Part of 'Faust' has been translated five times into English (by Birch, Bernays, Macdonald, Archer Gurney, and Anster), but not one of the versions has ever been published in the United States. Inasmuch as this part was included in Goethe's

¹ 'At present, everything runs in technical grooves, and the critical gentlemen begin to wrangle whether in a rhyme an *s* should correspond with an *s* and not with *sz*. If I were young and reckless enough, I would purposely offend all such technical caprices: I would use alliteration, assonance, false rhyme, just according to my own will or convenience—but, at the same time, I would attend to the main thing, and endeavour to say so many good things that every one would be attracted to read and remember them.'—Goethe, in 1831.

original design, the First Part, although apparently complete as a tragic episode, is in reality but a fragment, wherein the deeper problems upon which the work is based are left unsolved. I consider, therefore, that the Second Part is necessary (as necessary, indeed, as the 'Paradiso' to the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante); and my aim, in the second volume of this translation, will be to make that necessity clear, alike to the English reader and to those who follow various German and English critics in disparaging the original.

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

TO PART II

Eleusin servat quod ostendat revisentibus.

SENECA, *Quaest. Nat.* vii. 31.

I KNOW how much prepossession I encounter, in claiming for the Second Part of 'Faust' a higher intellectual character, if a lower dramatic and poetical value, than the First Part. In Mr. Hayward's Appendix, and Mr. Lewes' 'Life of Goethe', the Second Part is virtually declared to be a secondary, unimportant work, chaotic in detail and without any consistent design as a whole; in short, the mistake of Goethe's old age, instead of being, as it really is, the conception of his prime, partly written, and entirely planned, before the publication of the First Part.

The five translations which have already appeared have, unfortunately, not succeeded in presenting the work clearly and attractively to the English reader. Those of Bernays, Macdonald, and Gurney are characterized by knowledge of the text, but give no satisfactory clue to the author's design; while that of Dr. Anster, the most readable of all, and showing a further insight into the meaning, is a very loose paraphrase, rather than a translation. The original metres, which are here even more important than in the First Part, have been retained by no translator. I do not wish to be understood as passing an unfriendly judgement upon the labours of my predecessors; for I have learned what difficulties stood in their way, and, also how easy it is, in the perplexing labyrinth of German comment, to miss the simplest and surest key to Goethe's many-sided allegories.

The first mistake which many of the critics have made is in attempting any comparison of the two parts. While the moral and intellectual problem, which is first stated in the 'Prologue in Heaven',

advances through richer and broader phases of development to its final solution, the story which comes to an end in Margaret's dungeon is not resumed. The Second Part opens abruptly in a broad, bright, crowded world; we not only breathe a new atmosphere, but we come back to Faust and Mephistopheles as if after a separation of many years, and find that our former acquaintances have changed in the interval, even as ourselves. 'It must be remembered', says Goethe, 'that the First Part is the development of a somewhat obscure individual condition. It is almost wholly subjective; it is the expression of a confused, restricted, and passionate nature.' On the other hand, we learn from the study of Goethe's life that the wealth of the material which he had accumulated for the Second Part occasioned an embarrassment in regard to the form, which partly accounts for the long postponement of the work. He expressly declares¹ that the Second Part of the drama must be performed upon a different, a broader, and more elevated stage of action; that one who has not lived in the world and acquired some experience will not know how to comprehend it; and that, like an unsolved riddle, it will repeatedly allure the reader to the renewed study of its secret meanings.

The last of these declarations is not egotistical, because it is so exactly true. No commentary can exhaust the suggestiveness of the work. Schiller doubted that a poetic measure could be formed, capable of holding Goethe's plan; and we find, indeed, that the substance overflows its bounds on all sides. With all which the critics have accomplished, they have still left enough untouched to allow fresh discoveries to every sympathetic reader. There are circles within circles, forms which beckon and then disappear; and when we seem to have reached the

¹ Announcement of the 'Helena'. Correspondence with Schiller, and Eckermann's Conversations.

bottom of the author's meaning, we suspect that there is still something beyond. The framework lay buried so long in the sea of Goethe's mind, that it became completely incrustated, here and there with a barnacle, it is true, but also with a multitude of pearl-oysters. Many of the crowded references are directly deducible from the allegory; still more are made clear to us through a knowledge of Goethe's development, as man and poet; while some few have lost the clue to their existence, and must probably always stand, orphaned and strange, on one side or other of the plain line of development running through the poem.

The early disparagement which the Second Part of 'Faust' received is only in our day beginning to give way to an intelligent recognition of its grand design, its wealth of illustration, and the almost inexhaustible variety and beauty of its rhythmical forms. Although its two chief offences (to the German mind) are not yet, and perhaps never can be wholly, condoned, the period of misconception is over, and the voices of rage or contempt, once so frequently heard, are becoming faint and few. The last twenty-five years have greatly added to our means of elucidation; and much that seemed to be whim or purposed obscurity is now revealed in clear and intelligible outlines. When Vischer compares the work to a picture of the old Titian, wherein the master-hand is still recognized, but trembling with age and studding in the colour with slow, painful touches, he forgets that the design was already drawn, and some of the figures nearly completed, in the Master's best days. I should rather liken it to a great mosaic, which, looked at near at hand, shows us the mixture of precious marbles and common pebbles, of glass, jasper, and lapis-lazuli; but, seen in the proper perspective, exhibits only the Titanic struggle of Man, surrounded with shapes of Beauty and Darkness, towards a victorious immortality.

1 INTRODUCTION TO PART II

It would have been better, undoubtedly, if the completion of the work had not been so long delayed, and Goethe had thereby been able to give us, with more limited stores of knowledge, a greater poetic unity. It is hardly the feebleness of the octogenarian which we perceive. The acquisitions of the foregoing thirty years seem to have gradually formed a crust over the lambent poetical element in his nature; but the native force of the latter is nowhere so wonderfully revealed as here, since it is still able to crack and shiver the erudite surface of his mind, and to flame out clearly and joyously. Wherever it thus displays itself, it is still the same pure, illuminating, solving and blending power as his earlier years.

The reader to whom this book is a new land must of necessity be furnished with a compass and an outline chart before he enters it. He may, otherwise, lose his way in its tropical jungles, before reaching that 'peak in Darien', from which Keats, like Balboa, beheld a new side of the world. A brief previous statement of the argument is absolutely required.

We must forget the tragical story of the First Part, and return to the compact between Faust and Mephistopheles, where the latter declares: 'The little world, and then the great we'll see.' The former world is at an end, and, after an opening scene which symbolizes the healing influences of Time and Nature, Faust and his companion appear at the Court of the German Emperor. The ruined condition of the realm gives Mephistopheles a chance of acquiring place and power for Faust, through the introduction of a new financial system. While this is in progress, the days of Carnival furnish the occasion for a Masquerade, crowded with allegorical figures, representing Society and Government. Goethe found that no detached phases of life were adequate to his purpose. Faust, in the First Part, is an individual, in narrow association with other individuals: here he is thrown into the movement

of the world, the phenomena of human development, and becomes, to a certain extent, typical of Man. Hence the allegorical character of the Masquerade, which is confusing, from the great range and mixture of its symbolism.

The Emperor's wish to have Paris and Helena called from the Shades (as in the original Legend) is expressed when Faust is already growing weary of the artificial life of the Court. Mephistopheles sends him to the mysterious Mothers, that he may acquire the means of evoking the models of Beauty; and at this point the artistic, or aesthetic element—the sense of the Beautiful in the human mind—is introduced as a most important agent of human culture, gradually refining and purifying Faust's nature, and lifting it forever above all the meanness and littleness of the world. Mephistopheles is bound by his compact to serve, even in fulfilling this aspiration which he cannot comprehend; but he obeys unwillingly, and with continual attempts to regain his diminishing power. After the apparition of Helena, and Faust's rash attempt to possess at once the Ideal of the Beautiful, the scene changes to the latter's old Gothic chamber, where we meet the Student of the First Part as a Baccalaureus, and find Wagner, in his laboratory, engaged in creating a Homunculus. This whimsical sprite guides Faust and Mephistopheles to the Classical Walpurgis-Night, where the former continues his pilgrimage towards Helena (the Beautiful), while the latter, true to his negative character, finally reaches his ideal of Ugliness in the Phorkyads. The allegory of the Classical Walpurgis-Night is also difficult to be unravelled, but it is not simply didactic, like that of the Carnival Masquerade. A purer strain of poetry breathes through it, and the magical moonlight which shines upon its closing Festals of the Sea prepares us for the sunbright atmosphere of the 'Helena'.

This interlude, occupying the Third Act, is another

allegory, complete in itself, and only lightly attached to the course of the drama. While it exhibits, in the latter connexion, the aesthetic purification of Faust's nature, its leading motive is the reconciliation of the Classic and Romantic elements in Art and Literature. Euph Orion, the child of Faust and Helena, who vanishes in flame, leaving only his garments and lyre behind him, is then presented to us as Byron, and the Act closes with a transmigration of 'the fair humanities of old religion' into the spirit and sentiment of Modern Poetry.

The Fourth Act exhibits Faust to us, enlightened and elevated above his former self, and anxious for a grand and worthy sphere of activity. His aim is, to bend Nature to the service of Man,—to bar the ocean from a great stretch of half-submerged land, and thus conquer the aimless force of the unruly elements. Mephistopheles takes advantage of the political dissensions of the Empire, and the appearance of a new claimant for the crown, at the head of an army, to proffer his own and Faust's services to the Emperor. A battle takes place; the rebels are defeated, through the magic arts of Mephistopheles, and Faust receives the seashore in fief forever.

The Fifth Act opens on the accomplished work. Faust, a hundred years old, inhabits a palace, in the midst of a green, thickly-peopled land, diked from the sea. But he has not yet found the one moment of supreme happiness. A pestilential marsh still remains to be drained; and he has not succeeded in gaining the coveted possession of a sand-hill near his palace, the residence of an old couple who have charge of a little chapel on the downs. Mephistopheles endeavours to implicate him in the guilty seizure of this Naboth's vineyard, but is again baffled. Faust, become blind, finds a clearer light dawning upon his spirit: while the workmen are employed upon the canal which completes his great work, he perceives that he has created

free and happy homes for the coming generations of men, and the fore-feeling of satisfied achievement impels him to say to the passing Moment: 'Ah, still delay - - thou art so fair!' When the words are uttered, he sinks upon the earth, dead.

The struggle of Mephistopheles with the angels for the possession of Faust's soul, and a scene in heaven, where Margaret appears, like Beatrice in Dante's 'Paradiso', as the spiritual guide of her redeemed lover, close the drama. Although the condition of the compact has been fulfilled, Mephistopheles loses his wager. In willing the Bad he has worked the Good: the 'obscure aspiration' in Faust's nature has lifted itself, through Love, Experience, the refining power of the Beautiful, and beneficent activity, to more than an instinct, to a knowledge of 'the one true way'. The Epilogue in Heaven carries us back to the Prologue, and indicates to us, through a wondrous, mystic symbolism, the victorious vitality of Good and the omnipotence of the Divine Love. Briefly, then, Act I represents Society and Government; Acts II and III the development of the Idea of the Beautiful as the highest human attribute, with almost a saving power; Act IV War; and Act V Beneficent Activity, crowned by Grace and Redemption. The financial scheme, the discussion of geological theories, the union of the Classic and Romantic, and the introduction of those three tricky spirits, the Boy Charioteer, Homunculus, and Euphorion (whom I have interpreted as different personifications of Goethe's own Poetic Genius), must be considered as digressions from the direct course of the plot.

Goethe's chief offence is the licence which he allows himself in regard to his language. We find, especially in those portions which were last written, frequent instances of crabbed, arbitrary construction, words and compounds invented in defiance of all rule, and various other deviations from his own full, clear, and

rounded style.¹ This has been contemptuously called the 'Privy-Councillor's Dialect' (*Geheimrathssprache*) by some of the critics, who assail Goethe with cries of wrath; but it is a feature of the original which cannot be reproduced in the translation, and ought not to be, if it could be. If the reader now and then falls upon an unusual compound, or a seemingly forced inversion of language, I must beg him to remember that my sins against the poetical laws of the English language are but a small percentage of Goethe's sins against the German. The other difficulty seems to lie partly in the intellectual constitution of the critics themselves, many of whom are nothing if not metaphysical. The fullness of the matter is such that various apparently consistent theories may be drawn from it, and much of the confusion which has thence ensued has been charged to the author's account. Here, as in the First Part, the study of Goethe's life and other works has been my guide through the labyrinth of comment; I have endeavoured to give, in every case, the simplest and most obvious interpretation, even if, to some readers, it may not seem the most satisfactory.

I have adhered, as those familiar with the original text will perceive, to the same plan of translation. The original metres are more closely reproduced than even in the First Part, for the predominance of symbol and aphorism, in the place of sentiment and passion, has, in this respect, made my task more easy; and there

¹ 'That which first repels the reader in this second Faust-drama is the philological element, which is found throughout the greater part of it. A dragging march of the diction, awkwardly long and painfully complicated sentences, a mass of unsuccessful verbal forms and adaptations, unnecessarily obscure images, forced transitions, affected superlative participles and compounds,—all these things operate repellantly enough upon many persons, and spoil, in advance, their enjoyment of the work.'—*Köstlin, Goethe's Faust, Seine Kritiker und Ausleger.*

are, from beginning to end, less than a score of lines where I have been compelled to take any liberty with either rhythm or rhyme. Indeed, the form, especially in the 'Helena', is so intimately blended with the symbolical meaning, that I cannot conceive of the two being separated; for they are soul and body, and separation, to us, is death of the one and disappearance of the other. The classic metres, which Goethe uses, surely lend themselves as readily to the English language as to the German; and, while I have rendered this portion of the drama almost as literally as would be possible in prose, I can only hope that the unaccustomed ear will not be startled and repelled by its new metrical character. I am not aware that either the iambic trimeter or the trochaic tetrameter has ever been introduced into English verse. The classic reader, who may miss the caesura here and there, will, I trust, recognize both the necessity and the justification.

In concluding this labour of years, I venture to express the hope that, however I may have fallen short of reproducing the original in another, though a kindred language, I may, at least, have assisted in naturalizing the masterpiece of German literature among us, and to that extent have explained the supreme place which has been accorded to Goethe among the poets of the world. Where I have differed from the German critics and commentators, I would present the plea, that the laws of construction are similar, whether one builds a cottage or a palace; and the least of authors, to whom metrical expression is a necessity, may have some natural instinct of the conceptions of the highest.

B. T.

March, 1871.

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AN GOETHE

I

ERIABENER Geist, im Geisterreich verloren!
Wo immer Deine lichte Wohnung sey,
Zum höh'ren Schaffen bist Du neugeboren,
Und singest dort die voll're Litanei.
Von jenem Streben das Du auserkoren,
Vom reinsten Äther, drin Du athmest frei,
O neige Dich zu gnädigem Erwidern
Des letzten Wiederhalls von Deinen Liedern!

II

Den alten Musen die bestaubten Kronen
Nahmst Du, zu neuem Glanz, mit kuhner Hand:
Du löst die Räthsel ältester Äonen
Durch jüngeren Glauben, helleren Verstand,
Und machst, wo rege Menschengeister wohnen,
Die ganze Erde Dir zum Vaterland;
Und Deine Jünger sehn in Dir, verwundert,
Verkörpert schon das werdende Jahrhundert.

III

Was Du gesungen, Aller Lust und Klagen,
Des Lebens Widersprüche, neu vermählt,—
Die Harfe tausendstimmig frisch geschlagen,
Die Shakspeare einst, die einst Homer gewählt,—
Darf ich in fremde Klänge übertragen
Das Alles, wo so Mancher schon gefehlt?
Lass Deinen Geist in meiner Stimme klingen,
Und was Du sangst, lass mich es Dir nachsingen!

B. T.

DEDICATIONⁿ

AGAIN ye come, ye hovering Forms! I find ye,
As early to my clouded sight ye shone!
Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
Still o'er my heart is that illusion thrown?
Ye crowd more near! Then, be the reign assigned ye,
And sway me from your misty, shadowy zone!
My bosom thrills, with youthful passion shaken,
From magic airs that round your march awaken.

Of joyous days ye bring the blissful vision;
The dear, familiar phantoms rise again, 10
And, like an old and half-extinct tradition,
First Love returns, with Friendship in his train.
Renewed is Pain: with mournful repetition
Life tracks his devious, labyrinthine chain,
And names the Good, whose cheating fortune tore
them
From happy hours, and left me to deplore them.

They hear no longer these succeeding measures,
The souls, to whom my earlier songs I sang:
Dispersed the friendly troop with all its pleasures,
And still, alas! the echoes first that rang! 20
I bring the unknown multitude my treasures;
Their very plaudits give my heart a pang,
And those beside, whose joy my Song so flattered,
If still they live, wide through the world are scattered.

And grasps me now a long-unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn Spirit-Land:
My song, to faint Acolian murmurs turning,
Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned.
I thrill and tremble; tear on tear is burning,
And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned. 30
What I possess, I see far distant lying,
And what I lost grows real and undying.

PRELUDE ON THE STAGEⁿ

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRY-ANDREW.

MANAGER. You two, who oft a helping hand
Have lent, in need and tribulation,
Come, let me know your expectation
Of this, our enterprise, in German land!
I wish the crowd to feel itself well treated,
Especially since it live, and lets me live;
The posts are set, the booth of boards completed,
And each awaits the banquet I shall give.
Already there, with curious eyebrows raised,
They sit sedate, and hope to be amazed. 10
I know how one the People's taste may flatter,
Yet here a huge embarrassment I feel:
What they're accustomed to is no great matter,
But then, alas! they've read an awful deal.
How shall we plan, that all be fresh and new,—
Important matter, yet attractive too?
For 'tis my pleasure to behold them surging,
When to our booth the current sets apace,
And with tremendous, oft-repeated urging,
Squeeze onward through the narrow gate of grace: 20
By daylight even, they push and cram in
To reach the seller's box, a fighting host,
And as for bread, around a baker's door, in famine,
To get a ticket break their necks almost.
This miracle alone can work the Poet
On men so various: now, my friend, pray show it!

POET. Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom but to see puts out the fire of Song!
Hide from my view the surging crowd that passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along! 30
No, lead me where some heavenly silence glasses
The purer joys that round the Poet throng,—
Where Love and Friendship still divinely fashion
The bonds that bless, the wreaths that crown his
passion!

PRELUDE

3

Ah! every utterance from the depths of feeling
 The timid lips have stammeringly expressed,—
 Now failing, now, perchance, success revealing,—
 Gulps the wild Moment in its greedy breast;
 Or oft, reluctant years its warrant sealing,
 Its perfect stature stands at last confessed! 40
 What dazzles, for the Moment spends its spirit:
 What's genuine, shall posterity inherit.

MERRY-ANDREW. Posterity! Don't name the word to me!

If I should choose to preach Posterity,
 Where would you get contemporary fun?
 That men *will* have it, there's no blinking:
 A fine young fellow's presence, to my thinking,
 Is something worth, to every one.
 Who genially his nature can outpour,
 Takes from the People's moods no irritation; 50
 The wider circle he acquires, the more
 Securely works his inspiration.
 Then pluck up heart and give us sterling coin!
 Let Fancy be with her attendants fitted,—
 Sense, Reason, Sentiment, and Passion join,—
 But have a care, lest Folly be omitted!

MANAGER. Chiefly, enough of incident prepare!
 They come to look, and they prefer to stare.
 Reel off a host of threads before their faces,
 So that they gape in stupid wonder: then 60
 By sheer diffuseness you have won their graces.
 And are, at once, most popular of men.
 Only by mass you touch the mass; for any
 Will finally, himself, his bit select;
 Who offers much, brings something unto many,
 And each goes home content with the effect.
 If you've a piece, why, just in pieces give it:
 A hash, a stew, will bring success, believe it!
 'Tis easily displayed, and easy to invent.
 What use, a Whole compactly to present? 70
 Your hearers pick and pluck as soon as they receive it!

POET. You do not feel, how such a trade debases;
How ill it suits the Artist, proud and true!
The botching work each fine pretender traces
Is, I perceive, a principle with you.

MANAGER. Such a reproach not in the least offends;
A man who some result intends
Must use the tools that best are fitting.
Reflect, soft wood is given to you for splitting
And then, observe for whom you write! 80
If one comes bored, exhausted quite,
Another, satiate, leaves the banquet's tapers,
And, worst of all, full many a wight
Is fresh from reading of the daily papers.
Idly to us they come, as to a masquerade,
Mere curiosity their spirits warming:
The ladies with themselves, and with their finery, aid,
Without a salary their parts performing.
What dreams are yours in high poetic places?
You're pleased, forsooth, full houses to behold? 90
Draw near, and view your patrons' faces!
The half are coarse, the half are cold.
One, when the play is out, goes home to cards;
A wild night on a wench's breast another chooses:
Why should you rack, poor, foolish bards,
For ends like these, the gracious Muses?
I tell you, give but more—more, ever more, they ask:
Thus shall you hit the mark of gain and glory.
Seek to confound your auditory!
To satisfy them is a task.— 100
What ails you now? Is't suffering, or pleasure?
POET. Go, find yourself a more obedient slave!
What! shall the Poet that which Nature gave,
The highest right, supreme Humanity,
Forfeit so wantonly, to swell your treasure?
Whence o'er the heart his empire free?
The elements of Life how conquers he?
Is't not his heart's accord, urged outward far and dim,
To wind the world in unison with him?

PRELUDE

5

When on the spindle, spun to endless distance, 110
 By Nature's listless hand the thread is twiled,
 And the discordant tones of all existence
 In sullen jangle are together hurled,
 Who, then, the changeless orders of creation
 Divides, and kindles into rhythmic dance?
 Who brings the One to join the general ordination,
 Where it may throb in grandest consonance?
 Who bids the storm to passion stir the bosom?
 In brooding souls the sunset burn above?
 Who scatters every fairest April blossom 120
 Along the shining path of Love?
 Who braids the noteless leaves to crowns, requit-
 ing
 Desert with fame, in Action's every field?
 Who makes Olympus sure, the Gods uniting?
 The might of Man, as in the Bard revealed.
 MERRY-ANDREW. So, these fine forces, in conjunction,
 Propel the high poetic function,
 As in a love-adventure they might play!
 You meet by accident; you feel, you stay,
 And by degrees your heart is tangled; 130
 Bliss grows apace, and then its course is jangled;
 You're ravished quite, then comes a touch of woe,
 And there's a neat romance, completed ere you
 know!
 Let us, then, such a drama give!
 Grasp the exhaustless life that all men live!
 Each shares therein, though few may comprehend:
 Where'er you touch, there's interest without end.
 In motley pictures little light,
 Much error, and of truth a glimmering mite,
 Thus the best beverage is supplied, 140
 Whence all the world is cheered and edified.
 Then, at your play, behold the fairest flower
 Of youth collect, to hear the revelation!
 Each tender soul, with sentimental power,
 Sucks melancholy food from your creation;

And now in this, now that, the leaven works,
 For each beholds what in his bosom lurks.
 They still are moved at once to weeping or to
 laughter,
 Still wonder at your flights, enjoy the show they see:
 A mind, once formed, is never suited after; 150
 One yet in growth will ever grateful be.

POET. Then give me back that time of pleasures,
 While yet in joyous growth I sang,—
 When, like a fount, the crowding measures
 Uninterrupted gushed and sprang!
 Then bright mist veiled the world before me,
 In opening buds a marvel woke,
 As I the thousand blossoms broke,
 Which every valley richly bore me!
 I nothing had, and yet enough for youth— 160
 Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.
 Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,
 The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
 The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—
 O, give me back my youth again!

MERRY-ANDREW. Youth, good my friend, you cer-
 tainly require
 When foes in combat sorely press you;
 When lovely maids, in fond desire,
 Hang on your bosom and caress you;
 When from the hard-won goal the wreath 170
 Beckons afar, the race awaiting;
 When, after dancing out your breath,
 You pass the night in dissipating:—
 But that familiar harp with soul
 To play,—with grace and bold expression,
 And towards a self-erected goal
 To walk with many a sweet digression,—
 This, aged Sirs, belongs to you,
 And we no less revere you for that reason:
 Age childish makes, they say, but 'tis not true; 180
 We're only genuine children still, in Age's season!

PRELUDE

7

MANAGER. The words you've bandied are sufficient;

'Tis deeds that I prefer to see:

In compliments you're both proficient,

But might, the while, more useful be.

What need to talk of Inspiration?

'Tis no companion of Delay.

If Poetry be your vocation,

Let Poetry your will obey!

Full well you know what here is wanting; 190

The crowd for strongest drink is panting,

And such, forthwith, I'd have you brew.

What's left undone to-day, To-morrow will not do.

Waste not a day in vain digression:

With resolute, courageous trust

Seize every possible impression,

And make it firmly your possession;

You'll then work on, because you must.

Upon our German stage, you know it,

Each tries his hand at what he will; 200

So, take of traps and scenes your fill,

And all you find, be sure to show it!

Use both the great and lesser heavenly light,ⁿ—

Squander the stars in any number,

Beasts, birds, trees, rocks, and all such lumber,

Fire, water, darkness, Day and Night!

Thus, in our booth's contracted sphere,

The circle of Creation will appear,

And move, as we deliberately impel,

From Heaven, across the World, to Hell! 210

PROLOGUE IN HEAVENⁿ

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.*ⁿ)

RAPHAEL.

'The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder-sound.
'The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say;
'The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendour of the world goes round, 10
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful Night's intense profound:
'The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

MICHAEL.

And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea,
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy. 20
'There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way:
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy Day.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in Creation's hour.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

9

MEPHISTOPHELES. Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to
approach again

And ask us how we do, in manner kindest, 30

And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,

Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest.

Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after

With lofty speech, though by them scorned and
spurned:

My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter,

If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.

Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;

How men torment themselves, is all I've noted.

The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,

And is as whimsical as on Creation's day. 40

Life somewhat better might content him,

But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast
lent him:

He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,

To be far beastlier than any beast.

Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me

A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,

That springing flies, and flying springs,

And in the grass the same old ditty sings.

Would he still lay among the grass he grows in!

Each bit of dung he seeks, to stick his nose in. 50

THE LORD. Hast thou, then, nothing more to mention?

Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention?

Find'st nothing right on earth, eternally?

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, Lord! I find things, there, still
bad as they can be.

Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;

I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

THE LORD. Know'st Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The Doctor Faust?

THE LORD. My servant, he!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Forsooth! He serves you after
strange devices:

No earthly meat or drink the fool suffices.

His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars from Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

THE LORD. Though still confused his service unto
Me,

I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

MEPHISTOPHELES. What will you bet? There's still a
chance to gain him, 70

If unto me full leave you give,
Gently upon *my* road to train him!

THE LORD. As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition;
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.^a

MEPHISTOPHELES. My thanks! I find the dead no
acquisition,

And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks where ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house: 80
It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.^a

THE LORD. Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.

Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him, let thy snares be planted,
And him, with thee, be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.^a

MEPHISTOPHELES. Agreed! But 'tis a short probation.
About my bet I feel no trepidation. 90

If I fulfil my expectation,
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain snake my near relation.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

11

THE LORD. Therein thou'rt free, according to thy merits;

The like of thee have never moved My hate.

Of all the bold, denying Spirits,

The waggish knave least trouble doth create.

Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;

Unqualified repose he learns to crave; 100

Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,

Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil.

But ye, God's sons in love and duty,ⁿ

Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!

Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,

Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,

And what in wavering apparition gleams

Fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!

[*Heaven closes: the ARCHANGELS separate.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*). I like, at times, to hear The

Ancient's word,

And have a care to be most civil: 110

It's really kind of such a noble Lord

So humanly to gossip with the Devill

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY

I

NIGHTⁿ

(A lofty-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber. FAUST, in a chair at his desk, restless.)

FAUST. I've studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine,—
And even, alas! Theology,—
From end to end, with labour keen;
And here, poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before:
I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight,
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
'These ten years long, with many woes,
I've led my scholars by the nose,— 10
And see, that nothing can be known!
That knowledge cuts me to the bone.
I'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers,
Doctors and Magisters, Scribes and Preachers;
Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smite me,
Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.
For this, all pleasure am I foregoing;
I do not pretend to aught worth knowing,
I do not pretend I could be a teacher
'To help or convert a fellow-creature. 20
Then, too, I've neither lands nor gold,
Nor the world's least pomp or honour hold—
No dog would endure such a curst existence!
Wherefore, from Magic I seek assistance,
That many a secret perchance I reach
Through spirit-power and spirit-speech,
And thus the bitter task forego
Of saying the things I do not know,—
That I may detect the inmost force
Which binds the world, and guides its course; 30

Its germs, productive powers explore,
And rummage in empty words no more!

O full and splendid Moon, whom I
Have, from this desk, seen climb the sky
So many a midnight,—would thy glow
For the last time beheld my woe!
Ever thine eye, most mournful friend,
O'er books and papers saw me bend;
But would that I, on mountains grand,
Amid thy blessed light could stand, 40
With spirits through mountain-caverns hover,
I float in thy twilight the meadows over,
And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe me,
To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me!

Ah, me! this dungeon still I see,
This drear, accursed masonry,
Where even the welcome daylight strains
But duskly through the painted panes.
Hemmed in by many a toppling heap
Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust, 50
Which to the vaulted ceiling creep,
Against the smoky paper thrust,—
With glasses, boxes, round me stacked,
And instruments together hurled,
Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed—
Such is my world: and what a world!

And do I ask, wherefore my heart
Falters, oppressed with unknown needs?
Why some inexplicable smart
All movement of my life impedes? 60
Alas! in living Nature's stead,
Where God His human creature set,
In smoke and mould the fleshless dead
And bones of beasts surround me yet!

Fly! Up, and seek the broad, free land!
And this one Book of Mystery

PART I, SCENE I

15

From Nostradamus' very hand,ⁿ

Is't not sufficient company?

When I the starry courses know,

And Nature's wise instruction seek,

70

With light of power my soul shall glow,

As when to spirits spirits speak.

'Tis vain, this empty brooding here,

Though guessed the holy symbols be:

Ye, Spirits, come—ye hover near—

Oh, if you hear me, answer me!

[*He opens the Book, and perceives the sign of the Macro-cosm.*ⁿ

Ha! what a sudden rapture leaps from this

I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing!

I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss

In every vein and fibre newly glowing.

80

Was it a God, who traced this sign,

With calm across my tumult stealing,

My troubled heart to joy unscaling,

With impulse, mystic and divine,

'The powers of Nature here, around my path, revealing?

Am I a God?—so clear mine eyes!

In these pure features I behold

Creative Nature to my soul unfold.

What says the sage, now first I recognize:

'The spirit-world no closures fasten;

90

Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead:

Disciple, up! untiring, hasten

To bathe thy breast in morning-red!

[*He contemplates the sign.*

How each the Whole its substance gives,

Each in the other works and lives!

Like heavenly forces rising and descending,

'Their golden urns reciprocally lending,

With wings that winnow blessing

From Heaven through Earth I see them pressing,

Filling the All with harmony unceasing!

100

How grand a show! but, ah! a show alone.
 Thee, boundless Nature, how make thee my own?
 Where you, ye breasts? Founts of all Being, shining,
 Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's desire,
 Whereto our withered hearts aspire,—
 Ye flow, ye feed: and am I vainly pining?

*[He turns the leaves impatiently, and perceives the sign
 of the Earth-Spirit.]*

How otherwise upon me works this sign!
 Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer:
 Even now my powers are loftier, clearer;
 I glow, as drunk with new-made wine: 110
 New strength and heart to meet the world incite me,
 The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me,
 And though the shock of storms may smite me,
 No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me!
 Clouds gather over me—
 The moon conceals her light—
 The lamp's extinguished!—
 Mists rise,—red, angry rays are darting
 Around my head!—There falls
 A horror from the vaulted roof, 120
 And seizes me!

I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke;
 Reveal thyself!
 Ha! in my heart what rending stroke!
 With new impulsion
 My senses heave in this convulsion!
 I feel thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me:
 Thou must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!

*[He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces the
 sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes: the Spirit
 appears in the flame.]*

SPIRIT. Who calls me?

FAUST (*with averted head*). Terrible to see!

SPIRIT. Me hast thou long with might attracted, 130
 Long from my sphere thy food exacted,
 And now—

FAUST. Woe! I endure not thee!

SPIRIT. To view me is thine aspiration,
My voice to hear, my countenance to see;
Thy powerful yearning moveth me,
Here am I!—what mean perturbation
Thee, superhuman, shakes? Thy soul's high calling,
where?

Where is the breast, which from itself a world did
bear,

And shaped and cherished—which with joy expanded,
To be our peer, with us, the Spirits, banded? 140

Where art thou, Faust, whose voice has pierced to me,
Who towards me pressed with all thine energy?

He art thou, who, my presence breathing, seeing,
'Trembles through all the depths of being,
A writhing worm, a terror-stricken form?

FAUST. Thee, form of flame, shall I then fear?

Yes, I am Faust: I am thy peer!

SPIRIT. In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,
A fluctuant wave,

A shuttle free,

150

Birth and the Grave,

An eternal sea,

A weaving, flowing

Life, all-glowing,

'Thus at Time's humming loom 'tis my hand
prepares

The garment of Life which the Deity wears!

FAUST. Thou, who around the wide world wendest,
Thou busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT. Thou'rt like the Spirit which thou comprehendest,

Not me!

[Disappears.

FAUST (*overwhelmed*). Not thee!

161

Whom then?

I, image of the Godhead!

Not even like thee!

[A knock.

O Death!—I know it—'tis my Famulus!ⁿ

My fairest luck finds no fruition:

In all the fullness of my vision

The soulless sneak disturbs me thus!

(*Enter WAGNER, in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns impatiently.*)

WAGNER. Pardon, I heard your declamation;

'Twas sure an old Greek tragedy you read? 170

In such an art I crave some preparation,

Since now it stands one in good stead.

I've often heard it said, a preacher

Might learn, with a comedian for a teacher.

FAUST. Yes, when the priest comedian is by nature,

As haply now and then the case may be.

WAGNER. Ah, when one studies thus, a prisoned creature,

'That scarce the world on holidays can see,—

Scarce through a glass, by rare occasion,

How shall one lead it by persuasion? 180

FAUST. You'll ne'er attain it, save you know the feeling,

Save from the soul it rises clear,

Serene in primal strength, compelling

The hearts and minds of all who hear.

You sit forever gluing, patching;

You cook the scraps from others' fare;

And from your heap of ashes hatching

A starveling flame, ye blow it bare!

Take children's, monkeys' gaze admiring,

If such your taste, and be content; 190

But ne'er from heart to heart you'll speak inspiring,

Save your own heart is eloquent!

WAGNER. Yet through delivery orators succeed;

I feel that I am far behind, indeed.

FAUST. Seek thou the honest recompense!

Beware, a tinkling fool to be!

With little art, clear wit and sense

Suggest their own delivery;

And if thou'rt moved to speak in earnest,

What need, that after words thou yearnest? 200

PART I, SCENE I

19

Yes, your discourses, with their glittering show,
Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper,ⁿ
Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow
The rustling leaves through chill autumnal vapour!

WAGNER. Ah, God! but Art is long,

And Life, alas! is fleeting.

And oft, with zeal my critic-duties meeting,
In head and breast there's something wrong.

How hard it is to compass the assistance

Whereby one rises to the source!

210

And, haply, ere one travels half the course

Must the poor devil quit existence.

FAUST. Is parchment, then, the holy fount before thee,

A draught wherefrom thy thirst forever slakes?

No true refreshment can restore thee,

Save what from thine own soul spontaneous breaks.

WAGNER. Pardon! a great delight is granted

When, in the spirit of the ages planted,

We mark how, ere our time, a sage has thought,

And then, how far his work, and grandly, we have
brought.

220

FAUST. O yes, up to the stars at last!

Listen, my friend: the ages that are past

Are now a book with seven seals protected:

What you the Spirit of the Ages call

Is nothing but the spirit of you all,

Wherein the Ages are reflected.

So, oftentimes, you miserably mar it!

At the first glance who sees it runs away.

An offal-barrel and a lumber-garret,

Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play,ⁿ

230

With maxims most pragmatistical and hitting,

As in the mouths of puppets are befitting!

WAGNER. But then, the world—the human heart and
brain!

Of these one covets some slight apprehension.

FAUST. Yes, of the kind which men attain!

Who dares the child's true name in public mention? / j

'The few, who thereof something really learned,
 Unwisely frank, with hearts that spurned concealing
 And to the mob laid bare each thought and feeling,
 Have evermore been crucified and burned. 240
 I pray you, Friend, 'tis now the dead of night;
 Our converse here must be suspended.

WAGNER. I would have shared your watches with delight,

That so our learned talk might be extended.
 To-morrow, though, I'll ask, in Easter leisure,
 This and the other question, at your pleasure.
 Most zealously I seek for erudition:
 Much do I know—but to know all is my ambition.

[Exit.

FAUST (*solus*). That brain, alone, not loses hope, whose choice is

To stick in shallow trash forevermore, — 250
 Which digs with eager hand for buried ore,
 And, when it finds an angle-worm, rejoices!

Dare such a human voice disturb the flow,
 Around me here, of spirit-presence fullest?
 And yet, this once my thanks I owe
 To thee, of all earth's sons the poorest, dumbest!
 For thou hast torn me from that desperate state
 Which threatened soon to overwhelm my senses:
 The apparition was so giant-great,
 It dwarfed and withered all my soul's pretences! 260

I, image of the Godhead, who began—
 Deeming Eternal Truth secure in nearness—
 To sun myself in heavenly light and clearness,
 And laid aside the earthly man;—
 I, more than Cherub, whose free force had planned
 To flow through Nature's veins in glad pulsation,
 To reach beyond, enjoying in creation

271 The life of Gods, behold my expiation!
 A thunder-word hath swept me from my stand.

PART I, SCENE I

21

With thee I dare not venture to compare me. 270
Though I possessed the power to draw thee near me.
The power to keep thee was denied my hand.
When that ecstatic moment held me,
I felt myself so small, so great;
But thou hast ruthlessly repelled me
Back upon Man's uncertain fate.
What shall I shun? Whose guidance borrow?
Shall I accept that stress and strife?ⁿ
Ah! every deed of ours, no less than every sorrow,
Impedes the onward march of life. 280

Some alien substance more and more is cleaving
To all the mind conceives of grand and fair;
When this world's Good is won by our achieving,
The Better, then, is named a cheat and snare.
The fine emotions, whence our lives we mould,
Lie in the earthly tumult dumb and cold.
If hopeful Fancy once, in daring flight,
Her longings to the Infinite expanded,
Yet now a narrow space contents her quite,
Since Time's wild wave so many a fortune stranded.
Care at the bottom of the heart is lurking: 291
Her secret pangs in silence working,
She, restless, rocks herself, disturbing joy and rest:
In newer masks her face is ever drest,
By turns as house and land, as wife and child, pre-
sented,—
As water, fire, as poison, steel:
We dread the blows we never feel,
And what we never lose is yet by us lamented!

I am not like the Gods! That truth is felt too deep:
The worm am I, that in the dust doth creep,— 300
That, while in dust it lives and seeks its bread,
Is crushed and buried by the wanderer's tread.
Is not this dust, these walls within them hold,
The hundred shelves, which cramp and chain me,

The frippery, the trinkets thousandfold,
That in this mothy den restrain me?
Here shall I find the help I need?
Shall here a thousand volumes teach me only
That men, self-tortured, everywhere must bleed,—
And here and there one happy man sits lonely? 310
What mean'st thou by that grin, thou hollow skull,
Save that thy brain, like mine, a cloudy mirror,
Sought once the shining day, and then, in twilight
dull,
Thirsting for Truth, went wretchedly to Error?
Ye instruments, forsooth, but jeer at me
With wheel and cog, and shapes uncouth of wonder;
I found the portal, you the keys should be;
Your wards are deftly wrought, but drive no bolts
asunder!
Mysterious even in open day,
Nature retains her veil, despite our clamours: 320
That which she doth not willingly display
Cannot be wrenched from her with levers, screws,
and hammers.
Ye ancient tools, whose use I never knew,
Here, since my father used ye, still ye moulder:
Thou, ancient scroll, hast worn thy smoky hue
Since at this desk the dim lamp wont to smoulder.
'Twere better far, had I my little idly spent,
Then now to sweat beneath its burden, I confess it!
What from your fathers' heritage is lent,
Earn it anew, to really possess it! 330
What serves not, is a sore impediment:
The Moment's need creates the thing to serve and
bless it!

Yet wherefore turns my gaze to yonder point so
lightly?
Is yonder flask a magnet for mine eyes?
Whence, all around me, glows the air so brightly,
As when in woods at night the mellow moonbeam lies?

I hail thee, wondrous, rarest vial!
I take thee down devoutly, for the trial:
Man's art and wit I venerate in thee.
Thou summary of gentle slumber-juices, 340
Essence of deadly finest powers and uses,
Unto thy master show thy favour free!
I see thee, and the stings of pain diminish;
I grasp thee, and my struggles slowly finish:
My spirit's flood-tide ebbeth more and more.
Out on the open ocean speeds my dreaming;
The glassy flood before my feet is gleaming,
A new day beckons to a newer shore!

A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,
Sweeps near me now! I soon shall ready be 350
To pierce the ether's high, unknown dominions,
To reach new spheres of pure activity!
This godlike rapture, this supreme existence,
Do I, but now a worm, deserve to track?
Yes, resolute to reach some brighter distance,
On Earth's fair sun I turn my back!
Yes, let me dare those gates to fling asunder,
Which every man would fain go slinking by!
'Tis time, through deeds this word of truth to thunder:
That with the height of Gods Man's dignity may vie!
Nor from that gloomy gulf to shrink affrighted, 361
Where Fancy doth herself to self-born pangs compel,—
To struggle toward that pass benighted,
Around whose narrow mouth flame all the fires of
Hell,—
To take this step with cheerful resolution,
Though Nothingness should be the certain, swift
conclusion!

And now come down, thou cup of crystal clearest!
Fresh from thine ancient cover thou appearest,

So many years forgotten to my thought!
 Thou shon'st at old ancestral banquets cheery, 370
 The solemn guests thou madest merry,
 When one thy wassail to the other brought.
 The rich and skilful figures o'er thee wrought,
 The drinker's duty, rhyme-wise to explain them,
 Or in one breath below the mark to drain them,
 From many a night of youth my memory caught.
 Now to a neighbour shall I pass thee never,
 Nor on thy curious art to test my wit endeavour:
 Here is a juice whence sleep is swiftly born.
 It fills with browner flood thy crystal hollow; 380
 I chose, prepared it: thus I follow, —
 With all my soul the final drink I swallow,
 A solemn festal cup, a greeting to the morn!
 [*He sets the goblet to his mouth.*

(Chime of bells and choral song.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Christ is arisen!
 Joy to the Mortal One,
 Whom the unmerited,
 Clinging, inherited
 Needs did imprison.

FAUST. What hollow humming, what a sharp, clear
 stroke,
 Drives from my lip the goblet's, at their meeting? 390
 Announce the booming bells already woke
 The first glad hour of Easter's festal greeting?
 Ye choirs, have ye begun the sweet, consoling chant
 Which, through the night of Death, the angels
 ministrant
 Sang, God's new Covenant repeating?

CHORUS OF WOMEN

With spices and precious
 Balm, we arrayed Him;

PART I, SCENE 1

25

Faithful and gracious,
 We tenderly laid Him:
 Linen to bind Him 400
 Cleanlily wound we:
 Ah! when we would find Him,
 Christ no more found we !

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Christ is ascended!
 Bliss hath invested Him, --
 Woes that molested Him,
 Trials that tested Him,
 Gloriously ended!

FAUST. Why, here in dust, entice me with your spell,
 Ye gentle, powerful sounds of Heaven? 410
 Peal rather there, where tender natures dwell.
 Your messages I hear, but faith has not been given;
 The dearest child of Faith is Miracle.
 I venture not to soar to yonder regions
 Whence the glad tidings hither float;
 And yet, from childhood up familiar with the note,
 To Life it now renews the old allegiance.
 Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss
 Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;
 And, filled with mystic presage, chimed the church-
 bell slowly, 420
 And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.
 A sweet, uncomprehended yearning
 Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows
 free,
 And while a thousand tears were burning,
 I felt a world arise for me.
 These chants, to youth and all its sports appealing,
 Proclaimed the Spring's rejoicing holiday;
 And Memory holds me now, with childish feeling,
 Back from the last, the solemn way. 429
 Sound on, ye hymns of Heaven, so sweet and mild!
 My tears gush forth: the Earth takes back her child!

FAUST

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES

Has He, victoriously,
 Burst from the vaulted
 Grave, and all-gloriously
 Now sits exalted?
 Is He, in glow of birth,
 Rapture creative near?ⁿ
 Ah! to the woe of earth
 Still are we native here.
 We, His aspiring
 Followers, Him we miss;
 Weeping, desiring,
 Master, Thy bliss!

440

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Christ is arisen,
 Out of Corruption's womb:
 Burst ye the prison,
 Break from your gloom!
 Praising and pleading Him,
 Lovingly needing Him,
 Brotherly feeding Him,
 Preaching and speeding Him,
 Blessing, succeeding Him,
 Thus is the Master near,—
 Thus is He here!

450

II

BEFORE THE CITY-GATEⁿ

(Pedestrians of all kinds come forth.)

SEVERAL APPRENTICES. Why do you go that way?

OTHERS. We're for the Hunters'-lodge, to-day.

THE FIRST. We'll saunter to the Mill, in yonder hollow.

AN APPRENTICE. Go to the River Tavern, I should say.

SECOND APPRENTICE. But then, it's not a pleasant way.

THE OTHERS. And what will you?

A THIRD. As goes the crowd, I follow.

A FOURTH. Come up to Burgdorf? There you'll find
good cheer,

The finest lasses and the best of beer,
And jolly rows and squabbles, trust me!

A FIFTH. You swaggering fellow, is your hide 10
A third time itching to be tried?

I won't go there, your jolly rows disgust me!

SERVANT-GIRL. No,—no! I'll turn and go to town
again.

ANOTHER. We'll surely find him by those poplars
yonder.

THE FIRST. That's no great luck for me, 'tis plain.

You'll have him, when and where you wander:

His partner in the dance you'll be,—

But what is all your fun to me?

THE OTHER. He's surely not alone to-day:

He'll be with Curly-head, I heard him say. 20

A STUDENT. Deuce! how they step, the buxom wenches!

Come, Brother! we must see them to the benches.

A strong, old beer, a pipe that stings and bites,

A girl in Sunday clothes,—these three are my delights.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER. Just see those handsome fellows,
there!

It's really shameful, I declare;—

To follow servant-girls, when they

Might have the most genteel society to-day!

SECOND STUDENT (*to the First*). Not quite so fast! Two
others come behind,—

Those, dressed so prettily and neatly. 30

My neighbour's one of them, I find,

A girl that takes my heart, completely.

They go their way with looks demure,

But they'll accept us, after all, I'm sure.

THE FIRST. No, Brother! not for me their formal ways.

Quick! lest our game escape us in the press:

The hand that wields the broom on Saturdays

Will best, on Sundays, fondle and caress.

CITIZEN. He suits me not at all, our new-made Burgo-master!

Since he's installed, his arrogance grows faster. 40

How has he helped the town, I say?

Things worsen,—what improvement names he?

Obedience, more than ever, claims he,

And more than ever we must pay!

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Good gentlemen and lovely ladies,

So red of cheek and fine of dress,

Behold, how needful here your aid is,

And see and lighten my distress!

Let me not vainly sing my ditty;

He's only glad who gives away: 50

A holiday, that shows your pity,

Shall be for me a harvest-day!

ANOTHER CITIZEN. On Sundays, holidays, there's naught I take delight in

Like gossiping of war, and war's array,

When down in Turkey, far away,

The foreign people are a-fighting.

One at the window sits, with glass and friends,

And sees all sorts of ships go down the river gliding:

And blesses then, as home he wends

At night, our times of peace abiding. 60

THIRD CITIZEN. Yes, Neighbour! that's my notion too:

Why, let them break their heads, let loose their passions,

And mix things madly through and through,

So, here, we keep our good old fashions!

OLD WOMAN (*to the Citizen's Daughter*). Dear me, how fine! So handsome, and so young!

Who wouldn't lose his heart, that met you?

Don't be so proud! I'll hold my tongue,

And what you'd like I'll undertake to get you.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER. Come, Agatha! I shun the witch's sight

Before folks, lest there be misgiving. 70

PART I, SCENE II

29

'Tis true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night,ⁿ
My future sweetheart, just as he were living.

THE OTHER. She showed me mine, in crystal clear,
With several wild young blades, a soldier-lover:
I seek him everywhere, I pry and peer,
And yet, somehow, his face I can't discover.

SOLDIERS. Castles, with lofty
Ramparts and towers,
Maidens disdainful
In Beauty's array,
Both shall be ours!
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!

30

Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing,—
Calling to pleasure,
Calling to ruin.
Stormy our life is;
Such is its boon!

Maidens and castles
Capitulate soon.
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers go marching,
Marching away!

30

FAUST *and* WAGNER

FAUST. Released from ice are brook and river
By the quickening glance of the gracious Spring;
The colours of hope to the valley cling,
And weak old Winter himself must shiver,
Withdrawn to the mountains, a crownless king: 100
Whence, ever retreating, he sends again
Impotent showers of sleet that darkle
In belts across the green o' the plain.
But the sun will permit no white to sparkle;

Everywhere form in development moveth;
 He will brighten the world with the tints he
 loveth,
 And, lacking blossoms, blue, yellow, and red,
 He takes these gaudy people instead.
 Turn thee about, and from this height
 Back on the town direct thy sight. 110
 Out of the hollow, gloomy gate,
 The motley throngs come forth elate:
 Each will the joy of the sunshine hoard,
 To honour the Day of the Risen Lord!
 They feel, themselves, their resurrection:
 From the low, dark rooms, scarce habitable;
 From the bonds of Work, from Trade's restriction;
 From the pressing weight of roof and gable;
 From the narrow, crushing streets and alleys;
 From the churches' solemn and reverend night, 120
 All come forth to the cheerful light.
 How lively, see! the multitude sallies,
 Scattering through gardens and fields remote,
 While over the river, that broadly dallies,
 Dances so many a festive boat;
 And overladen, nigh to sinking,
 The last full wherry takes the stream.
 • Yonder afar, from the hill-paths blinking,
 Their clothes are colours that softly gleam.
 I hear the noise of the village, even; 130
 Here is the People's proper Heaven;
 Here high and low contented see!
 Here I am Man,—dare man to be!
 WAGNER. 'To stroll with you, Sir Doctor, flatters;
 'Tis honour, profit, unto me.
 But I, alone, would shun these shallow matters,
 Since all that's coarse provokes my enmity.
 This fiddling, shouting, ten-pin rolling
 I hate,—these noises of the throng:
 They rave, as Satan were their sports controlling, 140
 And call it mirth, and call it song!

PART I, SCENE II

31

PEASANTS, UNDER THE LINDEN-TREE

(Dance and Song.)

All for the dance the shepherd dressed,
In ribbons, wreath, and gayest vest

Himself with care arraying:
Around the linden lass and lad
Already footed it like mad:

Hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah—tarara-la!

The fiddle-bow was playing.

He broke the ranks, no whit afraid, 150
And with his elbow punched a maid,

Who stood, the dance surveying:
The buxom wench, she turned and said:
‘Now, you I call a stupid-head!’

Hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah—tarara-la!

‘Be decent while you’re staying!’

Then round the circle went their flight,
They danced to left, they danced to right: 160
Their kirtles all were playing.

They first grew red, and then grew warm,
And rested, panting, arm in arm,—

Hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah—tarara-la!

And hips and elbows straying.

Now, don’t be so familiar here!
How many a one has fooled his dear,
Waylaying and betraying!

And yet, he coaxed her soon aside,
And round the linden sounded wide: 170

Hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah—tarara-la!

And the fiddle-bow was playing.

OLD PEASANT. Sir Doctor, it is good of you,
 That thus you condescend, to-day,
 Among this crowd of merry folk,
 A highly-learned man, to stray.
 Then also take the finest can,
 We fill with fresh wine, for your sake:
 I offer it, and humbly wish
 That not alone your thirst it slake,—
 That, as the drops below its brink,
 So many days of life you drink!

180

FAUST. I take the cup you kindly reach,
 With thanks and health to all and each.

[The people gather in a circle about him.]

OLD PEASANT. In truth, 'tis well and fitly tuned,
 That now our day of joy you share,
 Who heretofore, in evil days,
 Gave us so much of helping care.
 Still many a man stands living here,
 Saved by your father's skillful hand,
 That snatched him from the fever's rage
 And stayed the plague in all the land.
 Then also you, though but a youth,ⁿ
 Went into every house of pain:
 Many the corpses carried forth,
 But you in health came out again.
 No test or trial you evaded:

190

. A Helping God the helper aided.

ALL. Health to the man, so skilled and tried,
 That for our help he long may bide!

200

FAUST. To Him above bow down, my friends,
 Who teaches help, and succour sends!

[He goes on with WAGNER.]

WAGNER. With what a feeling, thou great man, must
 thou

Receive the people's honest veneration!
 How lucky he, whose gifts his station
 With such advantages endow!
 Thou'rt shown to all the younger generation:

Each asks, and presses near to gaze;
The fiddle stops, the dance delays. 210
Thou goest, they stand in rows to see,
And all the caps are lifted high;
A little more, and they would bend the knee
As if the Holy Host came by.

FAUST. A few more steps ascend, as far as yonder
stone!—

Here from our wandering will we rest contented.
Here, lost in thought, I've lingered oft alone,
When foolish fasts and prayers my life tormented.
Here, rich in hope and firm in faith,
With tears, wrung hands, and sighs I've striven, 220
The end of that far-spreading death
Entreating from the Lord of Heaven!
Now like contempt the crowd's applauses seem:
Couldst thou but read, within mine inmost spirit,
How little now I deem

That sire or son such praises merit!
My father's was a sombre, brooding brain,ⁿ
Which through the holy spheres of Nature groped
and wandered,

And honestly, in his own fashion, pondered
With labour whimsical, and pain: 230
Who, in his dusky work-shop bending,
With proved adepts in company,
Made, from his recipes unending,
Opposing substances agree.

There was a Lion red, a wooer daring,ⁿ
Within the Lily's tepid bath espoused,
And both, tormented then by flame unsparing,
By turns in either bridal chamber housed.
If then appeared, with colours splendid,
The young Queen in her crystal shell, 240
This was the medicine—the patients' woes soon
ended,

And none demanded: who got well?
Thus we, our hellish boluses compounding,

Among these vales and hills surrounding,
Worse than the pestilence, have passed.
Thousands were done to death from poison of my
giving;

And I must hear, by all the living,
The shameless murderers praised at last!

WAGNER. Why, therefore, yield to such depression?

A good man does his honest share 250

In exercising, with the strictest care,
The art bequeathed to his possession!

Dost thou thy father honour, as a youth?

Then may his teaching cheerfully impel thee:

Dost thou, as man, increase the stores of truth?

Then may thine own son afterwards excel thee.

FAUST. O happy he, who still renews

The hope, from Error's deeps to rise for ever!

That which one does not know, one needs to use;

And what one knows, one uses never. 260

But let us not, by such despondence, so

The fortune of this hour embitter!

Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow.

The green-embosomed houses glitter!

The glow retreats, done is the day of toil;

It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;

Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,

Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!

Then would I see eternal Evening gild

The silent world beneath me glowing, 270

On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley
filled,

The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.

The mountain-chain, with all its gorges deep,

Would then no more impede my godlike motion;

And now before mine eyes expands the ocean

With all its bays, in shining sleep!

Yet, finally, the weary god is sinking;

The new-born impulse fires my mind,—

I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,

PART I, SCENE II

35

The Day before me, and the Night behind, 280
Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me,—

A glorious dream! though now the glories fade.
Alas! the wings that lift the mind no aid
Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.
Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay,—
When over crags and jiny highlands
The poisoning eagle slowly soars, 290
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores.

WAGNER. I've had, myself, at times, some odd caprices,
But never yet such impulse felt as this is.
One soon fatigues, on woods and fields to look,
Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us:
How otherwise the mental raptures bear us
From page to page, from book to book!
Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
As warmer life in every limb had crowned you; 300
And when your hands unroll some parchment rare
and old,

All Heaven descends, and opens bright around you!

FAUST. One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
O, never seek to know the other!
Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds in love
And clinging lust the world in its embraces;
The other strongly sweeps this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces. 310
If there be airy spirits near,
'Twixt Heaven and Earth on potent errands fleeing,
Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,
And bear me forth to new and varied being!
Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,

To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,
 I would not for the costliest stores of treasure—
 Not for a monarch's robe—the gift resign.

WAGNER. Invoke not thus the well-known throng,
 Which through the firmament diffused is faring, 320
 And danger thousandfold, our race to wrong,
 In every quarter is preparing.

Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharpⁿ
 Sweep down, and with their barbèd points assail you;
 Then from the East they come, to dry and warp
 Your lungs, till breath and being fail you:
 If from the Desert sendeth them the South,
 With fire on fire your throbbing forehead crowning,
 The West leads on a host, to cure the drouth
 Only when meadow, field, and you are drowning. 330
 They gladly hearken, prompt for injury,—
 Gladly obey, because they gladly cheat us;
 From Heaven they represent themselves to be,
 And lisp like angels, when with lies they meet us.
 But, let us go! 'Tis gray and dusky all:
 The air is cold, the vapours fall.

At night, one learns his house to prize:—
 Why stand you thus, with such astonished eyes?
 What, in the twilight, can your mind so trouble?

FAUST. Seest thou the black dog coursing there,
 through corn and stubble?ⁿ 340

WAGNER. Long since: yet deemed him not important
 in the least.

FAUST. Inspect him close: for what tak'st thou the
 beast?

WAGNER. Why, for a poodle who has lost his master,
 And scents about, his track to find.

FAUST. Seest thou the spiral circles, narrowing faster,
 Which he, approaching, round us seems to wind?
 A streaming trail of fire, if I see rightly,
 Follows his path of mystery.

WAGNER. It may be that your eyes deceive you slightly;
 Naught but a plain black poodle do I see. 350

FAUST. It seems to me that with enchanted cunning
He snares our feet, some future chain to bind.

WAGNER. I see him timidly, in doubt, around us
running,

Since, in his master's stead, two strangers doth he
find.

FAUST. The circle narrows: he is near!

WAGNER. A dog thou seest, and not a phantom, here!

Behold him stop—upon his belly crawl—

His tail set wagging: canine habits, all!

FAUST. Come, follow us! Come here, at least!

WAGNER. 'Tis the absurdest, diollest beast. 360

Stand still, and you will see him wait;

Address him, and he gambols straight;

If something's lost, he'll quickly bring it,—

Your cane, if in the stream you fling it.

FAUST. No doubt you're right: no trace of mind, I
own,

Is in the beast: I see but drill, alone.

WAGNER. The dog, when he's well educated,

Is by the wisest tolerated.

Yes, he deserves your favour thoroughly,—

The clever scholar of the students, he! 370

[They pass in the city-gate.]

III

THE STUDYⁿ

FAUST (*entering, with the poodle*).

Behind me, field and meadow sleeping,

I leave in deep, prophetic night,

Within whose dread and holy keeping

The better soul awakes to light.

The wild desires no longer win us,

The deeds of passion cease to chain;

The love of Man revives within us,

The love of God revives again.

Be still, thou poodle! make not such racket and riot!
Why at the threshold wilt snuffing be? 10
Behind the stove repose thee in quiet!
My softest cushion I give to thee.
As thou, up yonder, with running and leaping
Amused us hast, on the mountain's crest,
So now I take thee into my keeping,
A welcome, but also a silent, guest.

Ah, when, within our narrow chamber
The lamp with friendly lustre glows,
Flames in the breast each faded ember,
And in the heart, itself that knows. 20
Then Hope again lends sweet assistance.
And Reason then resumes her speech:
One yearns, the rivers of existence,
The very founts of Life, to reach.

Snarl not, poodle! To the sound that rises,
The sacred tones that my soul embrace,
This bestial noise is out of place.
We are used to see, that Man despises
What he never comprehends,
And the Good and the Beautiful vilipends, 30
Finding them often hard to measure:
Will the dog, like man, snarl *his* displeasure?

But ah! I feel, though will thereto be stronger,
Contentment flows from out my breast no longer.
Why must the stream so soon run dry and fail us,
And burning thirst again assail us?
Therein I've borne so much probation!
And yet, this want may be supplied us;
We call the Supernatural to guide us;
We pine and thirst for Revelation, 40
Which nowhere worthier is, more nobly sent,
Than here, in our New Testament.
I feel impelled its meaning to determine,—

With honest purpose, once for all,
The hallowed Original
To change to my beloved German.

[*He opens a volume, and commences.*]

'Tis written: 'In the Beginning was the *Word*.'ⁿ
Here am I balked: who, now, can help afford?
The *Word*?—impossible so high to rate it;
And otherwise must I translate it, 50
If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
Then thus: 'In the Beginning was the *Thought*.'
This first line let me weigh completely,
Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed?
'In the Beginning was the *Power*,' I read.
Yet, as I write, a warning is suggested,
That I the sense may not have fairly tested.
The Spirit aids me: now I see the light!
'In the Beginning was the *Act*,' I write. 60

If I must share my chamber with thee,
Poodle, stop that howling, prithee!
Cease to bark and bellow!
Such a noisy, disturbing fellow
I'll no longer suffer near me.
One of us, dost hear me!
Must leave, I fear me.
No longer guest-right I bestow;
The door is open, art free to go.
But what do I see in the creature? 70
Is that in the course of nature?
Is 't actual fact? or Fancy's shows?
How long and broad my poodle grows!
He rises mightily:
A canine form that cannot be!
What a spectre I've harboured thus!
He resembles a hippopotamus,
With fiery eyes, teeth terrible to see:
O, now am I sure of thee!

For all of thy half-hellish brood
The Key of Solomon is good.ⁿ

80

SPIRITS (*in the corridor*).

Some one, within, is caught!
Stay without, follow him not!
Like the fox in a snare,
Quakes the old hell-lynx there.
Take heed—look about!
Back and forth hover,
Under and over,
And he'll work himself out.
If your aid can avail him,
Let it not fail him;
For he, without measure,
Has wrought for our pleasure.

90

FAUST.

First, to encounter the beast,
The Words of the Four be addressed:
Salamander, shine glorious!
Wave, Undine, as bidden!
Sylph, be thou hidden!
Gnome, be laborious!

Who knows not their sense
(These elements),—
Their properties
And power not sees,—
No mastery he inherits
Over the Spirits.

100

Vanish in flaming ether,
Salamander!
Flow foamingly together,
Undine!
Shine in meteor-sheen,
Sylph!
Bring help to hearth and shelf,

110

PART I, SCENE III

41

Incubus! Incubus!
Step forward, and finish thus!

Of the Four, no feature
Lurks in the creature.
Quiet he lies, and grins disdain:
Not yet, it seems, have I given him pain.
Now, to undisguise thee,
Hear me exorcise thee! 120
Art thou, my gay one,
Hell's fugitive stray-one?
The sign witness now,
Before which they bow,
The cohorts of Hell!

With hair all bristling, it begins to swell.

Base Being, hearest thou?
Knowest and fearest thou
The One, unoriginate,ⁿ
Named inexpressibly, 130
Through all Heaven impermeate,
Pierced irredressibly!

Behind the stove still banned,
See it, an elephant, expand!
It fills the space entire,
Mist-like melting, ever faster.
'Tis enough: ascend no higher,—
Lay thyself at the feet of the Master!
Thou seest, not vain the threats I bring thee:
With holy fire I'll scorch and sting thee! 140
Wait not to know
The threefold dazzling glow!
Wait not to know
The strongest art within my hands!

MEPHISTOPHELESⁿ (*while the vapour is dissipating, steps forth
from behind the stove, in the costume of a Travelling Scholar*).
Why such a noise? What are my lord's commands?

FAUST. This was the poodle's real core,

A travelling scholar, then? The *casus* is diverting.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The learned gentleman I bow before:

You've made me roundly sweat, that's certain!

FAUST. What is thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A question small, it seems,

For one whose mind the Word so much despises; 151

Who, scorning all external gleams,

The depths of being only prizes.

FAUST. With all your gentlemen, the name's a test,

Whereby the nature usually is expressed.

Clearly the latter it implies

In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.

Who art thou then?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Part of that Power, not understood,

Which always wills the Bad, and always works the

Good.

FAUST. What hidden sense in this enigma lies? 160

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am the Spirit that Denies!ⁿ

And justly so: for all things, from the Void

Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:

'Twere better, then, were naught created.

Thus, all which you as Sin have rated,—

Destruction,—aught with Evil blent,—

That is my proper element.

FAUST. Thou nam'st thyself a part, yet show'st complete to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The modest truth I speak to thee.

If Man, that microcosmic fool, can see 170

Himself a whole so frequently,

Part of the Part am I, once All, in primal Night,—

Part of the Darkness which brought forth the Light,

The haughty Light, which now disputes the space,

And claims of Mother Night her ancient place.

And yet, the struggle fails; since Light, how'er it weaves,

Still, fettered, unto bodies cleaves:

It flows from bodies, bodies beautifies;
By bodies is its course impeded;
And so, but little time is needed, 180
I hope, ere, as the bodies die, it dies!

FAUST. I see the plan thou art pursuing:
Thou canst not compass general ruin,
And hast on smaller scale begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And truly 'tis not much, when all is
done.

That which to Naught is in resistance set,—
The Something of this clumsy world,—has yet,
With all that I have undertaken,
Not been by me disturbed or shaken:
From earthquake, tempest, wave, volcano's brand,
Back into quiet settle sea and land! 191
And that damned stuff, the bestial, human brood,—
What use, in having that to play with?
How many have I made away with!
And ever circulates a newer, fresher blood.
It makes me furious, such things beholding:
From Water, Earth, and Air unfolding,
A thousand germs break forth and grow,
In dry, and wet, and warm, and chilly;
And had I not the Flame reserved, why, really, 200
There's nothing special of my own to show!

FAUST. So, to the actively eternal
Creative force, in cold disdain
You now oppose the fist infernal,
Whose wicked clench is all in vain!
Some other labour seek thou rather,
Queer Son of Chaos, to begin!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, we'll consider: thou canst
gather

My views, when next I venture in.
Might I, perhaps, depart at present? 210

FAUST. Why thou shouldst ask, I don't perceive.
Though our acquaintance is so recent,
For further visits thou hast leave.

The window 's here, the door is yonder;
A chimney, also, you behold.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I must confess that forth I may not
wander,

My steps by one slight obstacle controlled,—
'The wizard's-foot, that on your threshold made is."ⁿ

FAUST. The pentagram prohibits thee?

Why, tell me now thou Son of Hades, 220

If that prevents, how cam'st thou in to me?

Could such a spirit be so cheated?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Inspect the thing: the drawing's not
completed.

The outer angle, you may see,
Is open left—the lines don't fit it.

FAUST. Well,—Chance, this time, has fairly hit it!

And thus, thou'rt prisoner to me?

It seems the business has succeeded.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The poodle naught remarked, as
after thee he speeded;

But other aspects now obtain: 230

The Devil can't get out again.

FAUST. Try, then, the open window-pane!

MEPHISTOPHELES. For Devils and for spectres this is
law:

Where they have entered in, there also they withdraw.

The first is free to us; we're governed by the second.

FAUST. In Hell itself, then, laws are reckoned?

That's well! So might a compact be

Made with you gentlemen—and binding,—surely?

MEPHISTOPHELES. All that is promised shall delight
thee purely;

No skinflint bargain shalt thou see. 240

But this is not of swift conclusion;

We'll talk about the matter soon.

And now, I do entreat this boon—

Leave to withdraw from my intrusion.

FAUST. One moment more I ask thee to remain,
Some pleasant news, at least, to tell me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Release me, now! I soon shall come again;

Then thou, at will, mayst question and compel me.

FAUST. I have not snares around thee cast;

Thyself hast led thyself into the meshes. 250

Who traps the Devil, hold him fast!

Not soon a second time he'll catch a prey so precious.

MEPHISTOPHELES. An't please thee, also I'm content to stay,

And serve thee in a social station;

But stipulating, that I may

With arts of mine afford thee recreation.

FAUST. Thereto I willingly agree,

If the diversion pleasant be.

MEPHISTOPHELES. My friend, thou'lt win, past all pretences,

More in this hour to soothe thy senses, 260

Than in the year's monotony.

That which the dainty spirits sing thee,

The lovely pictures they shall bring thee,

Are more than magic's empty show.

Thy scent will be to bliss invited;

Thy palate then with taste delighted,

Thy nerves of touch ecstatic glow!

All unprepared, the charm I spin:

We're here together, so begin!

SPIRITS. Vanish, ye darklingⁿ 270

Arches above him!

Loveliest weather,

Born of blue ether,

Break from the sky!

O that the darkling

Clouds had departed!

Starlight is sparkling,

Tranquiller-hearted

Suns are on high.

Heaven's own children

In beauty bewildering, 280

Waveringly bending,
 Pass as they hover;
 Longing unending
 Follows them over.
 They, with their glowing
 Garments, out-flowing,
 Cover, in going,
 Landscape and bower,
 Where, in seclusion,
 Lovers are plighted,
 Lost in illusion.
 Bower on bower!
 Tendrils unblighted!
 Lo! in a shower
 Grapes that o'ercluster
 Gush into must, or
 Flow into rivers
 Of foaming and flashing
 Wine, that is dashing
 Gems, as it boundeth
 Down the high places,
 And spreading, surroundeth
 With crystalline spaces,
 In happy embraces,
 Blossoming forelands,
 Emerald shore-lands!
 And the winged races
 Drink, and fly onward—
 Fly ever sunward
 To the enticing
 Islands, that flatter,
 Dipping and rising
 Light on the water!
 Hark, the inspiring
 Sound of their quiring!
 See, the entrancing
 Whirl of their dancing!
 All in the air are

290

300

310

PART I, SCENE III

47

Freer and fairer.
Some of them scaling
Boldly the highlands,
Others are sailing,
Circling the islands;
Others are flying;
Lifeward all hieing,—
All for the distant
Star of existent
Rapture and Love!

320

MEPHISTOPHELES. He sleeps! Enough, ye fays! your
airy number

330

Have sung him truly into slumber:
For this performance I your debtor prove.—
Not yet art thou the man, to catch the Fiend and
hold him!—

With fairest images of dreams infold him,
Plunge him in seas of sweet untruth!
Yet, for the threshold's magic which controlled him,
The Devil needs a rat's quick tooth.
I used no lengthened invocation:
Here rustles one that soon will work my liberation.

The lord of rats and eke of mice,
Of flies and bed-bugs, frogs and lice,
Summons thee hither to the door-sill,
To gnaw it where, with just a morsel
Of oil, he paints the spot for thee:—
'There com'st thou, hopping on to me!
To work, at once! The point which made me craven
Is forward, on the ledge, engraven.
Another bite makes free the door:
So, dream thy dreams, O Faust, until we meet once
more!

340

FAUST (*awaking*). Am I again so foully cheated? 350
Remains there naught of lofty spirit-sway,
But that a dream the Devil counterfeited,
And that a poodle ran away?

IV

THE STUDY

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. A knock? Come in! Again my quiet broken?

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thrice must the words be spoken.

FAUST. Come in, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thus thou pleasest me.

I hope we'll suit each other well;
 For now, thy vapours to dispel,
 I come, a squire of high degree,
 In scarlet coat, with golden trimming,
 A cloak in silken lustre swimming,
 A tall cock's-feather in my hat,
 A long, sharp sword for show or quarrel,— 10
 And I advise thee, brief and flat,
 To don the self-same gay apparel,
 That, from this den released, and free,
 Life be at last revealed to thee!

FAUST. This life of earth, whatever my attire,
 Would pain me in its wonted fashion.

Too old am I to play with passion;

Too young, to be without desire.

• What from the world have I to gain?

Thou shalt abstain—renounce—restrain! 20

Such is the everlasting song

That in the ears of all men rings,—

That unrelieved, our whole life long,

Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings.

In very terror, I at morn awake,

Upon the verge of bitter weeping

To see the day of disappointment break,

To no one hope of mine—not one—its promise
 keeping:—

That even each joy's presentiment

PART I, SCENE IV

49

With wilful cavil would diminish, 30

With grinning masks of life prevent

My mind its fairest work to finish!

Then, too, when night descends, how anxiously

Upon my couch of sleep I lay me;

There, also, comes no rest to me,

But some wild dream is sent to fray me.

The God that in my breast is owned

Can deeply stir the inner sources;

The God, above my powers enthroned,

He cannot change external forces. 40

So, by the burden of my days oppressed,

Death is desired, and Life a thing unblest!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet is never Death a wholly
welcome guest.

FAUST. O fortunate, for whom, when victory glances,

The bloody laurels on the brow he bindeth!

Whom, after rapid, maddening dances,

In clasping maiden-arms he findeth!

O would that I, before that spirit-power,

Ravished and rapt from life, had sunken!ⁿ

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet, by some one, in that
nightly hour, 50

A certain liquid was not drunken.

FAUST. Eavesdropping, ha! thy pleasure seems to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Omniscient am I not; yet much is
known to me.

FAUST. Though some familiar tone, retrieving

My thoughts from torment, led me on,

And sweet, clear echoes came, deceiving

A faith bequeathed from Childhood's dawn,

Yet now I curse whate'er entices

And snares the soul with visions vain;

With dazzling cheats and dear devices 60

Confines it in this cave of pain!

Cursed be, at once, the high ambition

Wherewith the mind itself deludes!

Cursed be the glare of apparition

That on the finer sense intrudes!
 Cursed be the lying dream's impression
 Of name, and fame, and laurelled brow!
 Cursed, all that flatters as possession,
 As wife and child, as knave and plow!
 Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures 70
 To restless actions spurs our fate!
 Cursed when, for soft, indulgent leisure,
 He lays for us the pillows straight!
 Cursed be the vine's transcendent nectar,—
 The highest favour Love lets fall!
 Cursed, also, Hope!—cursed Faith, the spectre!
 And cursed be Patience most of all!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS" (*invisible*).

Woe! woe!
 Thou hast it destroyed,
 The beautiful world, 80
 With powerful fist:
 In ruin 'tis hurled,
 By the blow of a demigod shattered!
 The scattered
 Fragments into the Void we carry,
 Deploring
 The beauty perished beyond restoring.
 Mightier
 For the children of men,
 Brightlier 90
 Build it again,
 In thine own bosom build it anew!
 Bid the new career
 Commence,
 With clearer sense,
 And the new songs of cheer
 Be sung thereto!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the small dependants
 Who give me attendance.

PART I, SCENE IV

51

Hear them, to deeds and passion 100
Counsel in shrewd old-fashion!
Into the world of strife,
Out of this lonely life
That of senses and sap has betrayed thee,
They would persuade thee.

This nursing of the pain forgo thee,
That, like a vulture, feeds upon thy breast!
The worst society thou find'st will show thee
Thou art a man among the rest.

But 'tis not meant to thrust 110
Thee into the mob thou hatest!
I am not one of the greatest,
Yet, wilt thou to me entrust
Thy steps through life, I'll guide thee,—
Will willingly walk beside thee,—
Will serve thee at once and for ever
With best endeavour,
And, if thou art satisfied,
Will as servant, slave, with thee abide.

FAUST. And what shall be my counter-service there-
for? 120

MEPHISTOPHELES. The time is long: thou need'st not
now insist.

FAUST. No—no! The Devil is an egotist,
And is not apt, without a why or wherefore,
'For God's sake,' others to assist.
Speak thy conditions plain and clear!
With such a servant danger comes, I fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES. *Here*, an unwearied slave, I'll wear
thy tether,

And to thine every nod obedient be:
When *There* again we come together,
Then shalt thou do the same for me. 130

FAUST. The *There* my scruples naught increases.
When thou hast dashed this world to pieces,
The other, then, its place may fill.

Here, on this earth, my pleasures have their sources;
Yon sun beholds my sorrows in his courses;
And when from these my life itself divorces,
Let happen all that can or will!
I'll hear no more: 'tis vain to ponder
If there we cherish love or hate,
Or, in the spheres we dream of yonder, 140
A High and Low our souls await.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In this sense, even, canst thou venture.

Come, bind thyself by prompt indenture,
And thou mine arts with joy shalt see:
What no man ever saw, I'll give to thee.

FAUST. Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavour,
E'er understood by such as thou?

Yet, hast thou food which never satiates, now,—
The restless, ruddy gold hast thou, 150
'That runs, quicksilver-like, one's fingers through,—
'A game whose winnings no man ever knew,—
A maid, that, even from my breast,
Beckons my neighbour with her wanton glances,
And Honour's godlike zest,
The meteor that a moment dances,—
Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot,
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Such a demand alarms me not:
Such treasures have I, and can show them. 160
But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
When peace we crave and more luxurious diet.

FAUST. When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,

There let, at once, my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
The bet I offer.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Done!

FAUST. And heartily!

When thus I hail the Moment flying: 170

'Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!'ⁿ

Then bind me in thy bonds undying,

My final ruin then declare!

Then let the death-bell chime the token,

Then art thou from thy service free!

The clock may stop, the hand be broken,

Then Time be finished unto me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Consider well: my memory good is rated.

FAUST. Thou hast a perfect right thereto.

My powers I have not rashly estimated: 180

A slave am I, whate'er I do—

If thine, or whose? 'tis needless to debate it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day,ⁿ

Will as a servant wait behind thee.

But one thing more! Beyond all risk to bind thee,

Give me a line or two, I pray.

FAUST. Demand'st thou, Pedant, too, a document?

I hast never known a man, nor proved his word's intent?

Is't not enough, that what I speak to-day

Shall stand, with all my future days agreeing? 190

In all its tides sweeps not the world away,

And shall a promise bind my being?

Yet this delusion in our hearts we bear:

Who would himself therefrom deliver?

Blest he, whose bosom Truth makes pure and fair!

No sacrifice shall he repent of ever.

Nathless a parchment, writ and stamped with care,

A spectre is, which all to shun endeavour.

The word, alas! dies even in the pen,

And wax and leather keep the lordship then. 200

What wilt from me, Base Spirit, say?—

Brass, marble, parchment, paper, clay?

The terms with graver, quill, or chisel, stated?

I freely leave the choice to thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why heat thyself, thus instantly,
With eloquence exaggerated?

Each leaf for such a pact is good;

And to subscribe thy name thou'lt take a drop of blood.

FAUST. If thou therewith art fully satisfied,

So let us by the farce abide. 210

MEPHISTOPHELES. Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

FAUST. Fear not that I this pact shall seek to sever!

The promise that I make to thee

Is just the sum of mine endeavour.

I have myself inflated all too high;

My proper place is thy estate:

The Mighty Spirit deigns me no reply,

And Nature shuts on me her gate.

The thread of Thought at last is broken,

And Knowledge brings disgust unspoken. 220

Let us the sensual deeps explore,

To quench the fervours of glowing passion!

Let every marvel take form and fashion

Through the impervious veil it wore!

Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance,

In the rush and roll of Circumstance!

Then may delight and distress,

And worry and success,

Alternately follow, as best they can:

Restless activity proves the man! 230

MEPHISTOPHELES. For you no bound, no term is set.

Whether you everywhere be trying,

Or snatch a rapid bliss in flying,

May it agree with you, what you get!

Only fall to, and show no timid balking.

FAUST. But thou hast heard, 'tis not of joy we're
talking.

I take the wildering whirl, enjoyment's keenest pain,

Enamoured hate, exultant disdain.

My bosom, of its thirst for knowledge sated,

Shall not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested 240

And all of life for all mankind created
 Shall be within mine inmost being tested:
 The highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,
 Shall heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow,
 And thus, my own sole self to all their selves
 expanded,

I too, at last, shall with them all be stranded!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Believe me, who for many a thousand year

The same tough meat have chewed and tested,
 That from the cradle to the bier
 No man the ancient leaven has digested! 250
 'Trust one of us, this Whole supernal
 Is made but for a God's delight!
He dwells in splendour single and eternal,
 But *us* he thrusts in darkness, out of sight,
 And *you* he dowers with Day and Night.

FAUST. Nay, but I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES. A good reply!

One only fear still needs repeating:
 The art is long, the time is fleeting.
 Then let thyself be taught, say I!
 Go, league thyself with a poet, 260
 Give the rein to his imagination,
 Then wear the crown, and show it,
 Of the qualities of his creation,--
 The courage of the lion's breed,
 The wild stag's speed,
 The Italian's fiery blood,
 The North's firm fortitude!
 Let him find for thee the secret tether
 That binds the Noble and Mean together,
 And teach thy pulses of youth and pleasure 270
 To love by rule, and hate by measure!
 I'd like, myself, such a one to see:
 Sir Microcosm his name should be.

FAUST. What am I, then, if 'tis denied my part
 The crown of all humanity to win me,

Whereto yearns every sense within me?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why, on the whole, thou'rt—what thou art.

Set wigs of million curls upon thy head, to raise thee,
Wear shoes an ell in height,—the truth betrays thee,
And thou remainest—what thou art. 280

FAUST. I feel, indeed, that I have made the treasure
Of human thought and knowledge mine, in vain;
And if I now sit down in restful leisure,
No fount of newer strength is in my brain:
I am no hair's-breadth more in height,
Nor nearer to the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Good Sir, you see the facts precisely
As they are seen by each and all.

We must arrange them now, more wisely,
Before the joys of life shall pall. 290

Why Zounds! Both hands and feet are, truly—
And head and virile forces—thine:

Yet all that I indulge in newly,
Is't thence less wholly mine?

If I've six stallions in my stall,
Are not their forces also lent me?

I speed along, completest man of all,
As though my legs were four-and-twenty.

Take hold, then! let reflection rest,
And plunge into the world with zest! 300

I say to thee, a speculative wight
Is like a beast on moorlands lean,
That round and round some fiend misleads to evil-
plight.

While all about lie pastures fresh and green.

FAUST. Then how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We'll try a wider sphere.

What place of martyrdom is here!

Is't life, I ask, is't even prudence,

To bore thyself and bore the students?

Let Neighbour Paunch to that attend!

Why plague thyself with threshing straw for ever? 310

The best thou learnest, in the end
 Thou dar'st not tell the youngsters—never!
 I hear one's footsteps, hither steering.

FAUST. To see him now I have no heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES. So long the poor boy waits a hearing,
 He must not unconsolated depart.

Thy cap and mantle straightway lend me!
 I'll play the comedy with art.

[*He disguises himself.*]

My wits, be certain, will befriend me.

But fifteen minutes' time is all I need; 320

For our fine trip, meanwhile, prepare thyself with
 speed! [Exit FAUST.]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in FAUST's long mantle*). Reason and

Knowledge only thou despise,
 The highest strength in man that lies!

Let but the Lying Spirit bind thee
 With magic works and shows that blind thee,
 And I shall have thee fast and sure!—

Fate such a bold, untrammelled spirit gave him,
 As forwards, onwards, ever must endure;

Whose over-hasty impulse drave him

Past earthly joys he might secure. 330

Dragged through the wildest life, will I enslave him,
 Through flat and stale indifference;

With struggling, chilling, checking, so deprave him
 That, to his hot, insatiate sense,

The dream of drink shall mock, but never lave him:
 Refreshment shall his lips in vain implore—

Had he not made himself the Devil's, naught could
 save him,

Still were he lost for evermore!

(A STUDENT enters.)

STUDENT. A short time, only, am I here,

And come, devoted and sincere,

340

To greet and know the man of fame,

Whom men to me with reverence name.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Your courtesy doth flatter me:
You see a man, as others be.

Have you, perchance, elsewhere begun?

STUDENT. Receive me now, I pray, as one

Who comes to you with courage good,

Somewhat of cash, and healthy blood:

My mother was hardly willing to let me;

But knowledge worth having I fain would get me. 350

MEPHISTOPHELES. Then you have reached the right
place now.

STUDENT. I'd like to leave it, I must avow;

I find these walls, these vaulted spaces,

Are anything but pleasant places.

'Tis all so cramped and close and mean;

One sees no tree, no glimpse of green;

And when the lecture-halls receive me,

Seeing, hearing, and thinking leave me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. All that depends on habitude.

So from its mother's breasts a child 360

At first, reluctant, takes its food,

But soon to seek them is beguiled.

Thus, at the breasts of Wisdom clinging,

Thou'lt find each day a greater rapture bringing.

STUDENT. I'll hang thereon with joy, and freely drain
them;

But tell me, pray, the proper means to gain them.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Explain, before you further speak,

The special faculty you seek.

STUDENT. I crave the highest erudition;

And fain would make my acquisition 370

All that there is in Earth and Heaven,

In Nature and in Science too.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here is the genuine path for you;

Yet strict attention must be given.

STUDENT. Body and soul thereon I'll wreak;

Yet, truly, I've some inclination

On summer holidays to seek

A little freedom and recreation.

MEPHISTOPHEI ES. Use well your time! It flies so swiftly
from us;

But time through order may be won, I promise. 380

So, Friend, (my views to briefly sum,)

First, the *collegium logicum*.

There will your mind be drilled and braced,

As if in Spanish boots 'twere laced,

And thus, to graver paces brought.

'Twill plod along the path of thought,

Instead of shooting here and there,

A will-o'-the-wisp in murky air.

Days will be spent to bid you know,

What once you did at a single blow,

390

Like eating and drinking, free and strong,—

That one, two, three! thereto belong.

Truly the fabric of mental fleece

Resembles a weaver's masterpiece,

Where a thousand threads one treadle throws,

Where fly the shuttles hither and thither,

Unseen the threads are knit together,

And an infinite combination grows.

Then, the philosopher steps in

And shows, no otherwise it could have been: 400

The first was so, the second so,

Therefore the third and fourth are so;

Were not the first and second, then

The third and fourth had never been.

The scholars are everywhere believers,

But never succeed in being weavers.

He who would study organic existence,

First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;

Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,

But the spiritual link is lost, alas!

410

Encheiresin naturae, this Chemistry names,ⁿ

Nor knows how herself she banters and blames!

STUDENT. I cannot understand you quite.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Your mind will shortly be set aright,

When you have learned, all things reducing,

'To classify them for your using.

STUDENT. I feel as stupid, from all you've said,
As if a mill-wheel whirled in my head!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And after—first and foremost duty—
Of Metaphysics learn the use and beauty! 420

See that you most profoundly gain
What does not suit the human brain!
A splendid word to serve, you'll find
For what goes in—or won't go in—your mind.
But first, at least this half a year,
To order rigidly adhere;

Five hours a day, you understand,
And when the clock strikes, be on hand!

Prepare beforehand for your part
With paragraphs all got by heart, 430

So you can better watch, and look
'That naught is said but what is in the book:
Yet in thy writing as unwearied be,
As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee.

STUDENT. No need to tell me twice to do it!

I think, how useful 'tis to write;
For what one has in black and white,
One carries home and then goes through it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet choose thyself a faculty!

STUDENT. I cannot reconcile myself to Jurisprudence.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nor can I therefore greatly blame
you students: 441

I know what science this has come to be.

All rights and laws are still transmitted

Like an eternal sickness of the race,—

From generation unto generation fitted,

And shifted round from place to place.

Reason becomes a sham, Beneficence a worry:

'Thou art a grandchild, therefore woe to thee!

'The right born with us, ours in verity,

This to consider, there's, alas! no hurry. 450

STUDENT. My own disgust is strengthened by your
speech:

O lucky he, whom you shall teach!
I've almost for Theology decided.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I should not wish to see you here
misguided:

For, as regards this science, let me hint
'Tis very hard to shun the false direction;
There's so much secret poison lurking in't,
So like the medicine, it baffles your detection.
Hear, therefore, one alone, for that is best, in
sooth,

And simply take your master's words for truth. 460

On *words* let your attention centre!

Then through the safest gate you'll enter

The temple halls of Certainty.

STUDENT. Yet in the word must some idea be.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Of course! But only shun too over-
sharp a tension,

For just where fails the comprehension,

A word steps promptly in as deputy.

With words 'tis excellent disputing;

Systems to words 'tis easy suiting;

On words 'tis excellent believing; 470

No word can ever lose a jot from thieving.

STUDENT. Pardon! With many questions I detain you,
Yet must I trouble you again.

Of Medicine I still would fain

Hear one strong word that might explain you.

Three years is but a little space,

And, God! who can the field embrace?

If one some index could be shown,

'Twere easier groping forward, truly.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). I'm tired enough of this dry
tone,— 480

Must play the Devil again, and fully.

(*Aloud.*) To grasp the spirit of Medicine is easy:

Learn of the great and little world your fill,

To let it go at last, so please ye,

Just as God will!

In vain that through the realms of science you may
drift;

Each one learns only—just what learn he can:

Yet he who grasps the Moment's gift,

He is the proper man.

Well-made you are, 'tis not to be denied, 490

The rest a bold address will win you;

If you but in yourself confide,

At once confide all others in you.

To lead the women, learn the special feeling!

Their everlasting aches and groans,

In thousand tones,

Have all one source, one mode of healing;

And if your acts are half discreet,

You'll always have them at your feet.

A title first must draw and interest them, 500

And show that yours all other arts exceeds;

Then, as a greeting, you are free to touch and test
them,

While, thus to do, for years another pleads.

You press and count the pulse's dances,

And then, with burning sidelong glances,

You clasp the swelling hips, to see

If tightly laced her corsets be.

STUDENT. 'That's better, now! 'The How and Where,
one sees.

MEPHISTOPHELES. My worthy friend, gray are all
theories,

And green alone Life's golden tree. 510

STUDENT. I swear to you, 'tis like a dream to me.

Might I again presume, with trust unbounded,

'To hear your wisdom thoroughly expounded?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Most willingly, to what extent I may.

STUDENT. I cannot really go away:

Allow me that my album first I reach you,—

Grant me this favour, I beseech you!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Assuredly.

[*He writes, and returns the book.*]

PART I, SCENE IV

61

STUDENT (*reads*). *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*"

[*Closes the book with reverence, and withdraws.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES. Follow the ancient text, and the snake thou wast ordered to trample!

With all thy likeness to God, thou'lt yet be a sorry example!

520

(*FAUST enters.*)

FAUST. Now, whither shall we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES. As best it pleases thee.

The little world, and then the great, we'll see.ⁿ

With what delight, what profit winning,
Shalt thou sponge through the term beginning!

FAUST. Yet with the flowing beard I wear,

Both ease and grace will fail me there.

The attempt, indeed, were a futile strife;

I never could learn the ways of life.

I feel so small before others, and thence

Should always find embarrassments.

530

MEPHISTOPHELES. My friend, thou soon shalt lose all such misgiving:

Be thou but self-possessed, thou hast the art of living!

FAUST. How shall we leave the house, and start?

Where hast thou servant, coach and horses?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We'll spread this cloak with proper art,
Then through the air direct our courses.

But only, on so bold a flight,

Be sure to have thy luggage light.

A little burning air, which I shall soon prepare us,ⁿ

Above the earth will nimbly bear us,

540

And, if we're light, we'll travel swift and clear:

I gratulate thee on thy new career!

V

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIGⁿ

CAROUSAL OF JOLLY COMPANIONS

FROSCH. Is no one laughing? no one drinking?

I'll teach you how to grin, I'm thinking.

'To-day you're like wet straw, so tame;
And usually you're all aflame.

BRANDER. Now that's your fault; from you we nothing
see,

No beastliness and no stupidity.

FROSCH (*Pours a glass of wine over BRANDER's head.*)

There's both together!

BRANDER. Twice a swine!

FROSCH. You wanted them: I've given you mine.

SIEBEL. Turn out who quarrels—out the door!

With open throat sing chorus, drink and roar! 10

Up! holla! ho!

ALTMAYER. Woe's me, the fearful bellow!

Bring cotton, quick! He's split my ears, that
fellow.

SIEBEL. When the vault echoes to the song,

One first perceives the bass is deep and strong.

FROSCH. Well said! and out with him that takes the
least offence!

Ah, tara, lara, da!

ALTMAYER. *Ah, tara, lara, da!*

FROSCH. The throats are tuned, commence!

(*Sings.*) *The dear old holy Roman realm,
How does it hold together?*

20

BRANDER. A nasty song! Fie! a political song—

A most offensive song! Thank God, each morning,
therefore,

That you have not the Roman realm to care for!

At least, I hold it so much gain for me,

That I nor Chancellor nor Kaiser be.

Yet also we must have a ruling head, I hope,

And so we'll choose ourselves a Pope.

You know the quality that can

Decide the choice, and elevate the man.

FROSCH (*sings*). *Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale!* 30

Ten thousand times my sweetheart hail!

SIEBEL. No, greet my sweetheart not! I tell you I'll
resent it.

FROSCH. My sweetheart greet and kiss! I dare you to prevent it!

(*Sings.*) *Draw the latch! the darkness makes:*

Draw the latch! the lover wakes.

Shut the latch! the morning breaks.

SIEBEL. Yes, sing away, sing on, and praise, and brag of her!

I'll wait my proper time for laughter:

Me by the nose she led, and now she'll lead you after.

Her paramour should be an ugly gnome, 40

Where four roads cross, in wanton play to meet her:

An old he-goat, from Blocksberg coming home,

Should his good-night in lustful gallop bleat her!

A fellow made of genuine flesh and blood

Is for the wench a deal too good.

Greet her? Not I: unless, when meeting,

'I o smash her windows be a greeting!

BRANDER (*pounding on the table*). Attention! Hearken now to me!

Confess, Sirs, I know how to live.

Enamoured persons here have we, 50

And I, as suits their quality,

Must something fresh for their advantage give.

'Take heed! 'Tis of the latest cut my strain,

And all strike in at each refrain!

(*He sings.*)

There was a rat in the cellar-nest,

Whom fat and butter made smoother;

He had a paunch beneath his vest

Like that of Doctor Luther.

The cook laid poison cunningly,

And then as sore oppressed was he 60

As if he had love in his bosom.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if he had love in his bosom!

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran about,

His thirst in puddles laving;

He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,
 But nothing cured his raving.
 He whirled and jumped, with torment mad,
 And soon enough the poor beast had,
 As if he had love in his bosom.

CHORUS.

As if he had love in his bosom! 70

BRANDER.

And driven at last, in open day,
 He ran into the kitchen,
 Fell on the hearth, and squirming lay,
 In the last convulsion twitching.
 'Then laughed the murderess in her glee:
 'Ha! ha! he's at his last gasp,' said she,
 'As if he had love in his bosom!'

CHORUS.

As if he had love in his bosom!

SIEBEL. How the dull fools enjoy the matter!

To me it is a proper art 80

Poison for such poor rats to scatter.

BRANDER. Perhaps you'll warmly take their part?

ALTMAYER. The bald-pate pot-belly I have noted:

Misfortune tames him by degrees;

For in the rat by poison bloated

His own most natural form he sees.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Before all else, I bring thee hither

Where boon companions meet together,

To let thee see how smooth life runs away.

Here, for the folk, each day's a holiday: 90

With little wit, and ease to suit them,

They whirl in narrow, circling trails,

Like kittens playing with their tails;

And if no headache persecute them,

So long the host may credit give,

They merrily and careless live.

BRANDER. The fact is easy to unravel,

Their air 's so odd, they've just returned from travel:
A single hour they've not been here.

FROSCH. You've verily hit the truth! Leipzig to me is
dear: 100

Paris in miniature, how it refines its people!

SIEBEL. Who are the strangers, should you guess?

FROSCH. Let me alone! I'll set them first to drinking,
And then, as one a child's tooth draws, with clever-
ness,

I'll worm their secret out, I'm thinking.

They're of a noble house, that's very clear:

Haughty and discontented they appear.

BRANDER. They're mountebanks upon a revel.

ALTMAYER. Perhaps.

FROSCH. Look out, I'll smoke them now!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Not if he had them by the
neck, I vow, 110

Would e'er these people scent the Devil!

FAUST. Fair greeting, gentlemen!

SIEBEL. Our thanks: we give the same.

[*Murmurs, inspecting MEPHISTOPHELES from the side.*]

In one foot is the fellow lame?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Is it permitted that we share your
leisure?

In place of cheering drink, which one seeks vainly
here,

Your company shall give us pleasure.

ALTMAYER. A most fastidious person you appear.

FROSCH. No doubt 'twas late when you from Rippach
started?ⁿ

And supping there with Hans occasioned your delay?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We passed, without a call, to-
day. 120

At our last interview, before we parted,

Much of his cousins did he speak, entreating

That we should give to each his kindly greeting.

[*He bows to FROSCH.*]

ALTMAYER (*aside*). You have it now! he understands.

SIEBEL. A knave sharp-set!

FROSCH. Just wait awhile: I'll have him yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If I am right, we heard the sound

Of well-trained voices, singing chorus;

And truly, song must here rebound

Superbly from the arches o'er us.

FROSCH. Are you, perhaps, a virtuoso? 130

MEPHISTOPHELES. O no! my wish is great, my power
is only so-so.

ALTMAYER. Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES. If you desire, a number.

SIEBEL. So that it be a bran-new strain!

MEPHISTOPHELES. We've just retraced our way from
Spain,

The lovely land of wine, and song, and slumber.

(Sings.) There was a king once reigning,

Who had a big black flea——

FROSCH. Hear, hear! A flea! D'ye rightly take the
jest?

I call a flea a tidy guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (sings).

There was a king once reigning, 140

Who had a big black flea,

And loved him past explaining,

As his own son were he.

He called his man of stitches;

The tailor came straightway:

Here, measure the lad for breeches,

And measure his coat, I say!

BRANDER. But mind, allow the tailor no caprices:

Enjoin upon him, as his head is dear,

To most exactly measure, sew and shear, 150

So that the breeches have no creases!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and velvet gleaming

He now was wholly drest—

Had a coat with ribbons streaming,

A cross upon his breast.

He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name;
And also all his relations
Great lords at court became.

And the lords and ladies of honour 160
Were plagued, awake and in bed;
The queen she got them upon her,
The maids were bitten and bled.
And they did not dare to brush them,
Or scratch them, day or night:
We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite!

FROSCH. Bravo! bravo! that was fine. 170

SIEBEL. Every flea may it so befall!

BRANDER. Point your fingers and nip them all!

ALTMAYER. Hurrah for Freedom! Hurrah for wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I fain would drink with you, my
glass to Freedom clinking,

If 'twere a better wine that here I see you drinking.

SIEBEL. Don't let us hear that speech again!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Did I not fear the landlord might
complain,

I'd treat these worthy guests, with pleasure,
To some from out our cellar's treasure.

SIEBEL. Just treat, and let the landlord me arraign! 180

FROSCH. And if the wine be good, our praises shall be
ample.

But do not give too very small a sample;

For, if its quality I decide,

With a good mouthful I must be supplied.

ALTMAYER (*aside*). They're from the Rhine! I guessed
as much, before.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Bring me a gimlet here!

BRANDER. What shall therewith be done?

You've not the casks already at the door?

ALTMAYER. Yonder, within the landlord's box of tools, there's one!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet*). (*To FROSCH.*) Now, give me of your taste some intimation.

FROSCH. How do you mean? Have you so many kinds? 190

MEPHISTOPHELES. The choice is free: make up your minds.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*). Aha! you lick your chops, from sheer anticipation.

FROSCH. Good! if I have choice, so let the wine be Rhenish!

Our Fatherland can best the sparkling cup replenish.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where FROSCH sits*).

Get me a little wax, to make the stoppers, quick!

ALTMAYER. Ah! I perceive a juggler's trick.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*). And you?

BRANDER. Champagne shall be my wine,
And let it sparkle fresh and fine!

[MEPHISTOPHELES bores; in the meantime one has made the wax stoppers, and plugged the holes with them.]

BRANDER. What's foreign one can't always keep quite clear of,

For good things, oft, are not so near; 200

A German can't endure the French to see or hear of,

Yet drinks their wines with hearty cheer.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat*). For me, I grant, sour wine is out of place;

Fill up my glass with sweetest, will you?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring*). Tokay shall flow at once, to fill you!

ALTMAYER. No—look me, Sirs, straight in the face!

I see you have your fun at our expense.

MEPHISTOPHELES. O no! with gentlemen of such pretence,

That were to venture far, indeed.

Speak out, and make your choice with speed! 210

With what a vintage can I serve you?

ALTMAYER. With any—only satisfy our need.

[*After the holes have been bored and plugged.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with singular gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stem bears,

Horns the he-goat wears!

The grapes are juicy, the vines are wood,

The wooden table gives wine as good!

Into the depths of Nature peer,—

Only believe, there's a miracle here!

Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill!

ALL (*as they draw out the stoppers, and the wine which has been desired flows into the glass of each*).

O beautiful fountain, that flows at will! 220

MEPHISTOPHELES. But have a care, that you nothing spill!

[*They drink repeatedly.*

ALL (*sing*).

As 'twere five hundred hogs, we feel

So cannibalic jolly!

MEPHISTOPHELES. See, now, the race is happy—it is free!

FAUST. To leave them is my inclination.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Take notice, first! their bestiality

Will make a brilliant demonstration.

SIEBEL (*drinks carelessly: the wine spills upon the earth, and turns to flame*). Help! Fire! Help! Hell-fire is sent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*charming away the flame*). Be quiet, friendly element!

(*To the revellers*) A bit of purgatory 'twas for this time, merely. 230

SIEBEL. What mean you? Wait!—you'll pay for't dearly!

You'll know us, to your detriment.

FROSCH. Don't try that game a second time upon us!

ALTMAYER. I think we'd better send him packing quietly.

SIEBEL. What, Sir! you dare to make so free,

And play your hocus-pocus on us!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Be still, old wine-tub.

SIEBEL. Broomstick, you!

You face it out, impertinent and heady?

BRANDER. Just wait! a shower of blows is ready.

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table: fire flies in his face*). I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL. 'Tis magic! Strike— 240

The knave is outlawed! Cut him as you like!

[*They draw their knives, and rush upon MEPHISTOPHELES.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).

False word and form of air,

Change place, and sense ensnare!

Be here—and there!

[*They stand amazed and look at each other.*]

ALTMAYER. Where am I? What a lovely land!

FROSCI. Vines? Can I trust my eyes?

SIEBEL. And purple grapes at hand!

BRANDER. Here, over this green arbour bending,

See, what a vine! what grapes depending!

[*He takes SIEBEL by the nose: the others do the same reciprocally and raise their knives.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*). Loose, Error, from their eyes the band,

And how the Devil jests, be now enlightened! 250

[*He disappears with FAUST: the revellers start and separate.*]

SIEBEL. What happened?

ALTMAYER. How?

FROSCI. Was that your nose I tightened?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*). And yours that still I have in hand?

ALTMAYER. It was a blow that went through every limb!

Give me a chair! I sink! my senses swim.

FROSCI. But what has happened, tell me now?

SIEBEL. Where is he? If I catch the scoundrel hiding,

He shall not leave alive, I vow.

ALTMAYER. I saw him with these eyes upon a wine-cask riding

Out of the cellar-door, just now.

Still in my feet the fright like lead is weighing. 260

[*He turns towards the table.*]

Why! If the fount of wine should still be playing?

SIEBEL. 'Twas all deceit, and lying, false design!

FROSCH. And yet it seemed as I were drinking wine.

BRANDER. But with the grapes how was it, pray?

ALTMAYER. Shall one believe no miracles, just say!

VI

WITCHES' KITCHENⁿ

(Upon a low hearth stands a great caldron, under which a fire is burning. Various figures appear in the vapours which rise from the caldron. An ape sits beside it, skims it, and watches lest it boil over. The he-ape, with the young ones, sits near and warms himself. Ceiling and walls are covered with the most fantastic witch-implements.)

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST. These crazy signs of witches' craft repel me!

I shall recover, dost thou tell me,

'Through this insane, chaotic play?

From an old hag shall I demand assistance?

And will her foul mess take away

Full thirty years from my existence?

Woe's me, canst thou naught better find!

Another baffled hope must be lamented:

Has Nature, then, and has a noble mind

Not any potent balsam yet invented? 10

MEPHISTOPHELES. Once more, my friend, thou talkest sensibly.

There is, to make thee young, a simpler mode and apter;

But in another book 'tis writ for thee,
And is a most eccentric chapter.

FAUST. Yet will I know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Good! the method is revealed
Without or gold or magic or physician.

Betake thyself to yonder field,
There hoe and dig, as thy condition;
Restrain thyself, thy sense and will
Within a narrow sphere to flourish; 20
With unmixed food thy body nourish;
Live with the ox as ox, and think it not a theft
That thou manur'st the acre which thou reapest;—
That, trust me, is the best mode left,
Whereby for eighty years thy youth thou keepest!

FAUST. I am not used to that; I cannot stoop to try it—
'To take the spade in hand, and ply it.

The narrow being suits me not at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Then to thine aid the witch must call.

FAUST. Wherefore the hag, and her alone? 30

Canst thou thyself not brew the potion?

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'That were a charming sport, I own:
I'd build a thousand bridges meanwhile, I've a
notion.

Not Art and Science serve, alone;
Patience must in the work be shown.
Long is the calm brain active in creation;
Time, only, strengthens the fine fermentation.
And all, belonging thereunto,
Is rare and strange, howe'er you take it:
'The Devil taught the thing, 'tis true, 40
And yet the Devil cannot make it.

[*Perceiving the Animals.*

See, what a delicate race they be!

That is the maid, the man is he!

(*To the animals.*) It seems the mistress has gone away?

THE ANIMALS. Carousing, to-day!
Off and about,
By the chimney out!

PART I, SCENE VI

75

MEPHISTOPHELES. What time takes she for dissipating?

THE ANIMALS. While we to warm our paws are waiting.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). How findest thou the
tender creatures? 50

FAUST. Absurder than I ever yet did see.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why, just such talk as this, for me,
Is that which has the most attractive features!

(*To the Animals.*) But tell me now, ye cursèd puppets,
Why do ye stir the porridge so?

THE ANIMALS. We're cooking watery soup for beggars.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Then a great public you can show.

THE HE-APE (*comes up and saunters on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

O cast thou the dice!

Make me rich in a trice,

Let me win in good season! 60

Things are badly controlled,

And had I but gold,

So had I my reason.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How would the ape be sure his
luck enhances,

Could he but try the lottery's chances!

*[In the meantime the young apes have been playing
with a large ball, which they now roll forward.]*

THE HE-APE. The world's the ball:

Doth rise and fall,

And roll incessant:

Like glass doth ring,

A hollow thing,— 70

How soon will't spring,

And drop, quiescent?

Here bright it gleams,

Here brighter seems:

I live at present!

Dear son, I say,

Keep thou away!

'Thy doom is spoken!

'Tis made of clay,

And will be broken. 80

MEPHISTOPHELES. What means the sieve?

THE HE-APE (*taking it down*).

Wert thou the thief,

I'd know him and shame him.

[*He runs to the SHE-APE, and lets her look through it.*

Look through the sieve!

Know'st thou the thief,

And darest not name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*). And what's this pot?

HE-APE AND SHE-APE.

The fool knows it not!

He knows not the pot,

He knows not the kettle!

90

MEPHISTOPHELES. Impertinent beast!

THE HE-APE.

Take the brush here, at least,

And sit down on the settle!

[*He invites MEPHISTOPHELES to sit down.*

FAUST (*who during all this time has been standing before a mirror, now approaching and now retreating from it*).

What do I see? What heavenly form revealed

Shows through the glass from Magic's fair dominions!

O lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy pinions,

And bear me to her beauteous field!

Ah, if I leave this spot with fond designing,

If I attempt to venture near,

Dim, as through gathering mist, her charms appear!—

100

A woman's form, in beauty shining!

Can woman, then, so lovely be?

And must I find her body, there reclining,

Of all the heavens the bright epitome?

Can Earth with such a thing be mated?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why, surely, if a God first plagues

Himself six days,

Then, self-contented, *Bravo!* says,

Must something clever be created.

This time, thine eyes be satiate!

I'll yet detect thy sweetheart and ensnare her; 110

And blest is he, who has the lucky fate,

Some day, as bridegroom, home to bear her.

(*FAUST gazes continually in the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES, stretching himself out on the settle, and playing with the brush, continues to speak.*)

So sit I, like the King upon his throne:

I hold the sceptre, here,—and lack the crown alone.

THE ANIMALS (*who up to this time have been making all kinds of fantastic movements together, bring a crown to MEPHISTOPHELES with great noise*).

O be thou so good,

With sweat and with blood

The crown to belime!

[*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it into two pieces, with which they spring around.*]

'Tis done, let it be!

We speak and we see,

We hear and we rhyme! 120

FAUST (*before the mirror*). Woe's me! I fear to lose my wits.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the Animals*). My own head, now, is really nigh to sinking.

THE ANIMALS.

If lucky our hits,

And everything fits,

'Tis thoughts, and we're thinking!

FAUST (*as above*). My bosom burns with that sweet vision;

Let us, with speed, away from here!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same attitude*). One must, at least, make this admission—

They're poets, genuine and sincere.

[*The caldron, which the SHE-APR has up to this time neglected to watch, begins to boil over: there ensues a great flame, which blazes out the chimney. The*

WITCH *comes careering down through the flame, with terrible cries.*

THE WITCH.

Ow! ow! ow! ow! 130

The damnèd beast—the cursèd sow!

To leave the kettle, and singe the Frau!

Accursèd fere!

[*Perceiving* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is that here?

Who are you here?

What want you thus?

Who sneaks to us?

The fire-pain

Burn bone and brain!

[*She plunges the skimming-ladle into the caldron, and scatters flames towards* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the Animals. The Animals whimper.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*reversing the brush, which he has been holding in his hand, and striking among the jars and glasses*).

In two! in two! 140

There lies the brew!

There lies the glass!

The joke will pass,

As time, foul ass!

To the singing of thy crew.

(*As the WITCH starts back, full of wrath and horror:*)

Ha! know'st thou me? Abomination, thou!

Know'st thou, at last, thy Lord and Master?

What hinders me from smiting now

Thee and thy monkey-sprites with fell disaster?

Hast for the scarlet coat no reverence? 150

Dost recognize no more the tall cock's-feather?

Have I concealed this countenance?—

Must tell my name, old face of leather?

THE WITCH. O pardon, Sir, the rough salute!

Yet I perceive no cloven foot;

And both your ravens, where are *they* now?

MEPHISTOPHELES. This time, I'll let thee 'scape the debt;

For since we two together met,

'Tis verily full many a day now.

Culture, which smooth the whole world licks, 160

Also unto the Devil sticks.

The days of that old Northern phantom now are over:

Where canst thou horns and tail and claws discover?

And, as regards the foot, which I can't spare, in truth,

'Twould only make the people shun me;

Therefore I've worn, like many a spindly youth,

False calves these many years upon me.

THE WITCH (*dancing*). Reason and sense forsake my brain.

Since I behold Squire Satan here again!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Woman, from such a name refrain! 170

THE WITCH. Why so? What has it done to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It's long been written in the Book of Fable;

Yet, therefore, no whit better men we see:

The Evil One has left, the evil ones are stable.

Sir Baron call me thou, then is the matter good;

A cavalier am I, like others in my bearing.

Thou hast no doubt about my noble blood:

See, here's the coat-of-arms that I am wearing!

[*He makes an indecent gesture.*]

THE WITCH (*laughs immoderately*). Ha! La! That's just your way, I know:

A rogue you are, and you were always so. 180

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). My friend, take proper heed, I pray!

To manage witches, this is just the way.

THE WITCH. Wherein, Sirs, can I be of use?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Give us a goblet of the well-known juice!

But, I must beg you, of the oldest brewage;
The years a double strength produce.

THE WITCH. With all my heart! Now, here's a bottle.
Wherefrom, sometimes, I wet my throttle,
Which, also, not the slightest, stinks;
And willingly a glass I'll fill him. 190
(*Whispering.*) Yet, if this man without due preparation drinks,

As well thou know'st, within an hour 'twill kill him.
MEPHISTOPHELES. He is a friend of mine, with whom
it will agree,

And he deserves thy kitchen's best potation:
Come, draw thy circle, speak thine adjuration,
And fill thy goblet full and free!

[*The WITCH with fantastic gestures draws a circle and places mysterious articles therein; meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and make a musical accompaniment. Finally she brings a great book, and stations in the circle the Apes, who are obliged to serve as reading-desk, and to hold the torches. She then beckons FAUST to approach.*

FAUST (to MEPHISTOPHELES). Now, what shall come of
this? the creatures antic,

The crazy stuff, the gestures frantic,—

All the repulsive cheats I view,—

Are known to me, and hated, too. 200

MEPHISTOPHELES. O, nonsense! That's a thing for
laughter;

Don't be so terribly severe!

She juggles you as doctor now, that, after,

The beverage may work the proper cheer.

[*He persuades FAUST to step into the circle.*

THE WITCH (*begins to declaim, with much emphasis, from the book*). See, thus it's done!

Make ten of one,
And two let be,
Make even three,
And rich thou'lt be.

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Cast o'er the four!
From five and six
(The witch's tricks)
Make seven and eight,
'Tis finished straight!
And nine is one,
And ten is none.

210

This is the witch's once-one's-one!

FAUST. She talks like one who raves in fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou'lt hear much more before we
leave her.

'Tis all the same: the book I can repeat, 220

Such time I've squandered o'er the history:

A contradiction thus complete

Is always for the wise, no less than fools, a mystery.

The art is old and new, for verily

All ages have been taught the matter,—

By Three and One, and One and Three,

Error instead of Truth to scatter.

They prate and teach, and no one interferes;

All from the fellowship of fools are shrinking.

Man usually believes, if only words he hears; 230

That also with them goes material for thinking!

THE WITCH (*continues*).

The lofty skill

Of Science, still

From all men deeply hidden!

Who takes no thought,

To him 'tis brought,

'Tis given unsought, unbidden!

FAUST. What nonsense she declaims before us!

My head is nigh to split, I fear:

It seems to me as if I hear

240

A hundred thousand fools in chorus.

MEPHISTOPHELES. O Sibyl excellent, enough of adjura-
tion!

But hither bring us thy potation,

And quickly fill the beaker to the brim!

This drink will bring my friend no injuries;
 He is a man of manifold degrees,
 And many draughts are known to him.

[*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup; as FAUST sets it to his lips, a light flame arises.*

Down with it quickly! Drain it off!

'Twill warm thy heart with new desire:

Art with the Devil hand and glove, 250

And wilt thou be afraid of fire?

[*The WITCH breaks the circle: FAUST steps forth.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. And now, away! Thou dar'st not rest.

THE WITCH. And much good may the liquor do thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the WITCH*). Thy wish be on

Walpurgis Night expressed,

What boon I have, shall then be given unto thee.

THE WITCH. Here is a song, which, if you sometimes sing,

You'll find it of peculiar operation.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Come, walk at once! A rapid occupation

Must start the needful perspiration,

And through thy frame the liquor's potency fling. 255

The noble indolence I'll teach thee then to treasure,

And soon thou'lt be aware, with keenest thrill of pleasure,

How Cupid stirs and leaps, on light and restless wing.

FAUST. One rapid glance within the mirror give me:

How beautiful that woman-form!

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, no! The paragon of all, believe me,

Thou soon shalt see, alive and warm.

(*Aside.*) Thou'lt find, this drink thy blood compelling,

Each woman beautiful as Helen!

VII

A STREET

FAUST. MARGARET (*passing by*).ⁿ

FAUST. Fair lady, let it not offend you,
That arm and escort I would lend you!

MARGARET. I'm neither lady, neither fair,
And home I can go without your care.

[*She releases herself, and exit.*]

FAUST. By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair!

Of all I've seen, beyond compare;

So sweetly virtuous and pure,

And yet a little pert, be sure!

The lip so red, the cheek's clear dawn,

I'll not forget while the world rolls on!

10

How she cast down her timid eyes

Deep in my heart imprinted lies:

How short and sharp of speech was she,

Why, 'twas a real ecstasy!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

FAUST. Hear, of that girl I'd have possession!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Which, then?

FAUST. The one who just went by.

MEPHISTOPHELES. She, there? She's coming from confession,

Of every sin absolved; for I,

Behind her chair, was listening nigh.

So innocent is she, indeed,

20

That to confess she had no need.

I have no power o'er souls so given.

FAUST. And yet, she's older than fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How now! You're talking like
Jack Rake,

Who every flower for himself would take,

And fancies there are no favours more,

Nor honours, save for him in store;

Yet always doesn't the thing succeed.

FAUST. Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed!

Let not a word of moral law be spoken!

30

I claim, I tell thee, all my right;

And if that image of delight

Rest not within mine arms to-night,

At midnight is our compact broken.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But think, the chances of the case!

I need, at least, a fortnight's space,

To find an opportune occasion.

FAUST. Had I but seven hours for all,

I should not on the Devil call,

But win her by my own persuasion.

40

MEPHISTOPHELES. You almost like a Frenchman prate;

Yet, pray, don't take it as annoyance!

Why all at once exhaust the joyance?

Your bliss is by no means so great

As if you'd use, to get control,

All sorts of tender rigmale,

And knead and shape her to your thought,

As in Italian tales 'tis taught.

FAUST. Without that, I have appetite.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But now, leave jesting out of sight!

I tell you once for all, that speed

51

With this fair girl will not succeed;

By storm she cannot captured be;

We must make use of strategy.

FAUST. Get me something the angel keeps!

Lead me thither where she sleeps!

Get me a kerchief from her breast, --

A garter that her knee has pressed!

MEPHISTOPHELES. That you may see how much I'd
fain

Further and satisfy your pain,

60

We will no longer lose a minute;

I'll find her room to-day, and take you in it.

FAUST. And shall I see -- possess her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

Unto a neighbour she must go,
 And meanwhile thou, alone, mayst glow
 With every hope of future pleasure,
 Breathing her atmosphere in fullest measure.

FAUST. Can we go thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis too early yet.

FAUST. A gift for her I bid thee get! [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Presents at once? That's good:
 he's certain to get at her! 70

Full many a pleasant place I know,
 And treasures, buried long ago
 I must, perforce, look up the matter. [Exit.

VIII EVENING

A SMALL, NEATLY KEPT CHAMBER

MARGARET (*plaiting and binding up the braids of her hair*).

I'd something give, could I but say
 Who was that gentleman, to-day.
 Surely a gallant man was he,
 And of a noble family;
 So much could I in his face behold, —
 And he wouldn't, else, have been so bold! [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come in, but gently, follow me!

FAUST (*after a moment's silence*). Leave me alone, I beg
 of thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*). Not every girl keeps
 things so neat.

FAUST (*looking round*). O welcome, twilight soft and
 sweet, 10

That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
 Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
 The heart that on the dew of hope must pine!
 How all around a sense impresses
 Of quiet, order, and content!

This poverty what bounty blesses!

What bliss within this narrow den is pent.

[He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair near the bed.]

Receive me, thou, that in thine open arms

Departed joy and pain were wont to gather!

How oft the children, with their ruddy charms, 20

Hung here, around this throne, where sat the father!

Perchance my love, amid the childish band,

Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,

Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.

I feel, O maid! thy very soul

Of order and content around me whisper,—

Which leads thee with its motherly control,

The cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee unroll,

The sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper.

O dearest hand, to thee 'tis given 30

To change this hut into a lower heaven!

And here! *[He lifts one of the bed-curtains.]*

What sweetest thrill is in my blood!

Here could I spend whole hours, delaying—

Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,

The angel blossom from the bud.

Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence

The tender bosom filled and fair,

And here was wrought, through holier, purer
presence,

The form diviner beings wear!

And I? What drew me here with power? 40

How deeply am I moved, this hour!

What seek I? Why so full my heart, and sore?

Miserable Faust! I know thee now no more.

Is there a magic vapour here?

I came, with lust of instant pleasure,

And lie dissolved in dreams of love's sweet leisure!

Are we the sport of every changeful atmosphere?

And if, this moment, came she in to me,
 How would I for the fault atonement render!
 How small the giant lout would be,
 Prone at her feet, relaxed and tender! 50

MEPHISTOPHELES. Be quick! I see her there, returning.

FAUST. Go! go! I never will retreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here is a casket, not unmeet,

Which elsewhere I have just been earning.

Here, set it in the press, with haste!

I swear, 'twill turn her head, to spy it:

Some baubles I therein had placed,

That you might win another by it.

True, child is child, and play is play. 60

FAUST. I know not, should I do it?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ask you, play?

Yourself, perhaps, would keep the bubble?

Then I suggest, 'twere fair and just

To spare the lovely day your lust,

And spare to me the further trouble.

You are not miserly, I trust?

I rub my hands, in expectation tender —

[He places the casket in the press, and locks it again.]

Now quick, away!

The sweet young maiden to betray,

So that by wish and will you bend her; 70

And you look as though

To the lecture-hall you were forced to go,—

As if stood before you, gray and loath,

Physics and Metaphysics both!

But away! *[Exeunt.]*

MARGARET *(with a lamp)*. It is so close, so sultry here!

[She opens the window.]

And yet 'tis not so warm outside.

I feel, I know not why, such fear!—

Would mother came!—where can she bide?

My body's chill and shuddering,— 80

I'm but a silly, fearsome thing!

[She begins to sing, while undressing.]

There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,—
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying, 90
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet 100
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
'Then tell his eyelids for ever,
And never more drank he!

*[She opens the press in order to arrange her clothes,
and perceives the casket of jewels.]*

How comes that lovely casket here to me?
I locked the press, most certainly.
'Tis truly wonderful! What can within it be?
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one as a pawn,
And mother gave a loan thereon? 110
And here there hangs a key to fit:
I have a mind to open it.
What is that? God in Heaven! Whence came

Such things? Never beheld I aught so fair!
 Rich ornaments, such as a noble dame
 On highest holidays might wear!
 How would the pearl-chain suit my hair?
 Ah, who may all this splendour own?

[She adorns herself with the jewelry, and steps before the mirror.]

Were but the earrings mine, alone!

One has at once another air.

120

What helps one's beauty, youthful blood?

One may possess them, well and good;

But none the more do others care.

They praise us half in pity, sure:

To gold still tends,

On gold depends

All, all! Alas, we poor!

IX

PROMENADE

(FAUST walking thoughtfully up and down. To him MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. By all love ever rejected! By hell-fire hot and unsparing!

I wish I knew something worse, that I might use it for swearing!

FAUST. What ails thee? What is't gripes thee, elf?

A face like thine beheld I never.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would myself unto the Devil deliver,

If I were not a Devil myself!

FAUST. Thy head is out of order, sadly:

It much becomes thee to be raving madly.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Just think, the pocket of a priest should get

The trinkets left for Margaret!

10

The mother saw them, and, instant,

PART I, SCENE IX

91

But more on him who gave her such delight.

FAUST. The darling's sorrow gives me pain.

Get thou a set for her again!

50

The first was not a great display.

MEPHISTOPHELES. O yes, the gentleman finds it all
child's play!

FAUST. Fix and arrange it to my will;

And on her neighbour try thy skill!

Don't be a Devil stiff as paste,

But get fresh jewels to her taste!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, gracious Sir, in all obedience!

[Exit FAUST.]

Such an enamoured fool in air would blow

Sun, moon, and all the starry legions,

To give his sweetheart a diverting show.

60

[Exit.]

X

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE

MARTHA (*solus*). God forgive my husband, yet he

Hasn't done his duty by me!

Off in the world he went straightway,--

Left me lie in the straw where I lay.

And truly, I did naught to fret him:

God knows I loved, and can't forget him!

[*She weeps*]

Perhaps he's even dead! Ah, woe!--

Had I a certificate to show!

MARGARET (*comes*). Dame Martha!

MARTHA. Margaret! what's happened thee?

MARGARET. I scarce can stand, my knees are trem-
bling!

10

I find a box, the first resembling,

Within my press! Of ebony,--

And things, all splendid to behold,

And richer far than were the old.

MARTHA. You mustn't tell it to your mother!

"Twould go to the priest, as did the other.

MARGARET. Ah, look and see—just look and see!

MARTHA (*adorning her*). O, what a blessed luck for thee.

MARGARET. But, ah! in the streets I dare not bear them,

Nor in the church be seen to wear them. 20

MARTHA. Yet thou canst often this way wander,

And secretly the jewels don,

Walk up and down an hour, before the mirror
yonder,—

We'll have our private joy thereon.

And then a chance will come, a holiday,

When, piece by piece, can one the things abroad
display,

A chain at first, then other ornament:

Thy mother will not see, and stories we'll invent.

MARGARET. Whoever could have brought me things
so precious? 29

'That something's wrong, I feel suspicious. [*A knock.*

Good Heaven! My mother can that have been.'

MARTHA (*peeping through the blind*). 'Tis some strange
gentleman.—Come in!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. That I so boldly introduce me,

I beg you, ladies, to excuse me.

[*Steps back reverently, on seeing MARGARET.*

For Martha Schwerdtlein I'd inquire!

MARTHA. I'm she: what does the gentleman desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*). It is enough that you
are she:

You've a visitor of high degree.

Pardon the freedom I have ta'en,—

Will after noon return again. 40

MARTHA (*aloud*). Of all things in the world! Just
hear—

He takes thee for a lady, dear!

MARGARET. I am a creature young and poor:

The gentleman's too kind, I'm sure.

The jewels don't belong to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ah, not alone the jewelry!

The look, the manner, both betray—

Rejoiced am I that I may stay!

MARTHA. What is your business? I would fain—

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would I had a more cheerful strain! 50

Take not unkindly its repeating:

Your husband's dead, and sends a greeting.

MARTHA. Is dead? Alas, that heart so true!

My husband dead! Let me die, too!

MARGARET. Ah, dearest dame, let not your courage fail!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hear me relate the mournful tale!

MARGARET. Therefore I'd never love, believe me!

A loss like this to death would grieve me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Joy follows woe, woe after joy comes flying.

MARTHA. Relate his life's sad close to me! 60

MEPHISTOPHELES. In Padua buried, he is lying

Beside the good Saint Antony,

Within a grave well consecrated,

For cool, eternal rest created.

MARTHA. He gave you, further, no commission?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, one of weight, with many sighs:

Three hundred masses buy, to save him from perdition!

My hands are empty, otherwise.

MARTHA. What! Not a pocket-piece? no jewelry?

What every journeyman within his wallet spares, 70

And as a token with him bears,

And rather starves or begs, than loses?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Madam, it is a grief to me;

Yet, on my word, his cash was put to proper use;

Besides, his penitence was very sore,

And he lamented his ill fortune all the more.

MARGARET. Alack, that men are so unfortunate!

Surely for his soul's sake full many a prayer I'll proffer.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You well deserve a speedy marriage-offer:

You are so kind, compassionate. 80

MARGARET. O, no! As yet, it would not do.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If not a husband, then a beau for you!

It is the greatest heavenly blessing,

To have a dear thing for one's caressing.

MARGARET. The country's custom is not so.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Custom, or not! It happens, though.

MARTHA. Continue, pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I stood beside his bed of dying.

'Twas something better than manure, -

Half-rotten straw: and yet, he died a Christian, sure,

And found that heavier scores to his account were lying. 90

He cried. 'I find my conduct wholly hateful!

To leave my wife, my trade, in manner so ungrateful!

Ah, the remembrance makes me die!

Would of my wrong to her I might be shriven!

MARTHA (*weeping*). The dear, good man! Long since was he forgiven.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Yet she, God knows! was more to blame than I.'

MARTHA. He lied! What! On the brink of death he slandered?

MEPHISTOPHELES. In the last throes his senses wandered,

If I such things but halt can judge.

He said: 'I had no time for play, for gaping freedom: 100

First children, and then work for bread to feed 'em,—

For bread, in the widest sense, to drudge,
And could not even eat my share in peace and
quiet!

MARTHA. Had he all love, all faith, forgotten in his
riot?

My work and worry, day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Not so: the memory of it touched
him quite.

Said he: 'When I from Malta went away
My prayers for wife and little ones were zealous,
And such a luck from Heaven befell us,
We made a Turkish merchantman our prey, 110
That to the Soldan bore a mighty treasure.
Then I received, as was most fit,
Since bravery was paid in fullest measure,
My well-apportioned share of it.'

MARTHA. Say, how? Say, where? If buried, did he
own it?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Who knows, now, whither the four
winds have blown it?

A fair young damsel took him in her care,
As he in Naples wandered round, unfriended;
And she much love, much faith, to him did bear,
So that he felt it till his days were ended. 120

MARTHA. The villain! From his children thieving!

Even all the misery on him cast
Could not prevent his shameful way of living!

MEPHISTOPHELES. But see! He's dead therefrom, at
last.

Were I in *your* place, do not doubt me,
I'd mourn him decently a year,
And for another keep, meanwhile, my eyes about me.

MARTHA. Ah, God! another one so dear
As was my first, this world will hardly give me.
'There never was a sweeter fool than mine, 130
Only he loved to roam and leave me,
And foreign wenches and foreign wine,
And the damned throw of dice, indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, well! That might have done,
however,

If he had only been as clever,
And treated *your* slips with as little heed.

I swear, with this condition, too,
I would, myself, change rings with you.

MARTHA. The gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). I'll cut away, betimes, from
here: 140

She'd take the Devil at his word, I fear.

(*To MARGARET.*) How fares the heart within your
breast?

MARGARET. What means the gentleman?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). Sweet innocent, thou art!

(*Aloud.*) Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET. Farewell!

MARTHA. A moment, ere we part!

I'd like to have a legal witness,

Where, how, and when he died, to certify with
fitness.

Irregular ways I've always hated;

I want his death in the weekly paper stated.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, my good dame, a pair of
witnesses

Always the truth establishes. 150

I have a friend of high condition,

Who'll also add his deposition.

I'll bring him here.

MARTHA. Good Sir, pray do!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And this young lady will be present
too?

A gallant youth! has travelled far:

Ladies with him delighted are.

MARGARET. Before him I should blush, ashamed.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Before no king that could be named!

MARTHA. Behind the house, in my garden, then,

This eve we'll expect the gentlemen. 160

XI
STREET

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How is it? under way? and soon complete?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ah, bravo! Do I find you burning?

Well, Margaret soon will still your yearning:

At Neighbour Martha's you'll this evening meet.

A fitter woman ne'er was made

To ply the pimp and gypsy trade!

FAUST. 'Tis well.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet something is required from us.

FAUST. One service pays the other thus.

MEPHISTOPHELES. We've but to make a deposition
validThat now her husband's limbs, outstretched and
pallid, 10

At Padua rest, in consecrated soil.

FAUST. Most wise! And first, of course, we'll make the
journey thither?MEPHISTOPHELES. *Sancta simplicitas!* no need of such a
toil;

Depose, with knowledge or without it, either!

FAUST. If you've naught better, then, I tear your
pretty plan!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now, there you are! O holy man!

Is it the first time in your life you're driven

To bear false witness in a case?

Of God, the world and all that in it has a place,

Of Man, and all that moves the being of his race, 20

Have you not terms and definitions given

With brazen forehead, daring breast?

And, if you'll probe the thing profoundly,

Knew you so much—and you'll confess it roundly!—

As here of Schwerdtlein's death and place of rest?

FAUST. Thou art, and thou remain'st, a sophist, liar.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, knew I not more deeply thy desire.

For wilt thou not, no lover fairer,
 Poor Margaret flatter, and ensnare her,
 And all thy soul's devotion swear her? 30

FAUST. And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis very fine!

Thine endless love, thy faith assuring,
 The one almighty force enduring,
 Will that, too, prompt this heart of thine?

FAUST. Hold! hold! It will!—If such my flame,
 And for the sense and power intense
 I seek, and cannot find, a name;
 Then range with all my senses through creation,
 Craving the speech of inspiration,
 And call this ardour, so supernal, 40
 Endless, eternal and eternal,—
 Is that a devilish lying game?

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet I'm right!

FAUST. Mark this, I beg of thee!

And spare my lungs henceforth: whoever
 Intends to have the right, if but his tongue be clever,
 Will have it, certainly.
 But come: the further talking brings disgust,
 For thou art right, especially since I must.

XII

GARDEN

(MARGARET on FAUST'S arm. MARTHA and MEPHISTOPHELES walking up and down.)

MARGARET. I feel, the gentleman allows for me,
 Demerits himself, and shames me by it:
 A traveller is so used to be
 Kindly content with any diet.
 I know too well that my poor gossip can
 Ne'er entertain such an experienced man.

FAUST. A look from thee, a word, more entertains
Than all the lore of wisest brains.

[*He kisses her hand.*]

MARGARET. Don't incommode yourself! How could
you ever kiss it?

It is so ugly, rough to see! 10

What work I do,—how hard and steady is it?

Mother is much too close with me.

[*They pass*]

MARTHA. And you, Sir, travel always, do you not?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Alas, that trade and duty us so
harry!

With what a pang one leaves so many a spot,
And dares not even now and then to tarry!

MARTHA. In young, wild years it suits your ways,
This round and round the world in freedom sweeping,
But then come on the evil days,
And so, as bachelor, into his grave a-creeping, 20
None ever found a thing to praise.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I dread to see how such a fate
advances.

MARTHA. Then, worthy Sir, improve betimes your
chances!

[*They pass.*]

MARGARET. Yes, out of sight is out of mind!

Your courtesy an easy grace is.

But you have friends in other places,

And sensibler than I, you'll find.

FAUST. Trust me, dear heart! what men call sensible
Is oft mere vanity and narrowness.

MARGARET. How so?

FAUST. Ah, that simplicity and innocence ne'er
know 30

Themselves, their holy value, and their spell!

That meekness, lowliness, the highest graces

Which Nature portions out so lovingly—

MARGARET. Think but a little moment's space on me!

To think on you I have all times and places.

FAUST. No doubt you're much alone?

MARGARET. Yes, for our household small has grown,
Yet must be cared for, you will own.

We have no maid: I do the knitting, sewing, sweep-
ing,

The cooking, early work and late, in fact; - 40

And mother, in her notions of housekeeping,

Is so exact!

Not that she needs so much to keep expenses down:

We, more than others, might take comfort, rather:

A nice estate was left us by my father,

A house, a little garden near the town.

But now my days have less of noise and hurry;

My brother is a soldier,

My little sister's dead.

True, with the child a troubled life I led, 50

Yet I would take again, and willing, all the worry,

So very dear was she.

FAUST. An angel, if like thee!

MARGARET. I brought it up, and it was fond of me.

Father had died before it saw the light,

And mother's case seemed hopeless quite,

So weak and miserable she lay;

And she recovered, then, so slowly, day by day.

She could not think, herself, of giving

The poor wee thing its natural living;

And so I nursed it all alone 60

With milk and water: 'twas my own.

Lulled in my lap with many a song,

It smiled, and tumbled, and grew strong.

FAUST. The purest bliss was surely then thy dower.

MARGARET. But surely, also, many a weary hour.

I kept the baby's cradle near

My bed at night: if't even stirred, I'd guess it,

And waking, hear.

And I must nurse it, warm beside me press it,

And oft, to quiet it, my bed forsake, 70

And dandling back and forth the restless creature take;

Then at the wash-tub stand, at morning's break;
And then the marketing and kitchen-tending,
Day after day, the same thing, never-ending.
One's spirits, Sir, are thus not always good,
But then one learns to relish rest and food.

[*They pass.*]

MARTHA. Yes, the poor women are bad off, 'tis true:
A stubborn bachelor there's no converting.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It but depends upon the like of
you,

And I should turn to better ways than flirting. 80

MARTHA. Speak plainly, Sir, have you no one
detected?

Has not your heart been anywhere subjected?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The proverb says: One's own warm
hearth

And a good wife are gold and jewels worth.

MARTHA. I mean, have you not felt desire, though
ne'er so slightly?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've everywhere, in fact, been
entertained politely.

MARTHA. I meant to say, were you not touched in
earnest, ever?

MEPHISTOPHELES. One should allow one's self to jest
with ladies never.

MARTHA. Ah, you don't understand!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'm sorry I'm so blind:

But I am sure --that you are very kind 90

[*They pass.*]

FAUST. And me, thou angel! didst thou recognize,

As through the garden-gate I came?

MARGARET. Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST. And thou forgiv'st my freedom, and the blame
To my impertinence befitting.

As the Cathedral thou wert quitting?

MARGARET. I was confused, the like ne'er happened me;

No one could ever speak to my discredit.

Ah, thought I, in my conduct has he read it—

Something immodest or unseemly free? 100
 He seemed to have the sudden feeling
 'That with this wench 'twere very easy dealing.
 I will confess, I knew not what appeal
 On your behalf, here, in my bosom grew;
 But I was angry with myself, to feel
 'That I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST. Sweet darling!

MARGARET. Wait a while!

[*She plucks a star-flower, and pulls off the leaves, one after the other.*]

FAUST. Shall that a nosegay be?

MARGARET. No, it is just in play.

FAUST. How?

MARGARET. Go! you'll laugh at me.

[*She pulls the leaves and murmurs.*]

FAUST. What murmurest thou?

MARGARET (*half aloud*). He loves me - loves me not.

FAUST. Thou sweet, angelic soul!

MARGARET (*continues*). Loves me not--loves me—
 not - 110

[*Plucking the last leaf, she cries with frank delight:*]

He loves me!

FAUST. Yes, child! and let this blossom-word

For thee be speech divine! He loves thee!

Ah, know'st thou what it means? He loves thee!

[*He grasps both her hands.*]

MARGARET. I'm all a-tremble!

FAUST. O tremble not! but let this look,

Let this warm clasp of hands, declare thee

What is unspeakable!

To yield one wholly, and to feel a rapture

In yielding, that must be eternal!

Eternal!—for the end would be despair.

No, no,—no ending! no ending! 120

[*MARGARET presses his hands, frees herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought and then follows her.*]

MARTHA (*coming forward*). The night is falling.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ay! we must away.

MARTHA. I'd ask you, longer here to tarry,
But evil tongues in this town have full play.
It's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry,
Nor other labour,
But spying all the doings of one's neighbour:
And one becomes the talk, do whatsoe'er one may.
Where is our couple now?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Flown up the alley yonder,
The wilful summer-birds!

MARTHA. He seems of her still fonder.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And she of him. So runs the world
away!

XIII

GARDEN-ARBOUR

(MARGARET comes in, conceals herself behind the door, puts
her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crack.)

MARGARET. He comes!

FAUST (*entering*). Ah, rogue! a tease thou art:
I have thee!

[*He kisses her.*]

MARGARET (*clasping him, and returning the kiss*). Dearest
man! I love thee from my heart.

[MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.]

FAUST (*stamping his foot*). Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A friend!

FAUST. A beast!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis time to separate.

MARTHA (*coming*). Yes, Sir, 'tis late.

FAUST. May I not, then, upon you wait?

MARGARET. My mother would—farewell!

FAUST. Ah, can I not remain?

Farewell!

MARTHA. Adieu!

MARGARET. And soon to meet again!

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MARGARET. Dear God! However is it, such

A man can think and know so much?

I stand ashamed and in amaze,

And answer 'Yes' to all he says,

10

A poor, unknowing child! and he—

I can't think what he finds in me!

[*Exit.*]

XIV

FOREST AND CAVERN

FAUST (*solus*). Spirit sublime, 'Thou gav'st me, gav'st me all

For which I prayed. Not unto me in vain

Hast 'Thou 'Thy countenance revealed in fire.

'Thou gav'st me Nature as a kingdom grand,

With power to feel and to enjoy it. Thou

Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,

But grantest, that in her profoundest breast

I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.

'The ranks of living creatures Thou dost lead

Before me, teaching me to know my brothers 10

In air and water and the silent wood.

And when the storm in forests roars and grinds,

'The giant firs, in falling, neighbour boughs

And neighbour trunks with crushing weight bear down,

And falling, fill the hills with hollow thunders,—

Then to the cave secure thou leadest me,

'Then show'st me mine own self, and in my breast

'The deep, mysterious miracles unfold.

And when the perfect moon before my gaze

Comes up with soothing light, around me float 20

From every precipice and thicket damp

The silvery phantoms of the ages past,

And temper the austere delight of thought.

That nothing can be perfect unto Man
I now am conscious. With this ecstasy,
Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
Thou gav'st the comrade whom I now no more
Can do without, though, cold and scornful, he
Demeans me to myself, and with a breath,
A word, transforms Thy gifts to nothingness. 30
Within my breast he fans a lawless fire,
Unwearied, for that fair and lovely form:
Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES enters.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Have you not led this life quite long enough?

How can a further test delight you?

'Tis very well, that once one tries the stuff,

But something new must then requite you.

FAUST. Would there were other work for thee!

To plague my day auspicious thou returnest. 40

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well! I'll engage to let thee be:

Thou dar'est not tell me so in earnest.

The loss of thee were truly very slight,—

A comrade crazy, rude, repelling:

One has one's hands full all the day and night;

If what one does, or leaves undone, is right,

From such a face as thine there is no telling.

FAUST. There is, again, thy proper tone!—

That thou hast bored me, I must thankful be!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Poor Son of Earth, how couldst
thou thus alone 50

Have led thy life, bereft of me?

I, for a time at least, have worked thy cure;

Thy fancy's rickets plague thee not at all:

Had I not been, so hadst thou, sure,

Walked thyself off this earthly ball.

Why here to caverns, rocky hollows slinking,

Sit'st thou, as 'twere an owl a-blinking?

Why suck'st, from sodden moss and dripping stone,
 Toad-like, thy nourishment alone?
 A fine way, this, thy time to fill! 60
 The Doctor's in thy body still.

FAUST. What fresh and vital forces, canst thou guess,
 Spring from my commerce with the wilderness?
 But, if thou hadst the power of guessing,
 Thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge my soul the
 blessing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A blessing drawn from supernatural
 fountains!

In night and dew to lie upon the mountains;
 All Heaven and Earth in rapture penetrating;
 Thyself to Godhood haughtily inflating;
 To grub with yearning force through Earth's dark
 marrow, 70
 Compress the six days' work within thy bosom
 narrow -

To taste, I know not what, in haughty power,
 Thine own ecstatic life on all things shower,
 Thine earthly self behind thee cast,
 And then the lofty instinct, thus—

(*With a gesture:*) at last, -
 I daren't say how— to pluck the final flower!

FAUST. Shame on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, thou findest that unpleasant!
 'Thou hast the moral right to cry me 'shame!' at
 present.

One dares not that before chaste ears declare, 79
 Which chaste hearts, notwithstanding, cannot spare;
 And, once for all, I grudge thee not the pleasure
 Of lying to thyself in moderate measure.
 But such a course thou wilt not long endure;
 Already art thou o'er-excited,
 And, if it last, wilt soon be plighted
 To madness and to horror, sure.

Enough of that! Thy love sits lonely yonder,

By all things saddened and oppressed;
Her thoughts and yearnings seek thee, tenderer,
fonder,—

A mighty love is in her breast. 90

First came thy passion's flood and poured around her

As when from melted snow a streamlet overflows;

Thou hast therewith so filled and drowned her,

That now *thy* stream all shallow shows.

Methinks, instead of in the forests lording,

The noble Sir should find it good,

The love of this young silly blood

At once to set about rewarding.

Her time is miserably long;

She haunts her window, watching clouds that stray

O'er the old city-wall, and far away. 101

'Were I a little bird!' so runs her song,

Day long, and half night long.

Now she is lively, mostly sad,

Now, wept beyond her tears;

Then again quiet she appears,—

Always love-mad.

FAUST. Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHILLES (*aside*). Ha! do I trap thee?

FAUST. Get thee away with thine offences, 110

Reprobate! Name not that fairest thing,

Nor the desire for her sweet body bring

Again before my half-distracted senses!

MEPHISTOPHILLES. What wouldst thou, then? She
thinks that thou art flown;

And half and half thou art, I own.

FAUST. Yet am I near, and love keeps watch and ward;

Though I were ne'er so far, it cannot falter:

I envy even the Body of the Lord

The touching of her lips, before the altar.

MEPHISTOPHILLES. 'Tis very well! *My* envy oft
reposes 120

On your twin-pair, that feed among the roses.

FAUST. Away, thou pimp!

MEPHISTOPHELES. You rail, and it is fun to me.

The God, who fashioned youth and maid,
Perceived the noblest purpose of His trade,
And also made their opportunity.

Go on! It is a woe profound!

'Tis for your sweetheart's room you're bound,
And not for death, indeed!

FAUST. What are, within her arms, the heavenly
blisses?

Though I be glowing with her kisses, 130

Do I not always share her need?

I am the fugitive, all houseless roaming,

The monster without aim or rest,

That, like a cataract, down rocks and gorges
foaming,

Leaps, maddened, into the abyss's breast!

And sideways she, with young unawakened senses,

Within her cabin on the Alpine field

Her simple, homely life commences,

Her little world therein concealed.

And I, God's hate flung o'er me, 140

Had not enough, to thrust

The stubborn rocks before me,

And strike them into dust!

She and her peace I yet must undermine:

'Thou, Hell, hast claimed this sacrifice as thine!

Help, Devil! through the coming pangs to push me;

What must be, let it quickly be!

Let fall on me her fate, and also crush me,—

One ruin overwhelm both her and me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Again it seethes, again it glows! 150

'Thou fool, go in and comfort her!

When such a head as thine no outlet knows,

It thinks the end must soon occur.

Hail him, who keeps a steadfast mind!

Thou, else, dost well the devil-nature wear:

Naught so insipid in the world I find

As is a devil in despair.

XV
MARGARET'S ROOMMARGARET (*at the spinning-wheel, alone*).

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

Save I have him near,
'The grave is here;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
Is racked and crazed;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

10

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

To see him, him only,
At the pane I sit;
To meet him, him only,
The house I quit.

20

His lofty gait,
His noble size,
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,
And the magic flow
Of his talk, the bliss
In the clasp of his hand,
And, ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

30

My bosom yearns
 For him alone;
 Ah! dared I clasp him,
 And hold, and own!
 And kiss his mouth,
 To heart's desire,
 And on his kisses
 At last expire!

XVI

MARTHA'S GARDEN

MARGARET. FAUST.

MARGARET. Promise me, Henry! --

FAUST. What I can!

MARGARET. How is't with thy religion, pray?

Thou art a dear, good-hearted man,
 And yet, I think, dost not incline that way.

FAUST. Leave that, my child! Thou know'st my love
 is tender;

For love, my blood and life would I surrender;
 And as for Faith and Church, I grant to each his own.

MARGARET. That's not enough: we must believe
 thereon.

FAUST. Must we?

MARGARET. Would that I had some influence!
 • Then, too, thou honour'st not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST. I honour them.

MARGARET. Desiring no possession. II

'Tis long since thou hast been to mass or to con-
 fession.

Believest thou in God?

FAUST. My darling, who shall dare
 'I believe in God!' to say?

Ask priest or sage the answer to declare,

And it will seem a mocking play,

A sarcasm on the asker.

MARGARET.

Then thou believest not!

FAUST. Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance!

Who dare express Him?

And who profess Him,

20

Saying: 'I believe in Him!'

Who, feeling, seeing,

Deny His being,

Saying: 'I believe Him not!'

The All-enfolding,

The All-upholding,

Folds and upholds He not

Thee, me, Himself?

Arches not there the sky above us?

Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?

30

And rise not, on us shining,

Friendly, the everlasting stars?

Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,

And feel'st not, thronging

To head and heart, the force,

Still weaving its eternal secret,

Invisible, visible, round thy life?

Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,

And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,

Call it, then, what thou wilt,—

40

Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!

I have no name to give it!

Feeling is all in all:

The Name is sound and smoke,

Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

MARGARET. All that is fine and good, to hear it so:

Much the same way the preacher spoke,

Only with slightly different phrases.

FAUST. The same thing, in all places,

All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day— 50

Each in its language—say;

Then why not I, in mine, as well?

MARGARET. To hear it thus, it may seem passable;

And yet, some hitch in't there must be,

For thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST. Dear love!

MARGARET. I've long been grieved to see
That thou art in such company.

FAUST. How so?

MARGARET. The man who with thee goes, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.

In all my life there's nothing 60
Has given my heart so keen a pang of loathing,
As his repulsive face has done.

FAUST. Nay, fear him not, my sweetest one!

MARGARET. I feel his presence like something ill.

I've else, for all, a kindly will,
But, much as my heart to see thee yearneth,
'The secret horror of him returneth;
And I think the man a knave, as I live!
If I do him wrong, may God forgive!

FAUST. There must be such queer birds, however. 70

MARGARET. Live with the like of him, may I never!

When once inside the door comes he,
He looks around so sneeringly,
And half in wrath:
One sees that in nothing no interest he hath:
'Tis written on his very forehead
That love, to him, is a thing abhorrèd.

I am so happy on thine arm,
So free, so yielding, and so warm,
-And in his presence stilled seems my heart. 80

FAUST. Foreboding angel that thou art!

MARGARET. It overcomes me in such degree,
That wheresoe'er he meets us, even,
I feel as though I'd lost my love for thee.
When he is by, I could not pray to Heaven.
That burns within me like a flame,
And surely, Henry, 'tis with thee the same.

FAUST. There, now, is thine antipathy!

MARGARET. But I must go.

FAUST. Ah, shall there never be

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A quiet hour, to see us fondly plighted,
With breast to breast, and soul to soul united?

90

MARGARET. Ah, if I only slept alone!
I'd draw the bolts to-night, for thy desire,
But mother's sleep so light has grown,
And if we were discovered by her,
'Twould be my death upon the spot!

FAUST. Thou angel, fear it not!

Here is a phial: in her drink
But three drops of it measure,

And deepest sleep will on her senses sink. 100

MARGARET. What would I not, to give thee pleasure?

It will not harm her, when one tries it?

FAUST. If 'twould, my love, would I advise it?

MARGARET. Ah, dearest man, if but thy face I see,

I know not what compels me to thy will:

So much have I already done for thee,

That scarcely more is left me to fulfil.

[Exit.

(Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST. Hast played the spy again?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've heard, most fully, how she drew
thee.

The Doctor has been catechised, 'tis plain; 110

Great good, I hope, the thing will do thee.

The girls have much desire to ascertain

If one is prim and good, as ancient rules compel:

If there he's led, they think, he'll follow them as well.

FAUST. Thou, monster, wilt nor see nor own

How this pure soul, of faith so lowly,

So loving and inflexible,—

The faith alone

That her salvation is,—with scruples holy

Pines, lest she hold as lost the man she loves so well!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Thou, full of sensual, super-sensual
desire,

121

A girl by the nose is leading thee.

FAUST. Abortion, thou, of filth and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And then, how masterly she reads
physiognomy!

When I am present she's impressed, she knows not
how;

She in my mask a hidden sense would read:

She feels that surely I'm a genius now,—

Perhaps the very Devil indeed!

Well, well,—to-night---?

FAUST. What's that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet my delight 'twill also be! 130

XVII

AT THE FOUNTAIN

MARGARET *and* LISBETH *with pitchers.*

LISBETH. Hast nothing heard of Barbara?

MARGARET. No, not a word. I go so little out.

LISBETH. It's true, Sibylla said, to-day.

She's played the fool at last, there's not a doubt.
Such taking-on of airs!

MARGARET. How so?

LISBETH. It stinks!

She's feeding two, where'er she eats and drinks.

MARGARET. Ah!

LISBETH. And so, at last, it serves her rightly.

She clung to the fellow so long and tightly!

That was a promenading!

At village and dance parading! 10

As the first they must everywhere shine,

And he treated her always to pies and wine,

And she made a to-do with her face so fine;

So mean and shameless was her behaviour,

She took all the presents the fellow gave her.

'Twas kissing and coddling, on and on!

So now, at the end, the flower is gone.

MARGARET. The poor, poor thing!

LISBETH. Dost pity her, at that?

When one of us at spinning sat,
And mother, nights, ne'er let us out the door, 20
She sported with her paramour.

On the doo-bench, in the passage dark,
The length of the time they'd never mark.
So now her head no more she'll lift,
But do church-penance in her sinner's shift!

MARGARET. He'll surely take her for his wife.

LISBETH. He'd be a fool! A brisk young blade
Has room, elsewhere, to ply his trade.
Besides, he's gone.

MARGARET. That is not fair!

LISBETH. If him she gets, why let her beware! 30

The boys shall dash her wreath on the floor,
And we'll scatter chaff before her door! [Exit.

MARGARET (*returning home*). How scornfully I once re-
viled,

When some poor maiden was beguiled!
More speech than any tongue suffices
I craved to censure others' vices.
Black as it seemed, I blackened still,
And blacker yet was in my will;
And blessed myself, and boasted high, --
And now—a living sin am I! 40

Yet all that drove my heart thereto,
God! was so good, so dear, so true!

XVIII DONJONⁿ

(*In a niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the Mater
Dolorosa. Pots of flowers before it.*)

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Incline, O Maiden,
'Thou sorrow-laden,
'Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!

The sword Thy heart in,
 With anguish smarting,
 Thou lookest up to where Thy Son is slain!

Thou seest the Father;
 Thy sad sighs gather,
 And bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain!

Ah, past guessing, 10
 Beyond expressing,
 The pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
 Why this anxious heart so burneth,
 Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
 Knowest Thou, and Thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
 What woe, what woe and sorrow
 Within my bosom aches!

Alone, and ah! unsleeping,
 I'm weeping, weeping, weeping, 20
 The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
 Alas! my tears did wet,
 As in the early morning
 For Thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
 The morning sun shone red:

I sat, in utter sorrow,
 Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain! 30
 O Maiden!

Thou sorrow-laden,
 Incline Thy countenance upon my pain!

XIX NIGHT

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR

VALENTINE (*a soldier, MARGARET'S brother*). When I
 have sat at some carouse, .

Where each to each his brag allows,
And many a comrade praised to me
His pink of girls right lustily,
With brimming glass that spilled the toast,
And elbows planted as in boast:
I sat in unconcerned repose,
And heard the swagger as it rose.
And stroking then my beard, I'd say,
Smiling, the bumper in my hand: 10
'Each well enough in her own way,
But is there one in all the land
Like sister Margaret, good as gold,—
One that to her can a candle hold?'
Cling! clang! 'Here's to her!' went around
The board: 'He speaks the truth!' cried some;
'In her the flower o' the sex is found!'
And all the swaggerers were dumb.
And now!—I could tear my hair with vexation,
And dash out my brains in desperation! 20
With turned-up nose each scamp may face me,
With sneers and stinging taunts disgrace me,
And, like a bankrupt debtor sitting,
A chance-dropped word may set me sweating!
Yet, though I thresh them all together,
I cannot call them liars, either.

But what comes sneaking there to view?
If I mistake not, there are two.
If *he's* one, let me at him drive!
He shall not leave the spot alive. 30

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST. How from the window of the sacristy
Upward th' eternal lamp sends forth a glimmer,
That, lessening sideways, fainter grows and dimmer,
Till darkness closes from the sky!
The shadows thus within my bosom gather.
MEPHISTOPHELES. I'm like a sentimental tom-cat, rather,

That round the tall fire-ladders sweeps,
 And stealthy, then, along the coping creeps:
 Quite virtuous, withal, I come,
 A little thievish, and a little frolicsome. 40
 I feel in every limb the presage
 Forerunning the grand Walpurgis-Night:
 Day after to-morrow brings its message,
 And one keeps watch then with delight.

FAUST. Meanwhile, may not the treasure risen be,
 Which there, behind, I glimmering see?ⁿ

MEPHISTOPHELES. Shalt soon experience the pleasure,
 To lift the kettle with its treasure.

I lately gave therein a squint—
 Saw splendid lion-dollars in't. 50

FAUST. Not even a jewel, not a ring,
 To deck therewith my darling girl.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I saw, among the rest, a thing
 That seemed to be a chain of pearl.

FAUST. That's well, indeed! For painful is it
 To bring no gift when her I visit.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou shouldst not find it so annoying,
 Without return to be enjoying.

Now, while the sky leads forth its starry throng,
 Thou'lt hear a masterpiece, no work completer: 60
 I'll sing her, first, a moral song,
 The surer, afterwards, to cheat her.
(Sings to the cither.)

What dost thou here
 In daybreak clear,
 Katharina dear,
 Before thy lover's door?
 Beware! the blade
 Lets in a maid
 That out a maid
 Departeth nevermore! 70

The coaxing shun
 Of such an one!

When once 'tis done
 Good-night to thee, poor thing!
 Love's time is brief:
 Unto no thief
 Be warm and lief
 But with the wedding-ring!

VALENTINE (*comes forward*). Whom wilt thou lure?
 God's-element!

Rat-catching piper thou!—perdition! 80

To the Devil, first, the instrument!

To the Devil, then, the curst musician!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The cither's smashed! For nothing
 more 'tis fitting.

VALENTINE. There's yet a skull I must be splitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Sir Doctor, don't retreat,
 I pray!

Stand by: I'll lead, if you'll but tarry:

Out with your spit, without delay!

You've but to lunge, and I will parry.

VALENTINE. Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why not? 'tis light.

VALENTINE. That, too!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Of course.

VALENTINE. I think the Devil must fight!

How is it, then? my hand's already lame. 91

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*). O God!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now is the lubber tame!

But come, away! 'Tis time for us to fly;

For there arises now a murderous cry.

With the police 'twere easy to compound it,

But here the penal court will sift and sound it.

[*Exit with FAUST.*]

MARTHA (*at the window*). Come out! come out!

MARGARET (*at the window*). Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*). They swear and storm, they yell
 and fight!

PEOPLE. Here lies one dead already—see!

MARTHA (*coming from the house*). The murderers,
whither have they run? 100

MARGARET (*coming out*). Who lies here?

PEOPLE. 'Tis thy mother's son.

MARGARET. Almighty God! what misery!

VALENTINE. I'm dying! That is quickly said,
And quicker yet 'tis done.

Why howl, you women there? Instead,
Come here and listen, every one!

[*All gather around him.*

My Margaret, see! still young thou art,

But not the least bit shrewd or smart,

Thy business thus to slight:

So this advice I bid thee heed—

110

Now that thou art a whore indeed,

Why, be one then, outright!

MARGARET. My brother! God! such words to me?

VALENTINE. In this game let our Lord God be!

What's done's already done, alas!

What follows it, must come to pass.

With one begin'st thou secretly,

'Then soon will others come to thee,

And when a dozen thee have known,

'Thou'rt also free to all the town.

120

When Shame is born and first appears,

She is in secret brought to light,

And then they draw the veil of night

• Over her head and ears;

Her life, in fact, they're loath to spare her.

But let her growth and strength display,

She walks abroad unveiled by day,

Yet is not grown a whit the fairer.

The uglier she is to sight,

'The more she seeks the day's broad light.

130

The time I verily can discern

When all the honest folk will turn

From thee, thou jade! and seek protection,

As from a corpse that breeds infection.
 Thy guilty heart shall then dismay thee,
 When they but look thee in the face:—
 Shalt not in a golden chain array thee,
 Nor at the altar take thy place!
 Shalt not, in lace and ribbons flowing,
 Make merry when the dance is going! 140
 But in some corner, woe betide thee!
 Among the beggars and cripples hide thee;
 And so, though even God forgive,
 On earth a damned existence live!
 MARTHA. Commend your soul to God for pardon,
 That you your heart with slander harden!
 VALENTINE. Thou pimp most infamous, be still!
 Could I thy withered body kill,
 'Twould bring, for all my sinful pleasure,
 Forgiveness in the richest measure. 150
 MARGARET. My brother! This is Hell's own pain!
 VALENTINE. I tell thee, from thy tears refrain!
 When thou from honour didst depart,
 It stabbed me to the very heart.
 Now through the slumber of the grave
 I go to God as a soldier brave. [Dies.

XX

CATHEDRAL

SERVICE, ORGAN AND ANTHEM

(MARGARET *among much people: the EVIL SPIRIT behind*
 MARGARET.)

EVIL SPIRIT. How otherwise was it, Margaret,
 When thou, still innocent,
 Here to the altar cam'st,
 And from the worn and fingered book
 Thy prayers didst prattle,
 Half sport of childhood,
 Half God within thee!

Margaret!

Where tends thy thought?

Within thy bosom 10

What hidden crime?

Pray'st thou for mercy on thy mother's soul,
That fell asleep to long, long torment, and through
thee?

Upon thy threshold whose the blood?

And stirreth not and quickens

Something beneath thy heart,

Thy life disquieting

With most foreboding presence?

MARGARET. Woe! woe!

Would I were free from the thoughts 20

That cross me, drawing hither and thither,

Despite me!

CHORUS

*Dies nunc, dies illa,*ⁿ

Solvat sæculum in fa illa'

[*Sound of the organ.*]

EVIL SPIRIT. Wrath takes thee!

The trumpet peals!

The graves tremble!

And thy heart,

From ashy rest

To fiery torments 30

Now again requicken'd,

Throbs to life!

MARGARET. Would I were forth!

I feel as if the organ here

My breath takes from me,

My very heart

Dissolved by the anthem!

CHORUS

Judex ergo cum sedebit,

Quid nud latet, adparebit,

Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET. I cannot breathe!

The massy pillars

Imprison me!

The vaulted arches

Crush me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT. Hide thyself! Sin and shame

Stay never hidden.

Air? Light?

Woe to thee!

CHORUS

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,

Quem patronem rogaturus,

Cum vix justus sit securus?

50

EVIL SPIRIT. They turn their faces,

The glorified, from thee:

The pure, their hands to offer,

Shuddering, refuse thee!

Woe!

CHORUS

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET. Neighbour! your cordial!

[*She falls in a swoon.*]

XXI

WALPURGIS-NIGHT¹¹

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS

District of Schurke and I lend

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES. Dost thou not wish a broomstick-steed's assistance?

The sturdiest he-goat I would gladly see:

The way we take, our goal is yet some distance.

FAUST. So long as in my legs I feel the fresh existence,

This knotted staff suffices me.

What need to shorten so the way?

Along this labyrinth of vales to wander,
 Then climb the rocky ramparts yonder,
 Wherefrom the fountain flings eternal spray,
 Is such delight, my steps would fain delay. 10
 The spring-time stirs within the fragrant birches,
 And even the fir-tree feels it now:
 Should then our limbs escape its gentle searches?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I notice no such thing, I vow!

'Tis winter still within my body:
 Upon my path I wish for frost and snow.
 How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
 The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow,
 And lights so dimly, that, as one advances,
 At every step one strikes a rock or tree! 20
 Let us, then, use a Jack-o'-lantern's glances:
 I see one yonder, burning merrily.
 Ho, there! my friend! I'll levy thine attendance:
 Why waste so vainly thy resplendence?
 Be kind enough to light us up the steep!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. My reverence, I hope, will me enable
 To curb my temperament unstable;

For zigzag courses we are wont to keep.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Indeed? he'd like mankind to imitate!

Now, in the Devil's name, go straight, 30
 Or I'll blow out his being's flickering spark!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. You are the master of the house, I
 mark,

And I shall try to serve you nicely.

But then, reflect: the mountain's magic-mad to-day,
 And if a will-o'-the-wisp must guide you on the way,
 You mustn't take things too precisely.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP (*in
 alternating song*).

We, it seems, have entered newly
 In the sphere of dreams enchanted.
 Do thy bidding, guide us truly,
 That our feet be forwards planted 40
 In the vast, the desert spaces!

See them swiftly changing places,
Trees on trees beside us trooping,
And the crags above us stooping,
And the rocky snouts, outgrowing,—
Hear them snoring, hear them blowing!

O'er the stones, the grasses, flowing
Stream and streamlet seek the hollow.
Hear I noises? songs that follow?
Hear I tender love-petitions?
Voices of those heavenly visions?
Sounds of hope, of love undying!
And the echoes, like traditions
Of old days, come faint and hollow.

50

Hoo-hoo! Shoo-hoo! Nearer hover
Jay and screech-owl, and the plover,—
Are they all awake and crying?
Is't the salamander pushes,
Bloated-bellied, through the bushes?
And the roots, like serpents twisted,
Through the sand and boulders toiling,
Fright us, wendest links uncoiling
To entrap us, unresisted:
Living knots and gnarls uncanny
Feel with polypus-antennae
For the wanderer. Mice are flying,
Thousand-coloured, herdwise hieing
Through the moss and through the heather!
And the fire-flies wink and darkle,
Crowded swarms that soar and sparkle,
And in wildering escort gather!

60

70

Tell me, if we still are standing,
Or if further we're ascending?
All is turning, whirling, blending,
Trees and rocks with grinning faces,
Wandering lights that spin in mazes,
Still increasing and expanding!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grasp my skirt with heart undaunted!

Here a middle-peak is planted,
Whence one seeth, with amaze, 80
Mammon in the mountain blaze.

FAUST. How strangely glimmers through the hollows
A dreary light, like that of dawn!

Its exhalation tracks and follows
The deepest gorges, faint and wan.
Here steam, there rolling vapour sweepeth;
Here burns the glow through film and haze:
Now like a tender thread it creepeth,
Now like a fountain leaps and plays.
Here winds away, and in a hundred 90
Divided veins the valley braids:

There, in a corner pressed and Sundered,
Itself detaches, spreads, and fades.
Here gush the sparkles incandescent
Like scattered showers of golden sand; --
But, see! in all their height, at present,
The rocky ramparts blazing stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Has not Sir Mammon grandly
lighted

His palace for this festal night?
'Tis lucky thou hast seen the sight; 100
The boisterous guests approach that were invited.

FAUST. How raves the tempest through the air!
With what fierce blows upon my neck 'tis beating!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Under the old ribs of the rock re-
treating,

Hold fast, lest thou be hurled down the abysses there
The night with the mist is black;
Hark! how the forests grind and crack!
Frightened, the owlets are scattered:
Hearken! the pillars are shattered,
The evergreen palaces shaking! 110
Boughs are groaning and breaking,
The tree-trunks terribly thunder,

The roots are twisting asunder!
 In frightfully intricate crashing
 Each on the other is dashing,
 And over the wreck-strewn gorges
 The tempest whistles and surges!
 Hear'st thou voices higher ringing?
 Far away, or nearer singing?
 Yes, the mountain's side along
 Sweeps an infuriate glamouring song!

120

WITCHES (*in chorus*)

The witches ride to the Brocken's top,
 The stubble is yellow, and green the crop.
 There gathers the crowd for carnival
 Sir Urian sits over all.
 And so they go over stone and stock;
 The witch she — s, and — s the buck.

A VOICE.

Alone, old Baubo's coming now;
 She rides upon a farrow-sow.

CHORUS

Then honour to whom the honour is due! 130
 Dame Baubo first, to lead the crew!
 A tough old sow and the mother thercon,
 Then follow the witches, every one.

A VOICE. Which way com'st thou thither?

VOICE.

O'er the Ilben-stone.

I peeped at the owl in her nest alone;
 How she stared and glared!

VOICE. Betake thee to Hell!

Why so fast and so fell?

VOICE. She has scored and has flayed me:
 See the wounds she has made me!

140

WITCHES (*chorus*)

The way is wide, the way is long:
 See, what a wild and crazy throng!
 The broom it scratches, the fork it thrusts,
 The child is stifled, the mother bursts.

WIZARDS (*semichorus*)

As doth the snail in shell, we crawl:
 Before us go the women all.
 When towards the Devil's house we tread,
 Woman's a thousand steps ahead.

OTHER SEMICHORUS

We do not measure with such care:
 Woman in thousand steps is there, 150
 But howsoe'er she hasten may,
 Man in one leap has cleared the way.
 VOICE (*from above*). Come on, come on, from Rocky
 Lake!
 VOICE (*from below*). Aloft we'd fain ourselves betake.
 We've washed, and are bright as ever you will,
 Yet we're eternally sterile still.

BOTH CHORUSES

The wind is hushed, the star shoots by,
 'The dreary moon forsakes the sky;
 'The magic notes, like spark on spark,
 Drizzle, whistling through the dark. 160
 VOICE (*from below*). Halt, there! Ho, there!
 VOICE (*from above*). Who calls from the rocky cleft be-
 low there?
 VOICE (*below*). Take me, too! take me, too!
 I'm climbing now three hundred years,
 And yet the summit cannot see:
 Among my equals I would be.

BOTH CHORUSES

Bears the broom and bears the stock,
 Bears the fork and bears the buck:
 Who cannot raise himself to-night
 Is evermore a ruined wight. 170
 HALF-WITCH (*below*). So long I stumble, ill bestead,
 And the others are now so far ahead!
 At home I've neither rest nor cheer,
 And yet I cannot gain them here.

CHORUS OF WITCHES

To cheer the witch will salve avail;
 A rag will answer for a sail;
 Each trough a goodly ship supplies;
 He ne'er will fly, who now not flies.

BOTH CHORUSES

When round the summit whirls our flight,
 Then lower, and on the ground alight; 180
 And far and wide the heather press
 With witchhood's swarms of wantonness!

[*They settle down.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES They crowd and push, they roar and
 clatter!

They whirl and whistle, pull and chatter!
 They shine, and spirt, and stink, and burn!
 The true witch-element we learn.
 Keep close! or we are parted, in our turn.
 Where art thou?

FAUST (*in the distance*). Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES. What! whirled so far astray?
 Then house-right I must use, and clear the way.
 Make room! Squire Voland comes! Room, gentle
 rabble, room! 190

Here, Doctor, hold to me: in one jump we'll resume
 An easier space, and from the crowd be free:

It's too much, even for the like of me.

Yonder, with special light, there's something shining
 clearer

Within those bushes; I've a mind to see.

Come on! we'll slip a little nearer.

FAUST. Spirit of Contradiction! On! I'll follow straight.
 'Tis planned most wisely, if I judge aright:

We climb the Brocken's top in the Walpurgis-Night,
 That arbitrarily, here, ourselves we isolate. 200

MEPHISTOPHELES. But see, what motley flames among
 the heather!

There is a lively club together:

In smaller circles one is not alone.

FAUST. Better the summit, I must own:

There fire and whirling smoke I see.

They seek the Evil One in wild confusion:

Many enigmas there might find solution.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But there enigmas also knotted be.

Leave to the multitude their riot!

Here will we house ourselves in quiet. 210

It is an old, transmitted trade,

That in the greater world the little worlds are made.

I see stark-nude young witches congregate,

And old ones, veiled and hidden shrewdly:

On my account be kind, nor treat them rudely!

The trouble's small, the fun is great.

I hear the noise of instruments attuning,—

Vile din! yet one must learn to bear the crooning.

Come, come along! It *must* be, I declare!

I'll go ahead and introduce thee there, 220

Thine obligation newly earning.

That is no little space: what say'st thou, friend?

Look yonder! thou canst scarcely see the end:

A hundred fires along the ranks are burning.

They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, they
court:

Now where, just tell me, is there better sport?

FAUST. Wilt thou, to introduce us to the revel,

Assume the part of wizard or of devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'm mostly used, 'tis true, to go in-
cognito,

But on a gala-day one may his orders show. 230

The Garter does not deck my suit,

But honoured and at home is here the cloven foot.

Perceiv'st thou yonder snail? It cometh, slow and
steady;

So delicately its feelers pry,

That it hath scented me already:

I cannot here disguise me, if I try.

But come! we'll go from this fire to a newer:

I am the go-between, and thou the wooer.
(*To some, who are sitting around dying embers:*)
Old gentlemen, why at the outskirts? Enter!
I'd praise you if I found you snugly in the centre,
With youth and revel round you like a zone: 241
You each, at home, are quite enough alone.

GENERAL.

Say, who would put his trust in nations,
Howe'er for them one may have worked and planned?
For with the people, as with women,
Youth always has the upper hand.

MINISTER.

'They're now too far from what is just and sage.
I praise the old ones, not unduly:
When we were all-in-all, then, truly,
Then was the real golden age. 250

PARVENU.

We also were not stupid, either,
And what we should not, often did;
But now all things have from their bases slid,
Just as we meant to hold them fast together.

AUTHOR.

Who, now, a work of moderate sense will read?
Such works are held as antique and mossy;
And as regards the younger folk, indeed,
They never yet have been so pert and saucy.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who all at once appears very old*).ⁿ

I feel that men are ripe for Judgment-Day,
Now for the last time I've the witches'-hill ascended:
Since to the lees my cask is drained away, 261
The world's, as well, must soon be ended.

HUCKSTER-WITCH. Ye gentlemen, don't pass me thus!

Let not the chance neglected be!
Behold my wares attentively:
The stock is rare and various.
And yet, there's nothing I've collected—
No shop, on earth, like this you'll find!—
Which has not, once, sore hurt inflicted

Upon the world, and on mankind. 270
 No dagger's here, that set not blood to flowing;
 No cup, that hath not once, within a healthy frame,
 Poured speedy death, in poison glowing;
 No gems, that have not brought a maid to shame:
 No sword, but severed ties for the unwary,
 Or from behind struck down the adversary.

MEPHISTOPHELLES. Gossip! the times thou badly comprehendest:

What's done has happed - what haps, is done!

'Twere better if for novelties thou sendest:

By such alone can we be won. 280

FAUST. Let me not lose myself in all this pother!

This is a fair, as never was another!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The whirlpool swirls to get above:

Thou'rt shoved thyself, imagining to shove.

FAUST. But who is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Note her especially,

'Tis Lilith.

FAUST. Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Adam's first wife is she.ⁿ

Beware the lure within her lovely tresses,

The splendid sole adornment of her hair!

When she succeeds therewith a youth to snare,

Not soon again she frees him from her jesses. 290

FAUST. Those two, the old one with the young one sitting,

• They've danced already more than fitting.

MEPHISTOPHELLES. No rest to-night for young or old!

They start another dance - come now, let us take hold!

FAUST (*dancing with the young witch*).

A lovely dream once came to me;

I then beheld an apple-tree,

And there two fairest apples shone:

They lured me so, I climbed thereon.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples have been desired by you,

Since first in Paradise they grew;

And I am moved with joy, to know
That such within my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*dancing with the old one*).

A dissolute dream once came to me:

Therein I saw a cloven tree,

Which had a --- - - - - ;

Yet, --- - as 'twas, I fancied it.

THE OLD ONE.

I offer here my best salute

Unto the knight with cloven foot!

Let him a - - - - prepare,

If him --- - - - - does not scare. 310

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.ⁿ Accus'd folk! How dare you
venture thus?

Had you not, long since, demonstration

That ghosts can't stand on ordinary foundation?

And now you even dance, like one of us!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*). Why does he come, then, to
our ball?

FAUST (*dancing*). O, everywhere on him you fall!

When others dance, he weighs the matter:

If he can't every step be batten,

Then 'tis the same as were the step not made;

But if you forwards go, his ire is most displayed. 320

If you would whirl in regular gyration

As he does in his dull old mill,

He'd show, at any rate, good-will,—

Especially if you heard and heeded his hortation.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST. You still are here? Nay, 'tis a
thing unheard!

Vanish, at once! We've said the enlightening word.

The park of devils by no rules is daunted:

We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.

To clear the folly out, how have I wept and stirred!

'Twill ne'er be clean: why, 'tis a thing unheard! 330

THE FAIR ONE. Then cease to bore us at our ball!

PROKTOPHANTASMIST. I tell you, spirits, to your face,
I give to spirit-despotism no place;

My spirit cannot practise it at all.

[*The dance continues.*]

Naught will succeed, I see, amid such revels;

Yet something from a tour I always save,

And hope, before my last step to the grave,

To overcome the poets and the devils.

MEPHISTOPHELES. He now will seat him in the nearest puddle;

The solace this, whereof he's most assured: 340

And when upon his rump the leeches hang and fuddle,

He'll be of spirits and of Spirit cured.

(*To FAUST, who has left the dance:*) Wherefore forsakest thou the lovely maiden,

That in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST. Ah! in the midst of it there sprang

A red mouse from her mouth—sufficient reason!

MEPHISTOPHELES. That's nothing! One must not so squeamish be;

So the mouse was not gray, enough for thee.

Who'd think of that in love's selected season?

FAUST. Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES. What?

FAUST. Mephisto, seest thou there,

Alone and far, a girl most pale and fair? 351

She falters on, her way scarce knowing,

As if with fettered feet that stay her going.

I must confess, it seems to me

As if my kindly Margaret were she.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Let the thing be! All thence have evil drawn:

It is a magic shape, a lifeless eidolon.

Such to encounter is not good:

Their blank, set stare benumbs the human blood,

And one is almost turned to stone. 360

Medusa's tale to thee is known.

FAUST. Forsooth, the eyes they are of one whom, dying,
No hand with loving pressure closed;

That is the breast whereon I once was lying,—

The body sweet, beside which I reposed!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis magic all, thou fool, seduced so easily!

Unto each man his love she seems to be.

FAUST. The woe, the rapture, so ensnare me,

That from her gaze I cannot tear me!

And, strange! around her fairest throat 370

A single scarlet band is gleaming,

No broader than a knife-blade seeming!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Quite right! The mark I also note.

Her head beneath her arm she'll sometimes carry;

'Twas Perseus lopped it, her old adversary.

Thou crav'st the same illusion still!

Come, let us mount this little hill;

The Prater shows no livelier stir,ⁿ

And, if they've not bewitched my sense,

I verily see a theatre. 380

What's going on?

SERVILIS.ⁿ 'Twill shortly recommence:

A new performance—'tis the last of seven.

To give that number is the custom here:

'Twas by a Dilettante writton,

And Dilettanti in the parts appear.

That now I vanish, pardon, I entreat you!

As Dilettante I the curtain raise.

MEPHISTOPHELES. When I upon the Blocksberg meet
you,

I find it good: for that's your proper place. ✓

XXII

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDINGⁿ

INTERMEZZO

MANAGER. Sons of Mieding, rest to-day!ⁿ

Needless your machinery: .

Misty vale and mountain gray,
That is all the scenery.

HERALD That the wedding golden be,
Must fifty years be rounded:
But *the Golden* give to me,
When the strife's compounded.

OBERON. Spirits, if you're here, be seen—
Show yourselves, delighted! 10
Fairy king and fairy queen,
They are newly plighted.

PUCK. Cometh Puck, and, light of limb,
Whisks and whirls in measure;
Come a hundred after him,
To share with him the pleasure.

ARIEL.ⁿ Ariel's song is heavenly pure,
His tones are sweet and rare ones:
Though ugly faces he allure,
Yet he allures the fair ones. 20

OBERON. Spouses, who would fain agree,
Learn how we were mated!
If your pairs would loving be,
First be separated!

TITANIA. If her whims the wife control,
And the man berate her,
Take him to the Northern Pole,
And her to the Equator!

ORCHESTRA. FU LFI

Fortissimo

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
And kin of all conditions, 30
Frog in grass, and cricket-trill. —
These are the musicians!

SOLO. See the bagpipe on our track!
'Tis the soap-blown bubble:
Hear the *schnecke-schnucke-schnack*
Through his nostrils double!

SPIRIT, JUST GROWING INTO FORM.

Spider's foot and paunch of toad,
And little wings --we know 'em!
A little creature 'twill not be,
But yet, a little poem.

40

A LITTLE COUPLE.ⁿ

Little step and lofty leap
Through honey-dew and fragrance:
You'll never mount the airy steep
With all your tripping vagrance.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.ⁿ

Is't but masquerading play?
See I with precision?
Oberon, the beauteous fay,
Meets, to-night, my vision!

ORTHODOX.ⁿ Not a claw, no tail I see!

And yet, beyond a cavil,
Like 'the Gods of Greece,' must he
Also be a devil.

50

NORTHERN ARTIST.

I only seize, with sketchy air,
Some outlines of the tourney;
Yet I betimes myself prepare
For my Italian journey.

PURIST My bad luck brings me here, alas!

How roars the orgy louder!
And of the witches in the mass,
But only two wear powder.

60

YOUNG WITCH. Powder becomes, like petticoat,

A gray and wrinkled noddie;
So I sit naked on my goat,
And show a strapping body.

MATRON. We've too much tact and policy

To rate with jibes a scolder;
Yet, young and tender though you be,
I hope to see you moulder.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Fly-snout and mosquito-bill,
 Don't swarm so round the Naked! 70
 Frog in grass and cricket-trill,
 Observe the time, and make it!

WEATHERCOCKⁿ (*towards one side*).

Society to one's desire!
 Brides only, and the sweetest!
 And bachelors of youth and fire,
 And prospects the compestest!

WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*).

And if the Earth don't open now
 To swallow up each ranter,
 Why, then will I myself, I vow,
 Jump into hell instanter! 80

XENIES.ⁿ Us as little insects see!

With sharpest nippers flitting,
 That our Papa Satan we
 May honour as is fitting.

HENNINGS.ⁿ How, in crowds together massed,

They are jesting, shameless!
 They will even say, at last,
 That their hearts are blameless.

MUSAGETES. Among this witches' revelry

His way one gladly loses; 90
 And, truly, it would easier be
 Than to command the Muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

The proper folks one's talents laud:
 Come on, and none shall pass us!
 The Blocksberg has a summit broad,
 Like Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELER.ⁿ

Say, who's the stiff and pompous man?
 He walks with haughty paces:
 He snuffles all he snuffle can:
 'He scents the Jesuits' traces.' 100

PART I, SCENE XXII

139

CRANE.ⁿ Both clear and muddy streams, for me,
Are good to fish and sport in:
And thus the pious man you see
With even devils consorting.

WORDLING. Yes, for the pious, I suspect,
All instruments are fitting;
And on the Blocksberg they erect
Full many a place of meeting.

DANCER. A newer chorus now succeeds!
I hear the distant drumming. 110
'Don't be disturbed! 'tis, in the reeds,
'The bittern's changeless booming.'ⁿ

DANCING-MASTER.
How each his legs in nimble trip
Lifts up, and makes a clearance!
The crooked jump, the heavy skip,
Nor care for the appearance.

GOOD FELLOW.
'The rabble by such hate are held,
To maim and slay delights them:
As Orpheus' lyre the brutes compelled,
'The bagpipe here unites them. 120

DOGMATIST. I'll not be led by any lure
Of doubts or critic-cavils:
The Devil must be something, sure,---
Or how should there be devils?

IDEALIST.ⁿ This once, the fancy wrought in me
Is really too despotic:
Forsooth, if I am all I see,
I must be idiotic!

REALIST. This racking fuss on every hand,
It gives me great vexation; 130
And, for the first time, here I stand
On insecure foundation.

SUPERNATURALIST.
With much delight I see the play,
And grant to these their merits,

Since from the devils I also may
Infer the better spirits.

SCEPTIC. The flame they follow, on and on,
And think they're near the treasure:
But *Devil* rhymes with *Doubt* alone,
So I am here with pleasure.

140

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog in green, and cricket-trill,
Such dilettants!—perdition!
Fly-snout and mosquito-bill, --
Each one's a fine musician!

THE ADROIT.ⁿ *Sanssouci*, we call the clan
Of merry creatures so, then;
Go a-foot no more we can,
And on our heads we go, then.

THE AWKWARD.

Once many a bit we spongerd; but now,
God help us! that is done with:
Our shoes are all danced out, we trow,
We've but naked soles to run with.

150

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From the marshes we appear,
Where we originated;
Yet in the ranks, at once, we're here
As glittering gallants rated.

SHOOTING-STAR. Darting hither from the sky,
In star and fire light shooting,
Crosswise now in grass I lie:
Who'll help me to my footing?

160

THE HEAVY FELLOWS.

Room! and round about us, room!
Trodden are the grasses:
Spirits also, spirits come,
And they are bulky masses.

PUCK. Enter not so stall-fed quite,
Like elephant-calves about one!

PART I, SCENE XXII

141

And the heaviest weight to-night
Be Puck, himself, the stout one!

ARIEL. if loving Nature at your back,
Or Mind, the wings uncloses,
Follow up my airy track
To the mount of roses!

170

ORCHILSTRA

Pianissimo

Cloud and trailing mist o'erhead
Are now illuminated:
Air in leaves, and wind in reed,
And all is dissipated.

XXIII

DREARY DAY

A FIELD

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST. In misery! In despair!" Long wretchedly
astray on the face of the earth, and now imprisoned!
That gracious, ill-starred creature shut in a dungeon
as a criminal, and given up to fearful torments! To
this has it come? to this?—"Treacherous, contemptible
spirit, and thou hast concealed it from me!—Stand,
then, --stand! Roll the devilish eyes wrathfully in thy
head! Stand and defy me with thine intolerable
presence! Imprisoned! In irretrievable misery! De-
livered up to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeel-
ing Man! And thou hast lulled me, meanwhile, with
the most insipid dissipations, hast concealed from me
her increasing wretchedness, and suffered her to go
helplessly to ruin!

14

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is not the first.

FAUST. Dog! Abominable monster! Transform him,
thou Infinite Spirit! transform the reptile again into

his dog-shape, in which it pleased him often at night to scamper on before me, to roll himself at the feet of the unsuspecting wanderer, and hang upon his shoulders when he fell! Transform him again into his favourite likeness, that he may crawl upon his belly in the dust before me,—that I may trample him, the outlawed, under foot! Not the first! O woe! woe which no human soul can grasp, that more than one being should sink into the depths of this misery,—that the first, in its writhing death-agony under the eyes of the Eternal Forgiver, did not expiate the guilt of all others! The misery of this single one pierces to the very marrow of my life; and thou art calmly grinning at the fate of thousands! 31

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now we are already again at the end of our wits, where the understanding of you men runs wild. Why didst thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not carry it out? Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizziness? Did we thrust ourselves upon thee, or thou thyself upon us? 37

FAUST. Gnash not thus thy devouring teeth at me! It fills me with horrible disgust. Mighty, glorious Spirit, who hast vouchsafed to me Thine apparition, who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to the felon-comrade, who feeds on mischief and gluts himself with ruin? 43

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hast thou done?

FAUST. Rescue her, or woe to thee! The fearfullest curse be upon thee for thousands of ages!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger, nor undo his bolts. Rescue her? Who was it that plunged her into ruin, I or thou?

[FAUST looks around wildly.]

Wilt thou grasp the thunder? Well that it has not been given to you, miserable mortals! To crush to pieces the innocent respondent—that is the tyrant-fashion of relieving one's self in embarrassments.

FAUST. Take me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And the danger to which thou wilt expose thyself? Know that the guilt of blood, from thy hand, still lies upon the town! Avenging spirits hover over the spot where the victim fell, and lie in wait for the returning murderer. 59

FAUST. That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and liberate her! 62

MEPHISTOPHELES. I will convey thee there; and hear, what I can do! Have I all the power in Heaven and on Earth? I will becloud the jailer's senses: get possession of the key, and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch: the magic steeds are ready, I will carry you off. So much is in my power.

FAUST. Up and away!

XXIV NIGHT

OPEN FIELD

(FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *speeding onward on black horses.*)

FAUST. What weave they there round the raven-stone?ⁿ

MEPHISTOPHELES. I know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST. Soaring up, sweeping down, bowing and bending!

MEPHISTOPHELES. A witches' guild.

FAUST. They scatter, devote and doom!

MEPHISTOPHELES. On! on!

XXV DUNGEON

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door*).
A shudder, long unfelt, comes o'er me;

Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me, here.

She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
And all her crime was a delusion dear!

What! I delay to free her?

I dread, once again to see her?

On! my shrinking only brings Death more near.

[He grasps the lock: the sound of singing is heard inside.]

My mother, the harlot,

Who put me to death;

My father, the varlet,

Who eaten me hath!

10

Little sister, so good,

Laid my bones in the wood,

In the damp moss and clay:

'Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood;

Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST (*unlocking*). She does not dream her lover listens near;

That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can hear. *[He enters.]*

MARGARET (*hiding herself on the pallet*). Woe! woe! They come. O death of bitterness!

FAUST (*whispering*). Hush! hush! The hour is come that fies thee. 20

MARGARET (*throwing herself before him*). Art thou a man, then pity my distress!

FAUST. 'Thy cries will wake the guards, and they will seize thee!

[He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.]

MARGARET (*on her knees*). Who, headsmen! unto thee such power

Over me could give?

Thou'rt come for me at midnight-hour:

Have mercy on me, let me live!

Is't not soon enough when morning chime has rung?

[She rises.]

And I am yet so young, so young!

And now Death comes, and ruin!

I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing. 30

My love was near, but now he's far;

Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.

Seize me not thus so violently!

Spare me! What have I done to thee?

Let me not vainly entreat thee!

I never chanced, in all my days, to meet thee!

FAUST. Shall I outlive this misery?

MARGARET. Now am I wholly in thy might.

But let me suckle, first, my baby!

I blissed it all this livelong night; 40

'They took't away, to vex me, maybe,

And now they say I killed the child outright.

And never shall I be glad again.

'They sing songs about me! 'tis bad of the folk to do it!

'There's an old story has the same refrain;

Who bade them so construe it?

FAUST (*falling upon his knees*). Here lieth one who loves
thee ever,

The thralldom of thy woe to sever

MARGARET (*flinging herself beside him*). O let us kneel,
and call the Saints to hide us!

Under the steps beside us, 50

The threshold under,

Hell heaves in thunder!

The Evil One

With terrible wrath

Seeketh a path

His prey to discover!

FAUST (*aloud*). Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*attentively listening*). That was the voice of
my lover!

[*She springs to her feet: the fetters fall off.*]

Where is he? I heard him call me.

I am free! No one shall enthrall me. 60

To his neck will I fly,

On his bosom lie!

On the threshold he stood, and *Margaret!* calling,

Midst of Hell's howling and noises appalling,
 Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,
 I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision!

FAUST. 'Tis I!

MARGARET. 'Tis thou! O, say it once again!

[Clasping him.]

'Tis he! 'tis he! Where now is all my pain?

The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain?

'Tis thou! Thou comest to save me, 70

And I am saved!—

Again the street I see

Where first I looked on thee;

And the garden, brightly blooming,

Where I and Martha wait thy coming.

FAUST (*struggling to leave*). Come! Come with me!

MARGARET. Delay, now!

So fain I stay, when thou delayest!

[Caressing him.]

FAUST. Away, now!

If longer here thou stayest,

We shall be made to dearly rue it. 80

MARGARET. Kiss me!—canst no longer do it?

My friend, so short a time thou'rt missing,

And hast unlearned thy kissing?

Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast?

Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,

A heaven thy loving words expressed,

And thou didst kiss, as thou wouldst suffocate me—

Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee!

[She embraces him.]

Ah, woe! thy lips are chill, 90

And still.

How changed in fashion

Thy passion!

Who has done me this ill?

[She turns away from him.]

FAUST. Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold:

I'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousandfold;
But follow now! 'Tis all I beg of thee.

MARGARET (*turning to him*). And is it thou? Thou,
surely, certainly?

FAUST. 'Tis I! Come on!

MARGARET. 'Thou wilt unloose my chain,
And in thy lap wilt take me once again. 100

How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st
free?

FAUST. Come! come! The night already vanisheth.

MARGARET. My mother have I put to death;

I've drowned the baby born to thee.

Was it not given to thee and me?

Thee, too!—'Tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem—

Give me thy hand! 'Tis not a dream!

Thy dear, dear hand!—But ah, 'tis wet!

Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet 110

There's blood thereon.

Ah, God! what hast thou done?

Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!

Do not affray me!

FAUST. O, let the past be past!

Thy words will slay me!

MARGARET. No, no! Thou must outlive us.

Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us:

Thou must begin to-morrow

The work of sorrow! 120

The best place give to my mother,

Then close at her side my brother,

And me a little away,

But not too very far, I pray!

And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!

Nobody else will lie beside me!—

Ah, within thine arms to hide me,

That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,

But no more, no more can I attain it!

I would force myself on thee and constrain it, 130

And it seems thou repellst my kiss:

And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see!

FAUST. If thou feels't it is I, then come with me!

MARGARET. Out yonder?

FAUST. To freedom.

MARGARET. If the grave is there,

Death lying in wait, then come!

From here to eternal rest:

No further step —no, no!

Thou goest away! O Henry, if I could go!

FAUST. Thou canst! Just will it! Open stands the
door. 140

MARGARET. I dare not go: there's no hope any more.

Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay.

It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,

And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!

It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,

And I'd still be followed and taken!

FAUST. I'll stay with thee.

MARGARET. Be quick! Be quick!

Save thy perishing child!

Away! Follow the ridge 150

Up by the brook,

Over the bridge,

Into the wood,

To the left, where the plank is placed

• In the pool!

Seize it in haste!

'Tis trying to rise,

'Tis struggling still!

Save it! Save it!

FAUST. Recall thy wandering will! 160

One step, and thou art free at last!

MARGARET. If the mountain we had only passed!

There sits my mother upon a stone,—

I feel an icy shiver!

There sits my mother upon a stone,

And her head is wagging ever.

She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er;
She slept so long that she wakes no more.

She slept, while we were caressing:

Ah, those were the days of blessing! 170

FAUST. Here words and prayers are nothing worth;

I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

MARGARET. No—let me go! I'll suffer no force!

Grasp me not so murderously!

I've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

FAUST. The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET. Day? Yes, the day comes, the last day
breaks for me!

My wedding-day it was to be!

Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!

Woe for my garland! The chances 180

Are over—'tis all in vain!

We shall meet once again,

But not at the dances!

The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:

The square below

And the streets overflow:

The death-bell tolls, the ward is broken.

I am seized, and bound, and delivered—

Shoved to the block—they give the sign!

Now over each neck has quivered 190

The blade that is quivering over mine.

Dumb lies the world like the grave!

FAUST. O had I ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears outside*). Off! or you're lost
ere morn.

Useless talking, delaying and praying!

My horses are neighing:

The morning twilight is near.

MARGARET. What rises up from the threshold here?

He! he! suffer him not!

What does he want in this holy spot? 200

He seeks me!

FAUST. Thou shalt live.

MARGARET. Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Come! or I'll leave her in
the lurch, and thee!

MARGARET. 'Thine am I, Father! rescue me!

Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,
Camp around, and from evil ward me!

Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is judged!

VOICE (*from above*). She is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Hither to me!

[*He disappears with FAUST.*

VOICE (*from within, dying away*). Henry! Henry!"

SECOND PART OF THE TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

ACT I

I

A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE

TWILIGHT

FAUST, *bedded on flowery turf, fatigued, restless, endeavouring to sleep. Circle of hovering spirits in motion; graceful diminutive figures.*

ARIELⁿ

(Chant, accompanied by Æolian harps.)

When the Spring returns scenery,
Raining blossoms over all;
When the fields with blessing greener
On the earth-born children call;
Then the craft of elves propitious
Hastes to help where help it can:
Be he holy, be he vicious,
Pity they the luckless man.

Who round this head in airy circles hover,
Yourselves in guise of noble Elves discover! 10
The fierce convulsions of his heart compose;
Remove the burning barbs of his remorses,
And cleanse his being from the suffered woes!
Four pauses makes the Night upon her courses,
And now, delay not, let them kindly close!
First on the coolest pillow let him slumber,
Then sprinkle him with Lethe's drowsy spray!
His limbs no more shall cramps and chills encumber,
When sleep has made him strong to meet the day.
Perform, ye Elves, your fairest rite: 20
Restore him to the holy Light!

CHORUS (*singly, by two or more, alternately and collectively*).

When around the green-girt meadow
 Balm the tepid winds exhale,
 Then in fragrance and in shadow
 Twilight spreads her misty veil:
 Whispers peace in accents cheery,
 Rocks the heart in childhood's play,
 And upon these eyelids weary
 Shuts the golden gates of Day.

Now the Night already darkles, 30
 Holy star succeeds to star;
 Dazzling lights and fainter sparkles
 Glimmer near and gleam afar:
 Glimmer here, the lake reflecting,
 Gleam in cloudless dark aboon;
 While, the bliss of rest protecting,
 Reigns in pomp the perfect moon.

Now the Hours are cancelled for thee,
 Pain and bliss have fled away:
 Thou art whole, let faith restore thee! 40
 Trust the new, the rising Day!
 Vales grow green, and hills are lifting
 Through the shadow-rest of morn;
 And in waves of silver, drifting
 On to harvest, rolls the corn.

Wouldst thou win desires unbounded,
 Yonder see the glory burn!
 Lightly is thy life surrounded—
 Sleep's a shell, to break and spurn!
 When the crowd sways, unbelieving, 50
 Show the daring will that warms!
 He is crowned with all achieving,
 Who perceives and then performs.

[*A tremendous tumult announces the approach of the Sun.*]

ARIEL. Hearken! Hark!--the Hours careering!
Sounding loud to spirit-heaving,
See the new-born Day appearing!
Rocky portals jarring shatter,
Phoebus' wheels in rolling clatter,
With a crash the Light draws near!
Pealing rays and trumpet-blazes, -- 60
Eye is blinded, ear amazes:
The Unheard can no one hear!
Ship within each blossom-bell,
Deeper, deeper, there to dwell,--
In the rocks, beneath the leaf!
If it strikes you, you are deaf.

FAUST. Life's pulses now with fresher force awaken
To greet the mild ethereal twilight o'er me;
This night, thou, Earth! hast also stood unshaken,
And now thou breathest new-refreshed before me, 70
And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,
A vigorous resolution to restore me,
To seek that highest life for which I'm panting,--
The world unfolded lies in twilight glimmer,
A thousand voices in the grove are chanting;
Vale in, vale out, the misty streaks grow dimmer;
The deeps with heavenly light are penetrated;
The boughs, refreshed, lift up their leafy shimmer
From gulfs of air where sleepily they waited;
Colour on colour from the background cleareth, 80
Where flower and leaf with trembling pearls are
heighted:
And all around a Paradise appeareth.

Look up!--The mountain summits, grand, supernal,
Herald, e'en now, the solemn hour that nought;
They earliest enjoy the light eternal
That later sinks, till here below we find it.
Now to the Alpine meadows, sloping vernal,
A newer beam descends ere we divined it,
And step by step unto the base hath bounded;

The sun comes forth! Alas, already blinded, 90
I turn away, with eyesight pierced and wounded!

'Tis thus, when, unto yearning hope's endcavour,
Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
The portals of fulfilment widely sever:
But if there burst from those eternal spaces
A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever;
For Life's pure torch we sought the shining traces,
And seas of fire—and what a fire!—surprise us.
Is't Love? Is't Hate? that burningly embraces,
And that with pain and joy alternate tries us? 100
So that, our glances once more earthward throwing,
We seek in youthful drapery to disguise us.

Behind me, therefore, let the sun be glowing!
The cataract, between the crags deep-riven,
I thus behold with rapture ever-growing.
From plunge to plunge in thousand streams 'tis
given,
And yet a thousand, to the valleys shaded,
While foam and spray in air are whirled and driven.
Yet how superb, across the tumult braided,
The painted rainbow's changeful life is bending, 110
Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,
And evermore the showers of dew descending!
Of human striving there's no symbol fuller:
Consider, and 'tis easy comprehending—
Life is not light, but the refracted colour.

II

THE EMPEROR'S CASTLE

HALL OF THE THRONE

COUNCIL OF STATE AWAITING THE EMPEROR.

Trumpets

*Enter COURT RETAINERS of all kinds, splendidly dressed.
The EMPERORⁿ advances to the throne: the ASTROLOGER
on his right hand.*

EMPEROR. I greet you, Well-beloved and Trusty,
Assembled here from far and wide!

I see the Wise Man at my side;

But where's the Fool, his rival lusty?

SQUIRE. Behind thy mantle's flowing swell

Suddenly on the stairs he fell:

They bore away the weight of fat;

If dead or drunk? none knoweth that

SECOND SQUIRE. As quick as thought, through all the
pother,

Him to replace there came another, 10

Adorned and pinked with wondrous art,

Yet so grotesque that all men start.

The guards their halberds cross-wise hold

To bar him--them he thrusts apart:

Lo! here he comes, the Fool so bold!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*kneeling before the throne*). What's
cursed and welcomely expected?

What is desired, yet always chased;

What evermore with care protected?

What is accused, condemned, disgraced?

To whom dar'st thou not give a hearing? 20

Whose name hears each man willingly?

What is't, before thy throne appearing?

What keeps itself away from thee?

EMPEROR. Spare us thy words! the time is pressing;

This is no place for riddle-guessing:
 These gentlemen such things explain.
 Solve it thyself!—to hear I'm fain.
 My old Fool went, I fear, an endless distance;
 Take thou his place, come here and lend assistance!
[MEPHISTOPHELES goes up and stations himself on the
EMPEROR'S left hand.]

MURMURS OF THE CROWD.

Another fool - for worries new!— 30
 Whence came he?—how did he get through?
 The old one fell—he's walked his path.—
He was a barrel—this, a lath!

EMPEROR. So now, my Well-beloved and Loyal,
 Be welcome all, from near and far!
 You meet beneath a fortunate star;
 Welfare and luck are now the aspects royal.
 But tell me why, in days so fair,
 When we've withdrawn ourselves from care,
 And beards of beauty masquerading wear,— 40
 When gay delights for us are waiting,
 Why should we plague ourselves, deliberating?
 Yet, since the task you think we cannot shun,
 'Tis settled then, so be it done!

CHANCELLOR. The highest virtue, like a halo-zone,
 Circles the Emperor's head, and he alone
 Is worthy validly to exercise it.
 'Tis Justice!—all men love and prize it,
 None can forgo, but all require and want it:
 The people look to him, that he should grant it. 50
 But, ah! what help can human wit impart,
 Or readiness of hand, or kindly heart,
 When lies the State, as if in fever fretting,
 And brooded Evil evil is begetting?
 Who looks abroad from off this height supreme
 Throughout the realm, 'tis like a weary dream,
 Where one deformity another mouldeth,
 Where lawlessness itself by law upholdeth,
 And 'tis an age of Error that unfoldeth!

One plunders flocks, a woman one,
Cup, cross, and candlestick from altar,
And then to boast it does not palter,
Of limb or life nowise undone.
To Court behold the plaintiff's urging,
Where puffs the judge on cushions warm,
And swells, meanwhile, with fury surging,
Rebellion's fast-increasing storm!
His easy way through crime is broken,
Who his accomplices selects;
And 'Guilty!' hears one only spoken
Where Innocence itself protects.
They all pull down what they should care for,
Destroy their weal, in self-despite.
How can the sense develop, therefore,
Which, only, leads us to the Right?
At last, the man of good intent
To flatterer and briber bends the
The judge, debarred from punishment,
Mates with the felon, ere he ends the.
I've painted black, but denser screen
I'd rather draw before the scene.

60

70

80

[Pause]

Here measures cannot be evaded.
When all offend, and none are ached,
His Majesty a victim stands.
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. In these wild days, how records
thicken!
Each strikes, and in return is stricken,
And they are deaf to all commands.
The bigher in his fortifications,
The knight upon his rocky nest,
Have sworn to worry out our patience,
And keep their strength with stubborn crest.
The mercenaries, no whit better,
Impatiently demand their pay,
And, if we were not still their debtor,
They'd start forthwith and march away.

90

Let one forbid what all would practise,
 And in a hornet's nest he stands:
 'The realm which they should guard, the fact is,
 'Tis devastated by their hands.
 'They give the rein to wild disorder, 100
 And half the world is wasted now;
 'There still are kings beyond our border,
 But none thinks it concerns him anyhow.

TREASURER. 'Trust allies, and we soon shall rue us!
 'The subsidies they promised to us—
 Like water in leaky pipes—don't come.
 'Then, Sire, in all thy states extended
 'To whom hath now the rule descended?
 Where'er one goes, a new lord is at home,
 And hopes to live in independence; 110
 He takes his course and we look on:
 Such rights we've given to our attendants
 That all *our* right to anything is gone.
 On parties, too, whate'er the name be,
 Our trust, to-day, is far from great;
 Though loud their praise, or fierce their blame be,
 Indifferent is their love and hate.
 The Ghibellines and Guelfs from labour
 Are resting—both laid on the shelf.
 Who, therefore, now will help his neighbour? 120
 Each has enough, to help himself.
 The gate of gold no more unlatches,
 And each one gath'ers, digs, and scratches,
 While our strong-box is void indeed.
 LORD HIGH STEWARD. What evil I, as well, am having!
 We're always trying to be saving,
 And ever greater is our need:
 Thus daily grows this task of mine.
 The cooks have all they want at present,—
 Wild-boar and deer, and hare and pheasant, 130
 Duck, peacock, turkey, goose, and chicken:
 These, paid in kind, are certain picking,
 And do not seriously decline;

Yet, after all, we're short of wine.
Where casks on casks were once our cellars filling,
Rare vintages of flavours finely thrilling,
The noble lords' eternal swilling
Has drained them off, till not a drop appears.
The City Council, too, must tap their liquor;
They drink from mug, and jug, and beaker, 140
Till no one longer sees or hears.
'Tis I must pay for all the dances:
The Jew will have me, past all chances;
His notes of hand and his advances
Will soon eat up the coming years.
Before they're fat the swine are taken;
Pawned is the pillow, ere one waken,
The bread is eaten ere the board it sees.

THE EMPEROR (*after some reflection, to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

Say, Fool, canst thou not add a want to these?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I? Not at all! I see the circling
splendour— 150

Thyself, and thine! Should one his trust surrender,
Where Majesty thus unopposed commands,
Where ready power the hostile force disbands,
Where loyal wills, through understanding strong,
And mixed activities, around thee throng?
What powers for evil could one see combining,—
For darkness, where such brilliant stars are shining?

MURMURS. He is a scamp—who comprehends.—

He lies his way—until it ends.—

I know it now—what's in his mind.— 160

What then?—A project lurks behind!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Where, in this world, doth not some
lack appear?

Here this, there that,—but money's lacking here.

True, from the floor you can't at once collect it,

But, deepliest hidden, wisdom may detect it.

In veins of mountains, under building-bases,

Coined and uncoined, there's gold in many places:

And ask you who shall bring it to the light?

A man endowed with Mind's and Nature's might.
 CHANCELLOR. Nature and Mind—to Christians we
 don't speak so. 170

Thence to burn Atheists we seek so,
 For such discourses very dangerous be.
 Nature is Sin, and Mind is Devil:
 Doubt they beget in shameless revel,
 Their hybrid in deformity.
 Not so with us!—Two only races
 Have in the Empire kept their places,
 And prop the throne with worthy weight.
 The Saints and Knights are they: together
 They breast each spell of thunder-weather, 180
 And take for pay the Church and State.
 The vulgar minds that breed confusion
 Are met with an opposing hand:
 They're wizards!-- heretics! Delusion
 Through them will ruin town and land.
 And these will you, with brazen juggle,
 Within this high assembly smuggle?
 For hearts corrupt you scheme and struggle;
 The Fool's near kin are all the band.

MEPHISTOPHELES. By that, I know the learned lord
 you are! 190

What you don't touch, is lying leagues afar;
 What you don't grasp is wholly lost to you;
 What you don't reckon, think you, can't be true;
 What you don't weigh, it has no weight, alas!
 What you don't com, you're sure it will not pass.
 EMPEROR. Therewith to help our needs you naught
 determine.

What wilt thou, here, with such a Lenten sermon?
 I'm tired of the Eternal If and How:
 Money we want: good, then, procure it now!
 MEPHISTOPHELES. I'll furnish what you wish, and
 more: 'tis, true, 200
 A light task, but light things are hard to do.
 The gold's on hand—yet, skilfully to win it,

That is the art: who knows how to begin it?
Consider only in those days of blood
When o'er the Empire poured a human flood,
How many men, such deadly terror steeled them,
Took their best goods, and here and there concealed
them!

'Twas so beneath the mighty Roman sway,
And ever so repeated, till our day.

All that was buried in the earth, to save it: 219
The Emperor owns the earth, and he should have it.

TREASURER. Now, for a Fool, his words are rather
bright:

That is indeed the old Imperial right.

CHANCELOR. Satan has laid his golden snares, to try us;
Such things as these are neither right nor pious.

LORD HIGH STEWARD. Let him but bring his gifts to
Court, and share them,

And if things were a little wrong, I'd bear them!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. The Fool is shrewd, to promise
each his needs;

Whence it may come the soldier never heeds.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And should you think, perchance, I
overreach you, 220

Here's the Astrologer--ask him to teach you!

The spheres of Hour and House are in his ken:

What are the heavenly aspects?—tell us, then!

MURMURS.

Two rogues are they, in league they've grown,
Dreamer and Fool—so near the throne!

The song is old and flatly sung.—

The Fool he prompts the Wise Man's tongue!

ASTROLOGER (*speaks*: MEPHISTOPHELES *prompts*). The
Sun himself is gold of purest ray;

The herald, Mercury, serves for love and pay;

Dame Venus has bewitched you all, for she, 230

Early and late, looks on you lovingly;

Chaste Luna has her whims, no two alike;

Mars threatens you, although he may not strike,

And Jupiter is still the splendid star.
 Saturn is great, though seeming small and far:
 As metal, him we don't much venerate,
 Of value slight, though heavy in his weight.
 Now, when of Sol and Luna union's had,—
 Silver with gold,—then is the world made glad:
 All else, with them, is easy to attain,— 240
 Palaces, gardens, cheeks of rosy stain;
 And these procures this highly learned man,
 Who that can do which none of us e'er can.
 EMPEROR. Two meanings in his words I find,
 And yet they don't convince my mind.

MURMURS.

Why tell us that?—stuff stale and flat!
 'Tis quackery!—'tis chemistry!
 I've heard the strain—and hoped in vain,—
 And though it come—'tis all a hum.

MEPHISTOPHELES. They stand around, amazed, un-
 knowing; 250

They do not trust the treasure-spell;
 One dreams of mandrake, nightly growing,
 The other of the dog of Hell.
 Why, then, should one suspect bewitching,
 And why the other jest and prate,
 When in their feet, they, too, shall feel the itching,
 When they shall walk with tottering gait?

All feel the secret operation,
 Of Nature's ever-ruling might,
 And from the bases of Creation 260
 A living track winds up to light.
 In every limb when something twitches
 In any place uncanny, old,—
 Decide at once, and dig for riches!
 There lies the fiddler, there the gold!"

MURMURS.

It hangs like lead my feet about.—
 I've cramp i' the arm—but that is gout.—

I've tickling in the greater toe.—

Down all my back it pains me so.—

From signs like these 'tis very clear 270

The richest treasure-ground is here.

EMPEROR. Haste, then! Thou'lt not again make off!

Test now thy frothy, lying graces,

And show at once the golden places!

My sword and sceptre I will doff,

Mine own imperial hands I'll lend thee,

If thou liest not therein befriend thee,

But, if thou liest, to Hell will send thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'd find, in any case, the pathway
there!—

Yet I cannot enough declare 280

What, ownerless, waits everywhere.

The farmer, following his share,

Turns out a gold-crock with the mould:

He seeks saltpetre where the clay-walls stand,ⁿ

And findeth rolls of goldenest gold,

With joyful fright, in his impoverished hand.

What vaults there are to be exploded,

Along what shafts and mines corroded,

The gold-diviner's steps are goaded,

Until the Under-world is nigh! 290

In cellars vast he sees the precious

Cups, beakers, vases, plates, and dishes,

Row after row, resplendent lie:

Rich goblets, cut from rubies, stand there,

And, would he use them, lo! at hand there

Is ancient juice of strength divine.

Yet, trust to him who's knowledge gotten,

The wood o' the staves has long been rotten,

A cask of tartar holds the wine.ⁿ

Not only gold and gems are hiding, 300

But of proud wines the heart abiding,

In terror and in night profound:

Herein assiduously explore the wise;

It is a farce, by day to recognize,

But mysteries are with darkness circled round.

EMPEROR. See thou to them! What profits the Obscure?

Whate'er has value, comes to daylight, sure.

At dead of night who can the rogue betray?

'Then all the cows are black, the cats are gray.

If pots are down there, full of heavy gold, 310

Drive on thy plough and turn them from the mould!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Take hoe and spade thyself, I pray thee, -

'Thou shalt be great through peasant-toil!

A herd of golden calves, to pay thee,

Will loose their bodies from the soil.

And then at once canst thou, with rapture,

Gems for thyself and for thy mistress capture:

Their tints and sparkles heighten the degree

Of Beauty as of Majesty.

EMPEROR. Then quick! at once! how long will it require? 320

ASTROLOGER (*prompted by* MEPHISTOPHELES). Sire, moderate such urgency of desire!

Let first the gay, the motley pastime end!

Not to the goal doth such distraction tend.

First self-command must quiet and assure us;

The upper things the lower will procure us.

Who seeks for Good, must first be good;

Who seeks for joy, must moderate his blood;

Who wine desires, let him the ripe grapes tread;

Who miracles, by stronger faith be led!

EMPEROR. Let us the time in merriment efface! 330

And, to our wish, Ash-Wednesday comes apace.

Meanwhile, we'll surely celebrate withal

More jovially the maddening Carnival.

[*Trumpets. Excant.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. How closely linked are Luck and Merit,

Doth never to these fools occur:

Had they the Philosopher's Stone, I swear it,

The Stone would lack the Philosopher!

III

SPACIOUS HALL

WITH ADJOINING APARTMENTS

*Arranged and Decorated for the Carnival Masquerade.*ⁿ

HERALD.ⁿ Think not, as in our German bounds, your chance is

Of Death's or Fools' or Devils' Dances;

Here cheerful revels you await.

Our Ruler, on his Roman expedition,

Hath for his profit, your fruition,

Crossed o'er the Alpine high partition,

And won himself a gayer State.

He to the holy slipper bowed him

And first the right of power besought;

Then, as he went to get the Crown allowed him, 10

For us the Fool's-cap he has also brought.

Now are we all new-born, to wear it:

Each tactful and experienced man,

Drawn cosily o'er head and ears, doth bear it;

A fool he seems, yet he must share it,

And be, thereby, as sober as he can.

They crowding come, I see already,

Close coupling, or withdrawn unsteady, —

The choruses, like youth from school.

Come in or out, bring on your ranks! 20

Before or after—'tis the rule—

With all its hundred thousand pranks,

The World is one enormous Fool!

GARDEN-GIRLS.

(Song, accompanied with mandolines).

That we win your praises tender

We are decked in festal gear;

At the German Court of splendour,

Girls of Florence, we appear.

On our locks of chestnut glosses
 Wear we many a flowery bell;
 Silken threads and silken flosses 30
 Here must play their parts, as well.

Our desert, not over-rated,
 Seems to us assured and clear,
 For by art we've fabricated
 Flowers that blossom all the year.
 Every sort of coloured snipping
 Won its own symmetric right!
 Though your wit on each be tripping,
 In the whole you take delight.

We are fair to see and blooming, 40
 Garden-girls, and gay of heart;
 For the natural way of woman
 Is so near akin to art.

HERALD. Let us see the wealth of blossoms
 Basket-crowning heads that bear them,
 Garlanding your arms and bosoms!
 Each select, and lightly wear them.
 Haste! and bosky arbours dressing,
 Let a garden here enring us!
 Worthy they of closer pressing, 50
 Hucksters and the wares they bring us.

GARDEN-GIRLS. Now in cheerful places chaffer,
 But no marketing be ours!
 Briefly, clearly, let each laughter
 Know the meaning of his flowers.

OLIVE BRANCH, WITH FRUIT.

Flowery sprays I do not covet;
 Strife I shun, or branch above it,
 I of conflict I remain.
 Yet am I the marrow of nations,
 Pledge of happy consummations, 60
 Sign of peace on every plain.
 Be, to-day, my lucky fate
 Worthy head to decorate!

WREATH OF EARS (*golden*).

You to crown, the gifts of Ceres
Here their kindly grace have sent;
Unto Use what chiefly dear is,
Be your fairest ornament!

FANCY WREATH.

Gayest blossoms, like to mallows,—
From the moss a marvel grew!
Fashion calls to light, and hallows,
That which Nature never knew.

70

FANCY NOSEGAY.

What our name is, Theophrastusⁿ
Would not dare to say: contrast us!
Yet we hope to please you purely,
If not all, yet many, surely,—
Such as fain we'd have possess us,
Braiding us in shining tresses,
Or, a fairer fate deciding,
On the heart find rest abiding.

CHALLENGE.

Motley fancies blossom may
For the fashion of the day,
Whimsical and strangely moulded,
Such as Nature ne'er unfolded:
Bells of gold and stems of green
In the plenteous locks be seen!—
Yet we

80

ROSEBUDS.

He concealed behind;
Lucky, who shall freshly find!
When the summer-time returneth,
And the rosebud, bursting, burneth,
Who such blisses would surrender?
Promise sweet, and yielding tender,
They, in Flora's realm, control
Swiftly eyes and sense and soul.

90

[*Under green, leafy arcades, the GARDEN-GIRLS
adorn and gracefully exhibit their wares.*]

GARDENERS.

(*Song, accompanied with theorbos.*)

Blossoms there, that sprout in quiet,
Round your heads their charms are weaving;
But the fruits are not deceiving,
One may try the mellow diet.

Sunburnt faces tempt with glowing
Cherries, peaches, plums, your vision;
Buy! for vain the eye's decision 100
To the tongue's and palate's showing.

Ripest fruit from sunniest closes
Eat, with taste and pleasure smitten!
Poems one may write on roses,
But the apple must be bitten.

Then permit that we be mated
With your youth, so flowery-fair:
Thus is also decorated,
Neighbour-like, our ripper ware.

Under wreaths of flowery tether, 110
As the leafy arbors suit,
All may then be found together,
Buds and leaves, and flower and fruit!

[*With alternating songs, accompanied with mandolines
and theorbos, both Choruses continue to set forth their
wares upon steps rising aloft, and to offer them to the
spectators.*

MOTHER and DAUGHTER.

MOTHER. Maiden, when thou cam'st to light,
Tiny caps I wrought thee;
Body tender, soft, and white,
Lovely face I brought thee.
As a bride I thought thee, led
To the richest, wooed and wed,
As a wife I thought thee.

Ah! already many a year,
 Profitless, is over;
 None of all the wooers here
 Now around thee hover;
 Though with one wast wont to dance,
 Gav'st another nudge and glance, —
 Hast not found thy lover!

I to feast and revel thee
 Vainly took, to match one:
 Pawns, and hindmost man of three, 130
 Would not help thee snatch one.
 Every fool now wears his cap:
 Sweetheart, open thou thy lap!
 Still, perchance, mayst catch one!

[Other maiden-playmates, young and beautiful, join the garden-gulls: the sound of familiar gossip is heard. Fishers and bird-catchers with nests, fishing-rods, lined twigs, and other implements, appear, and disperse themselves among the maidens. Reciprocal attempts to win, to catch, to escape, and to hold fast, give opportunity for the most agreeable dialogues.]

WOOD-CUTTERS

(Enter, boisterously and boorishly.)

Room! Make a clearing!
 Room in your revel!
 The trees we level
 That tumble cracking:
 Where we're appearing
 I look out for whacking. 140
 Our praise adjudging,
 Make clear this table!
 Save Coarse were drudging
 Within your borders,
 Would Fine be able
 To build their orders,
 Howe'er they fretted?

- Be taught in season,
 For you'd be freezing
 Had we not sweated! 150
- PULCINNELLI (*uncouth, almost idiotic*).
 You, Fools, are trooping,
 Since birth so stooping;
 The wise ones we are,
 From burdens freer,
 Our caps, though sleazy,
 And jackets breezy
 To wear are easy:
 It gives us pleasure
 To go with leisure,
 With slippered shuffles, 160
 Through market-scuffles,
 To gape at the pother,
 Croak at each other!
 Through crowded places
 You always trace us,
 Eel-like gliding,
 Skipping and hiding,
 Storming together:
 Moreover, whether
 You praise—reprove us, 170
 It doesn't move us.
- PARASITES (*fawningly-lustful*).
 Ye woodland bandsmen,
 And they, your clansmen,
 The charcoal-burners,
 To you we turn us:
 For all such plodding,
 Affirmative nodding,
 Tortuous phrases,
 Blowing both ways—is
 Warming or chilling, 180
 Just as you're feeling:
 What profit from it?
 There might fall fire,

Enormous, dire,
From heaven's summit,
Were there not billets
And coal in wagons,
To boil your skillets
And warm your flagons.
It roasts and frizzles;
It boils and sizzles!
The taster and picker,
The platter-licker,
He sniffs the roasting,
Suspects the fishes,
And clears, with boasting,
His patron's dishes.

190

DRUNKEN MAN (*unconsciously*).

Naught, to-day, bring melancholy!
Since I feel so frank and free:
Fresh delight and songs so jolly,
And I brought them both with me!
Thus I'm drinking, drinking, drinking!
Clink your glasses! clinking, clinking!
You behind there, join the rout!
Clink them stout, and then it's out!

200

Though my wife assailed me loudly,
Rumpled me through thin and thick;
And, howe'er I swaggered proudly,
Called me 'masquerading stick':
Yet I'm drinking, drinking, drinking!
Clink your glasses! clinking, clinking!
Masking sticks, another bout!
When you've clinked them, drink them out!

210

Say not mine a silly boast is!
I am here in clover laid:
Trusts the host not, trusts the hostess,—
She refusing, trusts the maid.
Still I'm drinking, drinking, drinking!
Come, ye others, clinking, clinking!

Each to each! keep up the rout!
We, I'm thinking, drink them out.

220

How and where my fun I'm spying,
Let me have it as I planned!
Let me lie where I am lying,
For I cannot longer stand.

CHORUS

Every chum be drinking, drinking!
Toast afresh, with clinking, clinking!
Bravely keep your seats and shout!
Under the table *he's* drink out.

[*The HERALD announces various Poets - Poets of Nature, Courtly and Knightly Minstrels, Sentimentalists as well as Enthusiasts. In the crowd of competitors of all kinds, no one allows another to commence his declamation. One slips past with a few words:*)

SATIRIST. Know ye what myself, the Poet, 230
Would the most rejoice and cheer?
If I dared to sing, and utter,
That which no one wants to hear.

[*The Night and Churchyard Poetsⁿ excuse themselves, because they have just become engaged in a most interesting conversation with a newly-arisen vampire, and therefrom a new school of poetry may possibly be developed. The HERALD is obliged to accept their excuses, and meanwhile calls forth the Grecian Mythology, which, even in modern masks, loses neither its character nor its power to charm.*

THE GRACESⁿ

AGI AIA.

Life we bless with graces living;
So be graceful in your giving!

HEGEMONE.

Graceful be in your receival;
Wish attained is sweet retrieval,

EUPHROSYNÉ.

And in days serene and spacious,
In your thanks be chiefly gracious!

THE PARCALⁿ

ATROPOS.

I, the eldest, to the spinning
Have received the invitation;
When the thread of Life's beginning
There is need of meditation. 240

Finest flax I winnow featly
That your thread be softly given;
Draw it through my fingers neatly,
Make it thin, and smooth, and even.

If too wanton your endeavour,
Grasping here of joy each token,
Think, the thread won't stretch forever! 250
Have a care! it might be broken.

CLOTHO.

Know that, given to me for weaving
Lately were the shears supplied;
Since men were not by the bearing
Of our eldest edified.

Useless webs she long untangled,
Dragging them to air and light;
Dreams of fortune, hope-bespangled,
Clipt and buried out of sight.

Also I, in ignorance idle, 260
Made mistakes in younger years,
But to-day, myself to bridle,
In their sheath I stick the shears.

Thus restrained in proper measure,
Favour I this cheerful place:
You these hours of liberal pleasure
Use at will, and run your race!

LACHESIS.

In my hands, the only skilful,
 Was the ordered twisting placed;
 Active are my ways, not wilful, 270
 Erring not through over-haste.

Threads are coming, threads are reeling;
 In its course I each restrain:
 None, from off the circle wheeling,
 Fails to fit within the skein.

If I once regardless gadded,
 For the world my hopes were vain:
 Hours are counted, years are added,
 And the weaver takes the chain.

HERALD.

You would not recognize who now appear, 280
 Though ne'er so learned you were in ancient
 writing;

To look at them, in evil so delighting,
 You'd call them worthy guests, and welcome here.

They are THE FURIES,ⁿ no one will believe us,—
 Fair, well-proportioned, friendly young in years:
 But make acquaintance, and straightway appears
 How snake-like are such doves to wound, deceive us.

Though they are spiteful, yet on this occasion,
 When every fool exults in all his blame,

• They also do not crave angelic fame, 290
 But own themselves the torments of the nation.

ALLECTO.

What good of that, for you will trust us still!—
 Each of us young and fair, a wheedling kitten.
 Hath one of you a girl with whom he's smitten,
 We'll rub and softly stroke his ears, until
 'Tis safe to tell him, spite of all his loathing,
 That she has also this and the other flame,—
 A blockhead he, or humpbacked, squint and lame,
 And if betrothed to him, she's good-for-nothing!

We're skilled, as well, the bride to vex and sever: 300
Why scarce a week ago, her very lover
Contemptuous things *to her* was saying of her!
Though they make up, there's something rankles
ever.

MEGAERA.

That's a mere jest! For, let them once be married
I go to work, and can, in every case,
The fairest bliss by wilful whims displace.
Man has his various moods, the hours are varied
And, holding the Desired that once did charm him
Each for the More-desired, a yearning fool,
Leaves the best fortune, use has rendered cool: 310
He flies the sun, and seeks the frost to warm him.
Of ills for all I understand the brewing,
And here Asmodi as my follower lead,
To scatter mischief at the proper need,
And send the human race, in pairs, to ruin.

TISIPHONE.

Steel and poison I, not malice,
Mix and sharpen for the traitor:
Lov'st thou others, soon or later,
Ruin pours for thee the chalice.

Through the moment's sweet libation 320
See the gall and wormwood stealing!
Here no bargaining, no dealing!
Like the act and retaliation.

No one babble of forgiving!
To the rocks I cry: *Revenge!* is
Echo's answer: he who changes
Shall be missed among the living.

HERALD. Do me the favour, now, to stand aside,
For that which comes is not to you allied.ⁿ
You see a mountain pressing through the throng, 330
The flanks with brilliant housings grandly hung,

A head with tusks, a snaky trunk below,—
 A mystery, yet I the key will show.
 A delicate woman sits upon his neck,
 And with a wand persuades him to her beck;
 The other, throned aloft, superb to see,
 Stands in a glory, dazzling, blinding me.
 Beside him walk two dames in chains: one fearful
 And sore depressed, the other glad and cheerful.
 One longs for freedom and one feels she's free: 340
 Let each declare us who she be!

FEAR. Smoky torches, lamps are gleaming
 Through the festal's wildering train;
 Ah! amid these faces scheming
 I am fastened by my chain,

Off, ridiculously merry!
 I mistrust your grinning spite:
 Each relentless adversary
 Presses nearer in the night.

Friend would here as foe waylay me, 350
 But I know the masking shapes;
 Yonder's one that wished to slay me,—
 Now, discovered, he escapes.

From the world I fain would wander
 Through whatever gate I find;
 But perdition threatens yonder,
 And the horror holds my mind.

HOPE. Good my sisters, I salute you!
 Though to-day already suit you,
 Masquerading thus demurely, 360
 Yet I know your purpose surely
 To reveal yourselves to-morrow.
 And if we, by torches lighted,
 Fail to feel a special pleasure,
 Yet in days of cheerful leisure,
 At our will, delight we'll borrow,
 Or alone or disunited

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Free through fairest pastures ranging,
 Rest and action interchanging,
 And in life no cares that fether 370
 Naught forgo, but strive for better.
 Welcome guests are all around us,
 Let us mingle with the rest!
 Surely, what is best hath found us,
 Or we'll somewhere find the best.

PRUDENCE.

Two of human foes, the greatest,
 Fear and Hope, I bind the faster,
 Thus to save you at the latest:
 Clear the way for me, then master.

I conduct the live colossus, 380
 Turret-crowned with weighty masses;
 And unweariedly he crosses,
 Step by step, the steepest passes.

But aloft the goddess planted,
 With her broad and ready pinions,
 Turns to spy where gain is granted
 Everywhere in Man's dominions

Round her all is bright and glorious;
 Splendour streams on all her courses:
 Victory is she—the victorious 390
 Goddess of all active forces.

ZOHIO-THERSIES. Ho! ho! I've hit the time of day.

You're all together bad, I say!
 But what appeared my goal to me
 Is she up there, Dame Victory.
 She, with her snowy wings spread out,
 Thinks she's an eagle, past a doubt;
 And, wheresoever she may stir,
 That land and folk belong to her;
 But when a famous thing is done 400
 I straightway put my harness on,
 To lift the low, the high upset,

The bent to straighten, bend the straight,—
That, only, gives my heart a glow,
And on this earth I'll have it so.

HERALD. Then take, thou beggar-cur, the blow,
'This magic baton's stroke of skill!—

So, twist and wriggle at thy will!
See how the double dwarfish ape
Rolls to a hideous ball in shape!—

410

A marvel! 'Tis an egg we view;
It puffs itself and cracks in two:
A pair of twins come forth to-day,
'The Adder and the Bat are they.
Forth in the dust one winds and creeps;
One darkly round the ceiling sweeps.
'They haste to join in company:
'The third therein I would not be!

MURMURS. Come! the dance is yonder gay.—

No! I would I were away.—

420

Feel'st thou how the phantom race
Flits about us in this place?—
Something whizzes past my hair.—
Round my feet I saw it faue.—
None of us are injured, though. --
But we all are frightened so. --
Wholly spoiled is now the fun.ⁿ --
Which the vermin wanted done.

HERALD. Since, as Herald, I am aiding

At your merry masquerading,
At the gate I'm watching, fearful
Lest within your revels cheerful
Something slips of evil savour;
And I neither shrink nor waver.

430

Yet, I fear, the airy spectres
Enter, baffling all detectors.
And from goblins that deceive you
I'm unable to relieve you.

First, the dwarf became suspicious;
Now a mightier pageant issuesⁿ

440

Yonder, and it is my duty
 To explain those forms of beauty:
 But the thing I comprehend not,
 How can I its meaning mention?
 Help me to its comprehension!
 'Through the crowd you see it wend not?
 Lo! a four-horse chariot wondrous,
 Hither drawn, the tumult sunders;
 Yet the crowd seems not to share in't—
 Nowhere is a crush apparent.
 Coloured lights, in distance dimmer,
 Motley stars around it shimmer;
 Magic lantern-like they glimmer.
 On it storms, as to assault.
 Clear the way! I shudder!

450

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Halt!

Steeds restrain the eager pinion,
 Own the bridle's old dominion,
 Check yourselves, as I desire you,
 Sweep away, when I inspire you!—
 Honour we these festal spaces!
 See, the fast increasing faces,
 Circles, full of admiration!
 Herald, come! and in thy fashion,
 Ere we take from here our glories,
 Name us, and describe and show us!
 For we're naught but allegories,
 Therefore 'tis thy place to know us.

460

HERALD. No, thy name from me is hidden,—
 Could describe thee, were I bidden.

BOY CHARIOTEER. Try it!

HERALD.

Granted, at the start, 470

Young and beautiful thou art, —
 A half-grown boy; and yet the woman-nature
 Would rather see thee in completed stature.
 To me thou seem'st a future fickle wooer,
 Changing the old betrayed love for a newer.
 BOY CHARIOTEER. Go on! So far 'tis very fine:

Make the enigma's gay solution thine!

HERALD. Black lightning of the eyes, the dark locks
glowing,

Yet bright with jewelled anadem,
And light thy robe as flower on stem, 480

From shoulder unto buskin flowing

With tinsel-braid and purple hem!

One for a maiden might surmise thee,

Yet, good or ill, as it might be,

The maids, e'en now, would take and prize thee:

They'd teach thee soon thy A B C.

BOY CHARIOTIER. And he, who like a splendid vision,
Sits proudly on the chariot's throne?

HERALD. He seems a king, of mien Elysian;

Blest those, who may his favour own! 490

No more has he to earn or capture;

His glance detects where aught's amiss,

And to bestow his perfect rapture

Is more than ownership and bliss.

BOY CHARIOTIER. 'Thou darest not at this point desist:
Describe him fully, I insist!

HERALD. But undescribed is Dignity.

The healthy, full-moon face I see,

The ample mouth, the cheeks that fresher

Shine out beneath his turban's pressure, 500

Rich comfort in the robe he's wearing,—

What shall I say of such a bearing?

He seems, as ruler, known to me.

BOY CHARIOTIER. Plutus, the God of Wealth, is he.

He hither comes in proud attire;

Much doth the Emperor him desire.

HERALD. Of thee the *What* and *How* declare to me!

BOY CHARIOTIER. I am Profusion, I am Poesy.

The Poet I, whose perfect crown is sent

When he his own best goods hath freely spent. 510

Yet, rich in mine unmeasured pelf,

Like Plutus I esteem myself:

I prank and cheer his festal show

And whatsoe'er he lacks bestow.

HERALD. Fresh charm to thee thy brag imparts,
But let us now behold thine arts!

BOY CHARIOTEER. Just see me fillip with my fingers!
What brilliance round the chariot lingers,
And there a string of pearls appears!

(Continuing to fillip and snap his fingers in all directions.)

'Take golden spangles for neck and ears, 520
Combs, and diadems free of flaw,
And jewelled rings as ne'er ye saw!
I also scatter flamelets bright,
Awaiting where they may ignite.

HERALD. How strives the crowd with eager longing,
Almost upon the giver thronging!

As in a dream he snaps the toys;
All catch and snatch with crush and noise.
But now new tricks have I detected:
What each has zealously collected 530
His trouble doth but poorly pay;
The gifts take wings and fly away.
The pearls are loosened from their band
And beetles crawl within his hand;
He shakes them off, and then instead,
Poor dolt, they hum around his head!
The other find their solid things
Are butterflies with gaudy wings.
How much the scamp to promise seems,
And only gives what golden gleams! 540

BOY CHARIOTEER. Masks to announce, I grant, thou'lt
worthy;

But 'neath the shell of Being to bestir thee
Is not a herald's courtly task:
A sharper sight for that we ask.

Yet every quarrel I evade;
To thee, my chief, be speech and question made!

(Turning to PLUTUS.) Didst thou not unto me confide

The tempest of the steeds I guide?

Canst thou not on my guidance reckon?

Am I not there, where thou dost beckon? 550

And have I not, on pinions boldest,
Conquered for thee the palm thou holdest?

When in thy battles I have aided,

I ever have been fortunate;

Thy brow when laurels decorate,

Have I not them with hand and fancy braided?

PLUTUS. If there be need that I bear witness now,

I'm glad to say: soul of my soul art thou!

Thine acts are always to my mind,

And thou the richer art, I find. 560

Thy service to reward, I hold

The green bough higher than my crowns of gold.

To all a true word spoken be:

Dear Son, I much delight in thee.

BOY CHARIOTEER (*to the Crowd*). The greatest gift my
hand flings out,

See! I have scattered round about.

On divers heads there glows the tongue

Of flame which I upon them flung,—

Leaps back and forth among the shapes,

On this remains, from that escapes, 570

But very seldom upward streams

In transient flush of mellow beams;

And unto many, ere they mark,

It is extinct and leaves them dark.

CHATTER OF WOMEN.

Upon the chariot that man

Is certainly a charlatan:

There, perched behind, the clown is seen,

From thirst and hunger grown so lean

As one ne'er saw him; if you'd pinch,

He hasn't flesh to feel and flinch. 580

THE STARVING.ⁿ Disgusting women, off! I know

That when I come, you'd have me go.

When woman fed her own hearth-flame,

Then *Avantia* was my name;

Then throve the household fresh and green,

For naught went out and much came in.

To chest and press I gave good heed,

And that you'd call a vice, indeed!

But since in latter years, the fact is,

Economy the wife won't practise, 590

And, like the host of spendthrift scholars,

Has more desires than she has dollars,

The husband much discomfort brooks,

For there are debts where'er he looks.

She spends what spoil she may recover

Upon her body, or her lover;

In luxury eats, and to excess

Drinks with the flirts that round her press;

For me that raises money's price:

Male is my gender, Avarice! 600

READER OF THE WOMEN. With dragons, mean may be
the dragon;

It's all, at best, but lying stuff!

He comes, the men to spur and egg on,

And now they're troublesome enough.

CROWD OF WOMEN.

The scarecrow! Knock him from the wagon!

What means the fag, to threaten here?

As if his ugly face we'd fear!

Of wood and pasteboard is each dragon:

Come on - his words shall cost him dear!

HERALD. Now, by my wand! Be still—let none
stir! 610

Yet for my help there's scarcely need;

See how each grim and grisly monster,

Clearing the space around with speed,

Unfolds his fourfold wings of dread!

The dragons shake themselves in anger,

With flaming throats, and scaly clangour;

The place is clear, the crowd has fled.

[PLUTUS descends from the chariot.

HERALD. How kingly comes he from above!

He beckons, and the dragons move;

And minted rolls are turning there,
And ducats jingle as they jump!—
O, how my heart begins to thump! —
All my desire I see, and more.
They're rolling now along the floor. --
'Tis offered you: don't be a dunce,
Stoop only, and be rich at once! --
Then, quick as lightning we, the rest,
Will take possession of the chest.

660

HERALD. What ails ye fools? What mean ye all?

'Tis but a joke of Carnival.

To-night be your desires controlled;

Think you we'd give you goods and gold?

Why, in this game there come to view

Too many counters even, for you.

A pleasant cheat, ye dolts! forsooth

You take at once for naked truth.

What's truth to you? Illusion bare

670

Surrounds and rolls you everywhere.

Thou Plutus-mask, Chief unrevealed,

Drive thou this people from the field!

PLUTUS. Thy wand thereto is fit and fice;

Lend it a little while to me!

I dip it in the fiery brew, --

Look out, ye maskers! all of you.

It shines, and snaps, and sparkles throws;

The burning wand already glows.

Who crowdeth on, too near to me,

680

Is burned and scorched relentlessly.--

And now my circuit I'll commence.

CRIES AND CROWDING.

Woe's me! We're lost—there's no defence!—

Let each one fly, if fly he can! --

Back! clear the way, you hindmost man!—

It sparkles fiercely in mine eyes.—

The burning wand upon me lies.—

We all are lost, we all are lost!—

Back, back! ye maskers, jammed and tossed!—

Back, senseless crowd, away from there!— 690

O, had I wings, I'd take the air.

PLUTUS. Now is the circle crowded back,

And none, I think, scorched very black.

The throng retires,

Scared by the fires.

As guaranty for ordered law,

A ring invisible I draw.

HERALD. A noble work, is thine, to-night:

I thank thy wisdom and thy might,

PLUTUS. Preserve thy patience, noble friend, 700

For many tumults yet impend.

AVARICE. Thus, if one pleases, pleasantly

May one survey this circle stately;

For, ever foremost, crowd the women greatly,

If aught to stare at, or to taste, there be.

Not yet entirely rusty are my senses!

A woman fair is always fair to me:

And since, to-day it makes me no expenses,

We'll go a courting confidently,

But in a place so populate 710

All words to every ear don't penetrate;

So, wisely I attempt, and hope success,

Myself by pantomime distinctly to express.

Hand, foot, and gesture will not quite suffice,

So I employ a jocular device.

Like clay will I the gold manipulate;

One may transform it into any state.

HERALD. What will the lean fool do? Has he,

So dry a starveling, humour? See,

He kneads the gold as it were dough! 720

Beneath his hands 'tis soft; yet though

He roll and squeeze it, for his pains

Disfigured still the stuff remains.

He turns to the women there, and they

All scream, and try to get away,

With gestures of disgust and loathing:

The ready rascal stops at nothing.

I fear he takes delight to see

He has offended decency.

I dare not silently endure it:

730

Give me my wand, that I may cure it!

PLUTUS. The danger from without he does not see:

Let him alone; his Fool's-hour fast is waning.

There'll be no space for his mad pranks remain-
ing;

Mighty is Law, mightier Necessity.

TUMULT AND SONG.

The savage hosts, with shout and hail,

From mountain-height and forest-vale

Come, irresistibly as Fate:

Their mighty Pan they celebrate.

They know, forsooth, what none can guess, 740

And in the empty circle press.

PLUTUS. I know you well, and your illustrious Pan!

Boldly together you've performed your plan.

Full well I know what every one does not,ⁿ

And clear for you, as duty bids, the spot.

Be Fortune still her favour lending!

The strangest things may here be bred:

They know not witherward they're wending,

Because they have not looked ahead.

SAVAGE SONG.

Furbished people, tinsel-stuff!

750

They're coming rude, they're coming rough;

In mighty leap, in wildest race,

Coarse and strong they take their place.

FAUNS. Fauns, pair on pan,

Come dancing down,

With oaken crown

On crispy hair;

The fine and pointed ear is seen,

Leaf-like, the clustering curls between:

A stubby nose, face broad and flat,

760

The women don't object to that;

For when his paw holds forth the Faun,

The fairest to the dance is drawn.

SATYR. See now, behind, the Satyr skip,
 With foot of goat, lean leg and hip,—
 Lean and sinewy must they be:
 For, chamois-like, on mountains he
 Loveth to stand or scamper free.
 Then, strong in freedom of the skies,
 Child, wife, and man doth he despise,
 Who, deep in the valley's smoke and steam
 That they live also, snugly dream;
 While pure and undisturbed, alone
 The upper world is all his own.

770

GNOMES. The little crowd comes tripping there;
 They don't associate pair by pair.

In mossy garb, with lantern bright,
 They move commingling, brisk and light,
 Each working on his separate ground,
 Like firefly-cemets swarming round;
 And press and gather here and there,
 Always industrious everywhere.

780

With the 'Good People' kin we own;
 • As surgeons of the rocks we're known,
 Cupping the mountains, bleeding them
 From fullest veins, depleting them
 Of store of metals, which we pile,
 And merrily greet: 'Good cheer!' the while.
 Well-meant the words, believe us, then!

We are the friends of all good men.

790

Yet we the stores of gold unscal
 That men may panden, pimp, and steal;
 Nor iron shall fail his haughty hand
 Who universal murder planned:
 And who these three Commandments breaks
 But little heed o' the others takes.

For that we're not responsible:

We're patient—be you, too, as well!

GIANTS. The wild men of the woods they're named,
 And in the Hartz are known and famed;

800

In naked nature's ancient might
 They come, each one a giant wight,
 With fir-tree trunk in brawny hand,
 Around the loins a puffy band,
 The merest apron of leaf and bough: -
 The Pope hath no such guards, I trow.ⁿ

NYMPHS IN CHORUS. (*They surround the great PAN.*)

He comes! We scan
 The world's great All,
 Whose part doth fall
 To mighty Pan.

810

Ye gayest ones, advance to him,
 Your maddest measure, dance to him!
 Since serious and kind is he,

He wills that we should joyous be,
 Under the blue, o'er-vaulting roof,
 Ever he seemeth slumber-proof:
 Yet murmurs of the brooks he knows.

And soft airs lull him to repose.
 At midday sleeping, o'er his brow
 The leaf is moveless on the bough:
 Of healthy buds the balsam there
 Pervades the still suspended air:
 The nymph no longer dares to leap,
 And where she stands, she falls asleep.

820

But when, all unexpected, he
 Maketh his voice heard terribly,
 Like rattling thunder, roar of wave,
 Then each one seeks himself to save;
 The serried ranks disperse in flight,
 The hero trembles in the fight.

830

Then honour to whom the honour is due,
 And hail to him who led us to you!

DEPUTATION OF GNOMES (*to the great PAN*).

When the rich possession, shining
 Through the rocks in thread and vein,
 To the skilful wand's divining
 Shows its labyrinthine chain,

We in vaults and caverns spacious,
 Troglodytes, contented bide:
 While in purest daylight, gracious,
 'Thou the treasures dost divide. 840

Now we see, wilt thou believe us,
 Here a wondrous fountain run,
 Promising with ease to give us
 What was hardly to be won.

Lo! It waits for thy attaining:
 'Then be moved to break the spell!
 All the wealth which thou art gaining
 Profits all the world as well.

PLUTUS (*to the HERALD*). We, in the highest sense, must
 be collected,
 And let what *may* come, come, though unex-
 pected. 850

Thy courage has not yet been counted short:
 The fearful thing we now shall see will try it;
 The world and History will both deny it,
 So write it faithfully in thy report!

HERALD. (*Grasping the wand which PLUTUS holds in his
 hand.*)

The dwarfs conduct the great Pan nigher,
 Yet gently, to the fount of fire.
 It bubbles from the throat profound,
 Then sinks, retreating, to the ground,
 And dark the open crater shows;
 And then again it boils and glows. 860
 Great Pan in cheerful mood stands by,
 Rejoiced the wondrous things to spy,
 And right and left the foam-pearls fly.
 How can he in the cheat confide?
 He bends and stoops, to look inside.—
 But now, behold! his beard falls in:
 Whose is that smoothly-shaven chin?
 His hand conceals it from our sight.
 What follows is a luckless plight;

PART II, ACT I, SCENE III

191

The beard, on fire, flies back to smite
His wreath and head and breast with flame:

870

To pain is turned the merry game.
They haste to quench the fire, but none
The swiftly-kindling flames can shun,
That flash and dart on other heads
Till wide the conflagration spreads:

Wrapped in the element, in turn
The masking groups take fire and burn.
But hark! what news is bruited here
From mouth to mouth, from ear to ear?

880

O evermore ill-fated night,
That brings to us such woe and blight!
To-morrow will proclaim to all
What no one wishes to befall,
For everywhere the cry I hear:

'The Emperor suffers pain severe!'

O were the proclamation wrong!

The Emperor burns and all his throng.

Accurst be they who him misled,

With resinous twigs on breast and head,

890

To rave and bellow hither so,

To general, fatal overthrow.

O Youth! O Youth! wilt never thou

Limit thy draught of joy, in season?—

O Majesty, wilt never thou,

Omnipotent, direct with reason?

The mimic woods enkindled are;

'The pointed tongues lick upward far

To where the rafters interlace:

A fiery doom hangs o'er the place.

900

Our cup of misery overflows,

For who shall save us no one knows.

The ash-heap of a night shall hide,

To-morrow, this imperial pride.

PLUTUS. Terror is enough created;ⁿ

Now be help inaugurated!

Smite, thou hallowed wand, and make

Earth beneath thee peal and quake!
 Thou, the spacious breadth of air,
 Cooling vapours breathe and bear! 910
 Hither speed, around us growing,
 Misty films and belts o'erflowing,
 And the fiery tumult tame!
 Trickle, whisper, clouds, be crisper,
 Roll in masses, softly drenching,
 Mantling everywhere, and quenching!
 Ye, the moist, the broadly bright'ning,
 Change to harmless summer lightning
 All this empty sport of flame! --
 When by spirits we're molested, 920
 Then be Magic manifested.

IV

PLEASURE-GARDEN^a

THE MORNING SUN

The EMPEROR, his Court, Gentlemen and Ladies: FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, becomingly, according to the mode, not showily dressed: both kneel.

FAUST. Sire, pardon'st thou the jugglery of flame?
 EMPEROR (*beckoning him to rise*). I wish more exhibitions of the same.
 A sudden stood I in a glowing sphere;
 It almost seemed as if I Pluto were.
 There lay like night, with little fires besprent,
 A rocky bottom. Out of many a vent,
 Whirling, a thousand savage flames ascended,
 Till in a single vault then streamers blended.
 The tongues even to the highest dome were shot,
 That ever was, and ever then was not. 10
 Through the far space of spiral shafts of flame
 The long processions of the people came;
 Crowding, till all the circle was o'errun,

They did me homage, as they've ever done.
Some from my Court I knew: to speak with candour,
A Prince I seemed o'er many a salamander.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That art thou, Sir! Because each
element

Fully accepts thy Majesty's intent.
Obedient Fire is tested now by thee:
Where wildest heaving, leap into the Sea, 20
And scarce the pearly floor thy foot shall tread,
A grand rotunda rises o'er thy head:
Thou seest the green, translucent billows swelling,
With purple edge, for thy delightful dwelling,
Round thee, the central point. Walk thou at will,
The liquid palaces go with thee still!
The very walls rejoice in life, disporting
In arrowy flight, in chasing and consorting:
Sea-marvels crowd around the glory new and fair,
Shoot from all sides, yet none can enter there. 30
There gorgeous dragons, golden-armoured, float;
There gapes the shark, thou laughest in his throat.
However much this Court thy pride may please,
Yet hast thou never seen such throngs as these.
Nor from the loveliest shalt thou long be parted;
The curious Nereids come, the wild, shy-hearted,
To thy bright dwelling in the endless waters,—
Timid and sly as fish the youngest daughters,
The elder cunning: Thetis hears the news
And will, at once, her second Peleus choose. 40
The seat, then, on Olympus high and free—

EMPEROR. The spaces of the air I leave to thee:

One all too early must ascend that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And Earth, high Prince! already is
thine own.

EMPEROR. What fortune brought thee here, for our
delights,

Directly from the One and Thousand Nights?

If thou like Scheherazade art rich in stories,

My favour shall insure thee higher glories.

Be ready always, when your world of day,
As often haps, disgusts me every way! 50

LORD HIGH STEWARD (*enters hastily*). Highness Screne,

I never dared expect
To trumpet forth a fortune so select
As this, supremely blessing me,
Which I announce with joy to thee:
Reckoning on reckoning's balanced squarely;
The usurer's claws are blunted rarely;
I'm from my hellish worry free:
Things can't in heaven more cheerful be.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF (*follows hastily*). Arrears of pay are
settled duly,

The army is enlisted newly; 60
The trooper's blood is all alive,
The landlords and the wenches thrive.

EMPEROR. How breathe your breasts in broader
spaces!

How cheerful are your furrowed faces!
How ye advance with nimble speed!

TREASURER (*appearing*). Ask these, 'tis they have done
the deed!

FAUST. It is the Chancellor's place the matter to
present.

CHANCELLOR (*who comes forward slowly*). In my old
days I'm blest, and most content.

So hear and see the fortune-freighted leaf
Which has transformed to happiness our grief. 70
[*He reads.*]

'To all to whom this cometh, be it known:
A thousand crowns in worth this note doth own.
It to secure, as certain pledge, shall stand
All buried treasure in the Emperor's land:
And 'tis decreed, perfecting thus the scheme,
The treasure, soon as raised, shall this redeem.'

EMPEROR. A most enormous cheat—a crime, I fear!
Who forged the Emperor's sign-manual here?
Has there not been a punishment condign?

TREASURER. Remember! Thou the note didst under-
sign; 80

Last night, indeed. Thou stood'st as mighty Pan,
And thus the Chancellor's speech, before thee, ran:
'Grant to thyself the festal pleasure, then
The People's good—a few strokes of the pen!
These didst thou give: they were, ere night retreated,
By skilful conjurers thousandfold repeated;
And, that a like advantage all might claim,
We stamped at once the series with thy name:
Tens, Thirties, Fifties, Hundreds, are prepared.
Thou canst not think how well the folk have fared. 90
Behold thy town, half-dead once, and decaying,
How all, alive, enjoying life, are straying!
Although thy name long since the world made glad,
Such currency as now it never had.

No longer needs the alphabet thy nation,
For in this sign each findeth his salvation.

EMPEROR. And with my people does it pass for gold?
For pay in court and camp, the notes they hold?

'Then I must yield, although the thing's amazing.

LORD HIGH STEWARD. 'Twas scattered everywhere, like
wild-fire blazing, 100

As currency, and none its course may stop.
A crowd surrounds each money-changer's shop,
And every note is there accepted duly
For gold and silver's worth—with discount, truly.
Thence is it spread to landlords, butchers, bakers.
One half the people feast as pleasure-takers;
In raiment new the others proudly go,—
The tradesmen cut their cloth, the tailors sew.
The crowd 'The Emperor's health!' in cellars wishes,
Midst cooking, roasting, rattling of the dishes. 110

MEPHISTOPHELES. If one along the lonely terrace stray,
He sees the lady, in superb array,
With brilliant peacock-fan before one eye;
A note she looks for, as she simpers by,
And readier than by wit or eloquence

Before Love's favour falls the last defence.

One is not plagued his purse or sack to carry;

Such notes one lightly in his bosom bears,

Or them with fond epistles neatly pairs:

The priest devoutly in his breviary 120

Bears his: the soldier would more freely trip,

And lightens thus the girdle round his hip.

Your Majesty will pardon, if my carriage

Seems as it might the lofty work disparage.

FAUST. The overplus of wealth, in torpor bound,

Which in thy lands lies buried in the ground,

Is all unused; nor boldest thought can measure

The narrowest boundaries of such a treasure.

Imagination, in its highest flight,

Exerts itself, but cannot grasp it quite; 130

Yet minds, that dare explore the secrets soundless,

In boundless things possess a faith that's boundless.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Such paper, stead of gold and
jewelry,

So handy is—one knows one's property:

One has no need of bargains or exchanges,

But drinks of love or wine, as fancy ranges.

If one needs coin, the brokers ready stand,

And if it fail, one digs awhile the land.

Goblet and chain, one then at auction sells,

And paper, liquidated thus, compels 140

The shame of doubters and their scornful wit.

The people wish naught else; they're used to it:

From this time forth, your borders, far and wide,

With jewels, gold, and paper are supplied.

EMPEROR. You've given our empire this prosperity;

The pay, then, equal to the service be!

The soil intrusted to your keeping, shall you

The best custodians be, to guard its value.

You know the hoards, well-kept, of all the land,

And when men dig, 'tis you must give command. 150

Unite then now, ye masters of our treasure,

This, your new dignity, to wear with pleasure,

And bring the Upper World, erewhile asunder,
In happiest conjunction with the Under.

TREASURER. No further strife shall shake our joint position:

I like to have as partner the magician.

[Exit with FAUST.]

EMPEROR. Man after man, the Court will I endow:

Let each confess for what he'll spend, and how!

PAGE (*receiving*). I'll lead a jolly life, enjoy good cheer.

A SECOND (*the same*). I'll buy at once some trinkets for my dear. 160

CHAMBERLAIN (*accepting*). Wines twice as good shall down my throat go trickling.

A SECOND (*the same*). I feel the dice within my pockets tickling.

KNIGHT BANNERET (*reflectively*). My lands and castle shall be free of debt.

ANOTHER (*the same*). I'll add to other wealth the wealth I get.

EMPEROR. I hoped the gifts to bolder deeds would beckon;

But he who knows you, knows whereon to reckon.

I see that, spite of all this treasure-burst,

You stay exactly as you were at first.

FOOL (*approaching*). You scatter favours: grant me also some!

EMPEROR. Thou'lt come to life? 'Twould go at once for rum. 170

FOOL. The magic leaves! I don't quite comprehend.

EMPEROR. That I believe; for them thou'lt badly spend.

FOOL. There others drop: I don't know what to do.

EMPEROR. Just pick them up! they fall to thy share, too. [Exit.]

FOOL. Five thousand crowns are mine? How unexpected!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Two-legged wine-skin, art thou resurrected?

FOOL. Much luck I've had, but like this never yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou'rt so rejoiced, it puts thee in a sweat.

FOOL. But look at this, is't money's-worth, indeed?

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Twill bring thee what thy throat
and belly need. 180

FOOL. And cattle can I buy, and house and land?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Of course! just make an offer once,
off-hand!

FOOL. Castle and wood, and chase, and fishing?

MEPHISTOPHELES. All!

I'd like upon your worship then to call,

FOOL. To-night as landed owner I shall sit. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*). Who now will doubt that this
our Fool has wit?

V

A GLOOMY GALLERYⁿ

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES. What wilt thou with me in this
gloomy gallery?

Is there not still enough of sport

There, in the crowded, motley Court,—

Not chance for tricks, and fun, and raillery?

FAUST. Don't tell me that!—In our old days the fun
of it

Didst thou wear out, and I'll have none of it.

Thy wandering here and there is planned

Just to evade what I demand.

But I'm tormented something to obtain;

The Marshal drives me, and the Chamberlain. 10

The Emperor orders, he will instantly

Helen and Paris here before him see,—

The model forms of Man and Woman, wearing,

Distinctly shown, their ancient shape and bearing.

Now to the work! I dare not break my word.

MEPHISTOPHELES. So thoughtlessly to promise was absurd.

FAUST. Thou hast not, comrade, well reflected
What comes of having used thy powers:
We've made him rich; 'tis now expected
That we amuse his idle hours.

20

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou deem'st the thing is quickly fixed:

Here before steeper ways we're standing;
With strangest spheres would'st thou be mixed,
And, sinful, addest new debts to the old,—
Think'st Helen will respond to thy commanding
As freely as the paper-ghosts of gold!
With witches'-riches and with spectre-pictures,
And changeling-dwarfs, I'll give no cause for strictures;

But Devil's-darlings, though you may not scold 'em,
You cannot quite as heroines behold 'em,

30

FAUST. The old hand-organ still I hear thee play!
From thee one always gets uncertain sense,
'The father, thou, of all impediments:
For every means thou askest added pay.
A little muttering and the thing takes place;
Ere one can turn, beside us here her shade is.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've no concern with the old heathen race;

They house within their special Hades.
Yet there's a way.

FAUST. Speak, nor delay thy history!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Unwilling, I reveal a loftier mystery.—

In solitude are throned the Goddesses,
No Space around them, Place and Time, still less;
Only to speak of them embarrasses,
They are THE MOTHERS!ⁿ

41

FAUST (*terrified*). Mothers!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hast thou dread?

FAUST. The Mothers! Mothers!—a strange word is said.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is so. Goddesses, unknown to ye,
The Mortals,—named by us unwillingly.
Delve in the deepest depths must thou, to reach
them:

'Tis thine own fault that we for help beseech them.

FAUST. Where is the way?

MEPHISTOPHELES. No way!—To the Unreachable, 50
No'er to be trodden! A way to the Unbeseechable,
Never to be besought! Art thou prepared?
There are no locks, no latches to be lifted;
Through endless solitudes shalt thou be drifted.
Hast thou through solitudes and deserts fared?

FAUST. I think 'twere best to spare such speeches;
They smell too strongly of the witches,
Of cheats that long ago ensnared.
Have I not known all earthly vanities?
Learned the inane, and taught inanities? 60
When as I felt I spake, with sense as guide,
A contradiction doubly shrill replied:
Enforced by odious tricks, have I not fled
To solitudes and wildernesses dread,
And that I might not live alone unheeded,
Myself at last unto the Devil deeded!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And hadst thou swum to farthest
verge of ocean,
And there the boundless space beheld,
Still hadst thou seen wave after wave in motion,
Even though impending doom thy fear compelled. 70
Thou hadst seen something,—in the beryl dim
Of peace-lulled seas the sportive dolphins swim;
Hadst seen the flying clouds, sun, moon, and star:
Naught shalt thou see in endless Void afar,—
Not hear thy footstep fall, nor meet
A stable spot to rest thy feet.

FAUST. Thou speak'st, as of all mystagogues the chief,
Who e'er brought faithful neophytes to grief;
Only reversed:—I to the Void am sent,
That Art and Power therein I may augment: 80

To use me like the cat is thy desire,
To scratch for thee the chestnuts from the fire.
Come on, then! we'll explore, whate'er befall;
In this, thy Nothing, may I find my All!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'll praise thee, ere we separate: I
see

Thou knowest the Devil thoroughly.

Here, take this key!ⁿ

FAUST. That little thing?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Take hold of it, not undervaluing!

FAUST. It glows, it shines,—increases in my hand!

MEPHISTOPHELES. How much 'tis worth, thou soon
shalt understand. 90

The Key will scent the true place from all others:

Follow it down!—'twill lead thee to the Mothers.

FAUST (*shuddering*). The Mothers! Like a blow it
strikes me still!

What is the word, to hear which makes me chill?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Art thou so weak, disturbed by each
new word?

Wilt only hear what thou'st already heard?

To wondrous things art thou so used already,

Let naught, howe'er it sound, make thee unsteady!

FAUST. Nathless in torpor lies no good for me;

The chill of dread is Man's best quality. 100

Though from the feeling oft the world may fend us,

Deeply we feel, once smitten, the Tremendous.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Descend, then! I could also say:
Ascend!

'Twere all the same. Escape from the Created

To shapeless forms in liberated spaces!

Enjoy what long ere this was dissipated!

There whirls the press, like clouds on clouds unfold-
ing;

Then with stretched arm swing high the key thou'rt
holding!

FAUST (*inspired*). Good! grasping firmly, fresher
'strength I win:

My breast expands, let the great work begin! 110
 MEPHISTOPHELES. At last a blazing tripod tells thee this,
 That there the utterly deepest bottom is.
 Its light to thee will then the Mothers show,
 Some in their seats, the others stand or go,
 At their own will: Formation, Transformation,
 The Eternal Mind's eternal recreation,
 Forms of all creatures,—there are floating free.
 They'll see thee not; for only wraiths they see.
 So pluck up heart,—the danger then is great,—
 Go to the tripod ere thou hesitate, 120
 And touch it with the key!

[FAUST, with the key, assumes a decidedly commanding
 attitude, MEPHISTOPHELES, observing him.

So, that is right!

It will adhere, and follow thee to light.
 Composedly mounting, by thy luck upborne,
 Before they notice it, shalt thou return.
 When thou the tripod hither hast conveyed,
 Then call the hero, heroine, from the shade,—
 The first that ever such a deed perfected:
 'Tis done, and thou thereto hast been selected.
 For instantly, by magic process warned,
 To gods the incense-mist shall be transformed. 130
 FAUST. What further now?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Downward thy being strain!
 Stamp and descend, stamping thou'lt rise again.

[FAUST stamps, and sinks out of sight.

If only, by the key, he something learn!
 I'm curious to see if he return.

VI

BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED HALLS

EMPEROR AND PRINCES. THE COURT IN MOVEMENT
 CHAMBERLAIN (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES). The spirit-scene
 you've promised, still you owe us!
 Our Lord's impatient; come, the phantasm show us!

LORD HIGH STEWARD. Just now His Gracious Self did question me:

Delay not, nor offend His Majesty!

MEPHISTOPHELES. My comrade's gone to set the work in motion;

How to begin, he has the proper notion.

In secret he the charms must cull,

Must labour with a fervour tragic:

Who would that treasure lift, the Beautiful,

Requires the highest Art, the sage's Magic. 10

LORD HIGH STEWARD. What arts you need, is all the same to me;

'The Emperor wills that you should ready be.

A BLONDE (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES). One word, Sir! Here you see a visage fair,—

In sorry summer I another wear!

'There sprout a hundred brown and reddish freckles,
And vex my lily skin with ugly speckles.

A cure!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis pity! Shining fair, yet smitten,—
Spotted, when May comes, like a panther-kitten!

Take frog-spawn, tongues of toads, which cohobate,
Under the full moon deftly distillate, 20

And, when it wanes, apply the mixture:

Next spring, the spots will be no more a fixture.

A BRUNETTE. To sponge upon you, what a crowd's advancing!

I beg a remedy: a frozen foot

Annoys me much, in walking as in dancing;

And awkwardly I manage to salute.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A gentle kick permit, then, from my foot!

THE BRUNETTE. Well,—that might happen when the two are lovers.

MEPHISTOPHELES. My kick a more important meaning covers:

Similia similibus, when one is sick. 30

The foot cures foot, each limb its hurt can palliate;

Come near! Take heed! and, pray you, don't retaliate!

THE BRUNETTE (*screaming*). Oh! oh! it stings! That was a fearful kick,
Like hoof of horse.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But it has cured you, quick.
To dance whene'er you please, you now are able;
To press your lover's foot, beneath the table.

LADY (*pressing forwards*). Make room for me! Too great is my affliction,
My tortures worse than those described in fiction:
His bliss, till yesterday, was in *my* glances,
But now he turns his back, and spins with *her*
romances! 40

MEPHISTOPHELES. The matter's grave, but listen unto me!

Draw near to him with gentle, soft advances;
Then take this coal and mark him stealthily
On mantle, shoulder, sleeve,—though ne'er so slight,
Yet penitent at once his heart will be.
The coal thereafter you must straightway swallow,
And let no sip of wine or water follow:
He'll sigh before your door this very night.

THE LADY. It is not poison, sure?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offended*). Respect, where it is due!
'To get such coals, you'd travel many a mile: 50
They're from the embers of a funeral pile,
The fires whereof we once more hotly blew.

PAGE. I love, yet still am counted adolescent.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). I know not whom to listen to, at present.

(*To the Page*.) Let not the younger girls thy fancies fetter;

Those well in years know how to prize thee better.—
[*Others crowd around him.*]

Already others? 'Tis a trial, sooth!

I'll help myself, at last, with naked truth—

The worst device!—so great my misery.

O Mothers! Mothers! let but Faust go free! 60

[*Gazing around him.*]

The lights are burning dimly in the hall,
The Court is moving onward, one and all:
I see them march, according to degrees,
Through long arcades and distant galleries.
Now they assemble in the ample space
Of the Knights' Hall; yet hardly all find place.
The breadth of walls is hung with arras rich,
And armour gleams from every nook and niche.
Here, I should think, there needs no magic word:
The ghosts will come, and of their own accord. 70

VII

HALL OF THE KNIGHTS, DIMLY LIGHTED

(*The Emperor and Court have entered.*)

HERALD. Mine ancient office, to proclaim the action,
Is by the spirits' secret influence thwarted:
One tries in vain; such wildering distraction
Can't be explained, or reasonably reported.
The chairs are ranged, the seats are ready all:
The Emperor sits, fronting the lofty wall,
Where on the tapestry the battles he
Of the great era may with comfort see.
Here now are all—Prince, Court, and their belong-
ing,
Benches on benches in the background thronging; 10
And lovers, too, in these dim hours enchanted,
Beside their loved ones lovingly are planted.
And now, since all have found convenient places,
We're ready: let the spirits show their faces!

[*Trumpets.*]

ASTROLOGER. Begin the Drama! 'Tis the Sire's com-
mand:

Ye walls, be severed straightway, and expand!
 Naught hinders; magic answers our desire:
 The arras flies, as shrivelled up by fire;
 The walls are split, unfolded: in the gloom
 A theatre appears to be created: 20
 By mystic light are we illuminated,
 And I ascend to the proscenium.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*rising to view in the prompter's box*). I
 hope to win, as prompter, general glory;
 For prompting is the Devil's oratory.
 (*To the Astrologer*). Thou know'st the tune and time
 the stars that lead;

Thou wilt my whispers like a master heed.

ASTROLOGER. By power miraculous, we here behold
 A massive temple of the days of old.
 Like Atlas, who crewhule the heavens upbore,
 The serried columns stand, an ample store: 30
 Well may they for the weight of stone suffice,
 Since two might bear a mighty edifice.

ARCHITECT. That the antique? As fine it can't be
 rated;

I'd sooner style it awkward, over-weighted.
 Coarse is called noble, and unwieldy, grand:
 Give me the slender shafts that soar, expand!
 To lift the mind, a pointed arch may boast;
 Such architecture edifies us most.

ASTROLOGER. Receive with reverence the star-granted
 hours;

Let magic words bind Reason's restless powers, 40
 But in return unbind, to circle free,
 The wings of splendid, daring Phantasy!
 What you have boldly wished, see now achieved!
 Impossible 'tis—therefore to be believed.

[FAUST *risés to view on the other side of the proscenium*.
 In priestly surplice, crowned, a marvellous man,
 He now fulfils what he in faith began.
 With him, a tripod from the gulf comes up:
 I scent the incense-odours from the cup.

He arms himself, the work to consecrate,
And henceforth it can be but fortunate. 50

FAUST (*sublimely*). Ye Mothers, in your name, who set
your throne

In boundless Space, eternally alone,

And yet companioned! All the forms of Being,

In movement, lifeless, ye are round you seeing.

Whate'er once was, there burns and brightens free

In splendour— for't would fain eternal be;

And ye allot it with all-potent might,

To Day's pavilions and the vaults of Night.

Life seizes some, along his gracious course;

Others arrests the bold Magician's force; 60

And he, bestowing as his faith inspires,

Displays the Marvellous, that each desires.

ASTROLOGER. The glowing key has scarcely touched
the cup,

And lo! through all the space, a mist rolls up:

It creeps about, and like a cloudy train,

Spreads, rounding, narrowing, parting, closed again,

And now, behold a spirit master-piece!

Music is born, from every wandering fleece.

The tones of air, I know not how they flow;

Where'er they move all things melodious grow. 70

The pillared shaft, the triglyph even rings:

I think, indeed, the whole bright temple sings.

The vapours settle; as the light film clears,

A beauteous youth, with rhythmic step appears.

Here ends my task; his name I need not tell:

Who doth not know the gentle Paris well?

LADY. O, what a youthful bloom and strength I see!

A SECOND. Fresh as a peach, and full of juice, is he!

A THIRD. The finely drawn, the sweetly swelling lip!

A FOURTH. From such a cup, no doubt, you'd like to
sip? 80

A FIFTH. He's handsome, if a little unrefined.

A SIXTH. He might be somewhat gracefuller, to my
'mind.

KNIGHT. The shepherd I detect; I find him wearing
No traces of the Prince, or courly bearing.

ANOTHER. O, yes! half-naked is the youth not bad;
But let us see him first in armour clad!

LADY. He seats himself, with such a gentle grace!

KNIGHT. You'd find his lap, perchance, a pleasant
place?

ANOTHER. He lifts his arm so lightly o'er his head.

CHAMBERLAIN. 'Tis not allowed: how thoroughly ill-
bred! 90

LADY. You lords find fault with all things evermore.

CHAMBERLAIN. To stretch and yawn before the Em-
peror!

LADY. He only acts: he thinks he's quite alone.

CHAMBERLAIN. Even the play should be politely shown.

LADY. Now sleep falls on the graceful youth so sweetly.

CHAMBERLAIN. Now will he snore: 'tis natural, com-
pletely!

YOUNG LADY. Mixed with the incense-steam, what
odour precious

Steals to my bosom, and my heart refreshes?

OLDER LADY. Forsooth, it penetrates and warms the
feeling!

It comes from him.

OLDEST LADY. His flower of youth, unscaling, 100

It is: Youth's fine ambrosia, ripe, unfading,

The atmosphere around his form pervading.

(Helena comes forward.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. So, that is she? My sleep she would
not waste:

She's pretty, truly, but she's not my taste.

ASTROLOGER. There's nothing more for me to do, I
throw;

As man of honour, I confess it now.

The Beauty comes, and had I tongues of fire,—

So many songs did Beauty e'er inspire,—

Who sees her, of his wits is dispossessed,

And who possessed her was too highly blessed. 110

- FAUST. Have I still eyes? Deep in my being springs
The fount of Beauty, in a torrent pouring!
A heavenly gain my path of terror brings.
The world was void, and shut to my exploring,—
And, since my priesthood, how hath it been graced!
Enduring 'tis, desirable, firm-based.
And let my breath of being blow to waste,
If I for thee unlearn my sacred duty!
The form, that long erewhile my fancy captured,ⁿ
That from the magic mirror so enraptured, 120
Was but a frothy phantom of such beauty!
'Tis Thou, to whom the stir of all my forces,
The essence of my passion's courses,—
Love, fancy, worship, madness,—here I render!
- MEPHISTOPHELES (*from the box*). Be calm! you lose
your role, to be so tender!
- OLDER LADY. Tall and well-formed! Too small the
head, alone.
- YOUNGER LADY. Just see her foot! A heavier ne'er was
shown.
- DIPLOMATIST. Princesses of her style I've often seen:
From head to foot she's beautiful, I ween.
- COURTIER. She near the sleeper steals, so soft and sly.
- LADY. How ugly, near that youthful purity! 131
- POET. Her beauty's light is on him like a dawn.
- LADY. Endymion and Luna—as they're drawn!
- POET. Quite right! The yielding goddess seems to
sink,
And o'er him bend, his balmy breath to drink.
Enviably fate—a kiss!—the cup is full!
- DUENNA. Before all people!—that is more than cool.
- FAUST. A fearful favour to the boy!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Be still!
Suffer the shade to do whate'er it will!
- COURTIER. She slips away, light-footed: he awakes. 140
- LADY. Just as I thought! Another look she takes.
- COURTIER. He stares: what haps, to him a marvel is.
- LADY. But none to her, what she before her sees!

COURTIER. She turns around to him with dignity.

LADY. I see, she means to put him through his paces:

All men, in such a case, act stupidly,

Then, too, he thinks that first he's won her graces.

KNIGHT. Majestically fine!—She pleases me.

LADY. The courtesan! How very vulgar she!

PAGE. Just where he is, is where I'd like to be! 150

COURTIER. Who would not fain be caught in such sweet meshes?

LADY. Through many a hand hath passed that jewel precious;

The gilding, too, is for the most part gone.

ANOTHER. She has been worthless from her tenth year on.

KNIGHT. Each takes the best that chance for him obtains;

I'd be contented with these fair remains.

A LEARNED MAN. I freely own, though I distinctly see,
'Tis doubtful if the genuine one she be.

The Present leads us to exaggeration,

And I hold fast the written, old relation. 160

I read that, truly, ere her bloom was blighted,

The Trojan gray-beards greatly she delighted.

And here, methinks, it tallies perfectly:

I am not young, yet she delighteth me.

ASTROLOGER. No more a boy! A bold, heroic form,

He clasps her, who can scarce resist the storm.

With arm grown strong he lifts her high and free:

Means he to bear her off?

FAUST. Rash fool, let be!

'Thoudar'st? Thou hear'st not? Hold!—I'll be obeyed.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The spectral drama thou thyself
hast made! 170

ASTROLOGER. A word more! After all we've seen to-day,

I call the piece: *The Rape of Helena*.

FAUST. What! Rape? Am I for nothing here? To
stead me,

Is not this key still shining in my hand?
 Through realms of terror, wastes, and waves it led me,
 Through solitudes, to where I firmly stand.
 Here foothold is! Realities here centre!
 The strife with spirits here the mind may venture,
 And on its grand, its double lordship enter!
 How far she was, and nearer, how divine! 180
 I'll rescue her, and make her doubly mine.
 Ye Mothers! Mothers! crown this wild endeavour!
 Who knows her once must hold her, and for ever!

ASTROLOGER. What art thou doing, Faust? O, look at him!

He seizes her: the form is growing dim.

He turns the key against the youth, and, lo!

It touches him—Woe's me! Away now! Woe on woe!

[*Explosion. FAUST lies upon the earth. The Spirits dissolve in vapour.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking FAUST upon his shoulders*). You have it now! One's self with fools to hamper,
 At last even on the Devil puts a damper.

Darkness. Tumult

ACT II

I

A HIGH-ARCHED, NARROW, GOTHIC
 CHAMBER, FORMERLY FAUST'S,
 UNCHANGED

MEPHISTOPHELES (*coming forth from behind a curtain. While he holds it up and looks behind him, FAUST is seen lying stretched out upon an antiquated bed*):

Lie there, ill-starred! seduced, unwise,

To bonds that surely hold the lover!

Whom Helena shall paralyse

Not soon his reason will recover.

[*Looking around him.*]

I look about, and through the glimmer
 Unchanged, uninjured, all appears:
 The coloured window-panes, methinks, are dimmer,
 The cobwebs have increased with years.
 The ink is dry, the paper old and brown,
 But each thing in its place I find: 10
 Even the quill is here laid down,
 Wherewith his compact with the Devil he signed.
 Yea, deeper in, the barrel's red
 With trace of blood I coaxed him then to shed.
 A thing so totally unique
 The great collectors would go far to seek.
 Half from its hook the old fur-robe is falling,
 That ancient joke of mine recalling,
 How once I taught the boy such truth
 As still, it may be, nourishes the youth. 20
 The wish returns, with zest acuter,
 Aided by thee, thou rough disguise,
 Once more to take on airs as college tutor,
 As one infallible in one's own eyes.
 The *savans* this assurance know:
 The Devil lost it, long ago!
 [*He shakes the fur which he has taken down: moths,*
crickets, and beetles fly out.]

CHORUS OF INSECTS

Welcome, and hail to thee!
 Patron, to-day:
 We're flying and humming,
 We hear and obey. 30
 Singly and silently
 Us thou hast sown;
 Hither, by thousands,
 Father, we've flown.
 The imp in the bosom
 Is snugly concealed;
 But lice in the fur-coat
 Are sooner revealed.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What glad surprise I feel, from this
young life bestowed!

One reaps in time, if one has only sowed. 40

Once more I'll shake the ancient fleeces out:

Still here and there a chance one flies about —

Off, and around! in hundred thousand nooks

Hasten to hide yourselves—among the books,

There, in the pasteboard's wormy holes,

Here, in the smoky parchment scrolls,

In dusty jars, that broken lie,

And yonder skull with empty eye.

In all this trash and mould unmatched,

Crotchets forever must be hatched.¹¹ 50

[He puts on the fur-mantle.]

Come, once again upon my shoulders fall!

Once more am I the Principal.

But 'tis no good to ape the college;

For where are those who will my claim acknowledge?

[He pulls the bell which gives out a shrill, penetrating sound, causing the halls to tremble and the doors to fly open.]

FAMULUS (*tottering hither down the long, dark gallery*).

What a sound! What dreadful quaking!

Stairs are rocking, walls are shaking;

Through the coloured windows brightening

I behold the sudden lightning;

Floors above me crack and rumble,

Lime and lumber round me tumble, 60

And the door, securely bolted,

Is by magic force unfolded.—

There! How terrible! a Giant

Stands in Faust's old fur, defiant!

As he looks, and beckons thither,

I could fall, my senses wither.

Shall I fly, or shall I wait?

What, O what shall be my fate!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*beckoning*). Come hither, Friend!

Your name is Nicodemus.

FAMULUS. Most honoured Sir, such is my name—
*Oremus!*ⁿ 70

MEPHISTOPHELES. Dispense with that!

FAMULUS. O joy, you know me yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Old, and a student still,—I don't
 forget,

Most mossy Sir! Also a learned man

Continues study, since naught else he can.

'Tis thus one builds a moderate house of cards;

The greatest minds ne'er end them, afterwards.

Your master is a skilful fellow, though:

The noble Doctor Wagner all must know.

The first in all the learned world is he,

Who now together holds it potently, 80

Wisdom increasing, daily making clearer.

How thirst for knowledge listener and hearer!

A mighty crowd around him flocks.

None for the rostrum e'er were meeter:

The keys he holds as doth Saint Peter,

The Under and the Upper he unlocks.

His light above all others sparkles surer,

No name or fame beside him lives:

Even that of Faust has grown obscurer.

'Tis he alone invents and gives. 90

FAMULUS. Pardon, most honoured Sir! if I am daring

To contradict you, in declaring

All that upon the subject has no bearing;

For modesty is his allotted part.

The incomprehensible disappearing

Of that great man to him is most uncheering;

From his return he hopes new strength and joy of
 heart.

As in the days of Doctor Faust, the room,

Since he's away, all things unchanged,

Waits for its master, long estranged. 100

To venture in, I scarce presume.—

What stars must govern now the skies!

It seemed as if the basements quivered;

The door-posts trembled, bolts were shivered:

You had not entered, otherwise.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Where may his present dwelling be?

Lead me to him! Bring him to me!

FAMULUS. His prohibition is so keen!

I do not dare to intervene.

For months, his time unto the great work giving,

In most secluded silence he is living. 111

The daintiest of distinguished learners,

His face is like a charcoal-burner's,

From nose to ears all black and deadened:

His eyes from blowing flames are reddened:

Thus he, each moment, pants and longs,

And music make the clattering tongs.

MEPHISTOPHELES. An entrance why should he deny me?

I'll expedite his luck, if he'll but try me!ⁿ

[*The FAMULUS goes off: MEPHISTOPHELES seats himself with great gravity.*]

Scarce have I taken my position here, 120

When there, behind. I see a guest appear

I know him; he is of the school new-founded,

And his presumption will be quite unbounded.

BACCALAUREUS (*storming along the corridor*).

Doors and entrances are open!

Well,—at last there's ground for hoping

That no more, in mouldy lumber,

Death-like, doth the Living slumber,

To himself privations giving,

Till he dies of very living!

All this masonry, I'm thinking, 130

To its overthrow is sinking;

And, unless at once we hurry,

Us will crash and ruin bury.

Daring though I be, 'twere murder

Should I dare to venture further.

What is that I see before me?

Here, (what years have since rolled o'er me!)

Shy and unsophisticated,
 I as honest freshman waited:
 Here I let the gray-beards guide me, 140
 Here their babble edified me!

Out of dry old volumes preaching,
 What they knew, they lied in teaching;
 What they knew, themselves believed not,
 Stealing life, that years retrieved not.
 What! -- in yonder cell benighted
 One still sits, obscurely lighted!

Nearer now, I see, astounded,
 Still he sits, with furs surrounded,--
 Truly, as I saw him last, 150
 Roughest fleeces round him cast!
 Then adroit he seemed to be,
 Not yet understood by me:
 But to-day 'twill naught avail him--
 O, I'll neither fear nor fail him!

If, ancient Sir, that bald head, sideways bending,
 Hath not been dipped in Lethe's river cold,
 See, hitherward, your grateful scholar wending,
 Outgrown the academic rods of old.
 You're here, as then when I began; 160
 But *I* am now another man.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'm glad my belly your visit brought me.
 Your talents, then, I rated high;
 The worm, the chrysalid soon taught me
 The future brilliant butterfly.
 Your curly locks and ruffle-laces
 A childish pleasure gave; you wooed the graces.
 A queue, I think, you've never worn?
 But now your head is cropped and shorn.
 Quite bold and resolute you appear. 170
 But don't go, *absolute*, home from here!ⁿ

BACCALAUREUS. Old master, in your old place leaning,
 Think how the time has sped, the while!
 Spare me your words of double meaning!

We take them now in quite another style.
You teased and vexed the honest youth;
You found it easy then, in truth,
To do what no one dares, to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If to the young the simple truth we say,
The green ones find it nowise pleasant play; 180
But afterwards, when years are over,
And they the truth through their own hide discover,
Then they conceive, themselves have found it out:
'The master was a fool!' one hears them shout.

BACCALAUREUS. A rogue, perhaps! What teacher will
declare

The truth to us, exactly fair and square?
Each knows the way to lessen or exceed it,
Now stern, now lively, as the children need it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Beyond a doubt, there is a time to
learn;

But you are skilled to teach, I now discern. 190
Since many a moon, some circles of the sun,
The riches of experience you have won.

BACCALAUREUS. Experience! mist and froth alone!

Nor with the mind at all coequal:
Confess, what one has always known
Is not worth knowing, in the sequel!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after a pause*). It's long seemed so to
me. I was a fool:

My shallowness I now must ridicule.

BACCALAUREUS. I'm glad of that! I hear some reason
yet—

The first old man of sense I ever met! 200

MEPHISTOPHELES. I sought for hidden treasures, grand
and golden,

And hideous coals and ashes were my share.

BACCALAUREUS. Confess that now your skull, though
bald and olden,

Is worth no more than is yon empty, there!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*amiably*). Know'st thou, my friend,
how rude thou art to me?

BACCALAUREUS. One lies, in German, would one courteous be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*wheeling his chair still nearer to the proscenium, to the spectators*).

Up here am I deprived of light and air:

Shall I find shelter down among you there?

BACCALAUREUS. It is presumptuous, that one will try Still to be something, when the time's gone by. 210

Man's life lives in his blood, and where, in sooth,

So stirs the blood as in the veins of youth?

'There living blood in freshest power pulsates,

And newer life from its own life creates.

'Then something's done, then moves and works the man;

The weak fall out, the sturdy take the van.

While half the world beneath *our* yoke is brought,

What, then, have you accomplished? Nodded—thought—

Dreamed, and considered—plan, and always plan!

Age is an ague-fever, it is clear, 220

With chills of moody want and dread;

• When one has passed his thirtieth year,

One then is just the same as dead.ⁿ

'Twere best, betimes, to put you out o' the way.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'The Devil, here, has nothing more to say.

BACCALAUREUS. Save through my will, no Devil can there be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). The Devil, though, will trip thee presently!

BACCALAUREUS. This is Youth's noblest calling and most fit!

The world was not, ere I created it;

The sun I drew from out the orient sea; 230

The moon began her changeful course with me;

The Day put on his shining robes, to greet me;

The Earth grew green, and burst in flower to meet me,

And when I beckoned, from the primal night
 The stars unveiled their splendours to my sight.
 Who, save myself, to you deliverance brought
 From commonplaces of restricted thought?
 I, proud and free, even as dictates my mind,
 Follow with joy the inward light I find,
 And speed along, in mine own ecstasy, 240
 Darkness behind, the Glory leading me!

[Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Go hence, magnificent Original!—

What grief on thee would insight cast!
 Who can think wise or stupid things at all,
 'That were not thought already in the Past?
 Yet even from him we're not in special peril;
 He will, ere long, to other thoughts incline:
 The must may foam absurdly in the barrel,
 Nathless it turns at last to wine.
 (*To the younger parterre, which does not applaud.*)
 My words, I see, have left you cold; 250
 For you, my children, it may fall so:
 Consider now, the Devil's old;
 To understand him, be old also!

II

LABORATORY

*After the manner of the Middle Ages; extensive, ponderous
 apparatus for fantastic purposes.*

WAGNER (*at the furnace*). The loud bell chimes with
 fearful clangour,
 The sooty walls feel the vibration;
 Soon must the long suspense be ended
 Of my most earnest expectation.
 It shines, the darknesses are rended:
 Within the phial's inmost chamber
 It gleams, as doth a living ember,—
 Yea, a carbuncle, burning, bright'ning,

It rays the darkness with its lightning.
 Now white and clear the lustres blend! 10
 O that I hold, nor lose it more!
 Ah, God! what rattles at the door?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*). Welcome! I mean it as a friend.

WAGNER (*anxiously*). Be welcome to the planet of the hour!

(*Whispering*.) Yet breath and speech suspend! A work of power,

A splendid work, will soon be here displayed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*whispering*). What is it, then?

WAGNER (*whispering*). A man is being made.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A man? And what enamoured pair
 Have you within the chimney hidden?

WAGNER. Nay, God forbid! This procreation is most rare: 20

Of the old, senseless mode we're now well ridden.
 The tender point, whence Life commenced its course,
 The outward stress of gracious inward force,
 Which took and gave, itself delineating,
 First near, then foreign traits assimilating,
 We now of all its dignity divest:
 The beast therein may further find a zest,
 But Man must learn, with his great gifts, to win
 Henceforth a purer, loftier origin.

[*Turning towards the furnace.*]

It brightens,—see! Sure, now, my hopes increase
 That if, from many hundred substances, 31
 Through mixture—since on mixture all depends—
 The human substance gently be compounded,
 And by a closed retort surrounded,
 Distilled, and fed, and slowly founded,
 Then in success the secret labour ends.

[*Again turning towards the furnace.*]

'Twill be! the mass is working clearer!
 Conviction gathers, truer, nearer!
 The mystery which for Man in Nature lies

We dare to test, by knowledge led: 40
And that which she was wont to organize
We crystallize, instead.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Who lives, learns many secrets to
unravel;

For him, upon this earth, there's nothing new can be:
I've seen already, in my years of travel,
Much crystallized humanity.

WAGNER (*up to this time continuously attentive to the phial*).

It mounts, it lightens, grows,—'tis won!
A moment more, and it is done!
Insane, at first, appears a great intent;
We yet shall laugh at chance in generation; 50
A brain like this, for genuine thinking meant,
Will henceforth be a thinker's sure creation.

[*Rapturously inspecting the phial.*]

The glass vibrates with sweet and powerful tone;
It darkens, clears: it *must* arrive at being!
And now in delicate shape is shown
A pretty manikin, moving, living, seeing!
What more can we, what more the world demand?
The secret, solved, all men may reach:
Hark! as the ringing tones expand,
'They form a voice, result in speech. 60

HOMUNCULUSⁿ (*in the phial, to WAGNER*). How goes it,
Daddy? It was then no jest!

Come, press me tenderly upon thy breast!
But not too hard, for fear the glass might shatter!
This is the quality of matter:
For what is natural, scarce the world has place;
What's artificial, needs restricted space.
(*To MEPHISTOPHELES.*) 'Thou rogue, Sir Cousin! here I
find thee, too?

And at the proper time! My thanks are due:
A lucky fortune led thee here to me;
Since I exist, then I must active be. 70
I'd fain begin my work without delay:
Thou art adroit in shortening my way.

WAGNER. But first, a word! I'm shamed that answers fail me;

For old and young with problems so assail me.
Now, for example, none e'er comprehended
How soul and body wedded are and blended,—
Hold fast, as if defying separation,
Yet never cease their mutual irritation.
Therefore—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Desist! I'd rather ask him why
The man and wife agree so wretchedly. 80

To thee, my friend, the thing will ne'er be clear:
There's work to do: for that the little fellow's here.

ROMUNCULUS. What's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to a side-door*). Thy talents here employ!

WAGNER (*still gazing at the phial*). Forsooth, thou art the very loveliest boy!

[*The side-door opens: FAUST is seen stretched out upon a couch.*

ROMUNCULUS (*astonished*). Significant!—

[*The phial slips out of WAGNER's hands, hovers over FAUST, and shines upon him.*

Fair scenery!ⁿ—Waters, moving

In forest shadows: women there, undressing,
The loveliest forms!—the picture is improving.
One, marked by beauty, splendidly expressing
Descent from Gods or high heroic races,
Now dips her foot in the translucent shimmer: 90
The living flame of her sweet form displaces
The yielding crystal, cool around the swimmer.
But what a sound of wings! What rapid dashing
Across the glassy pool, what fluttering, spashing!
The maidens fly, alarmed; but only she,
The queen, looks on, composed and terror-free,
And sees with proud and womanly delight
The swan-prince press her knee with plumage white,
Importunately tame: he grows acquainted.—
But all at once floats up a vapour pale, 100

And covers with its closely-woven veil
The loveliest picture ever dreamed or painted.
MEPHISTOPHELES. How much hast thou to tell,—what
stories merry!

So small thou art, so great a visionary!
Nothing see I!—

HOMUNCULUS. Of course. Thou, from the North,
And in the age of mist brought forth,
In knighthood's and in priestcraft's murky den,
How should thy sight be clearer then?
In gloom alone art thou at home.

(*Gazing around.*) Brown masonry, repellent, crumbling
slowly, 110

Arch-pointed, finical, fantastic, lowly!
If this man wakes, another danger's nigh;
At once upon the spot he'll die.
Wood-fountains, swans, and naked beauties,
Such was his dream of presage fair:
How should these dark surroundings suit his
Desires, when them I scarce can bear?
Away with him!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I hail the issue's chances.

HOMUNCULUS. Command the warrior to the fight,
Conduct the maiden to the dances, 120
And all is finished, as is right.

Just now—there breaks on me a light —
'Tis Classical Walpurgis-Night;
Whate'er may come, it is the best event,
So bring him to his proper element!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The like of that I never heard one
mention.

HOMUNCULUS. How should it have attracted your
attention?

Only romantic ghosts are known to you;
A genuine phantom must be classic too.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But whitherward shall then we
travel, tell me! 130

Your antique cronies in advance repel me.

HOMUNCULUS. Northwestwards, Satan, is thy park and
pale,

But we, this time, southeastwards sail.

Peneus, there, the great plain wanders through,

By thickets, groves, and silent coves, and meadow
grasses;

The level stretches to the mountain passes,

And o'er it lies Pharsalus, old and new.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Alas! Have done! Bring not that
fell collision

Of tyrant and of slave before my vision!

I'm tired of that: for scarcely is it done 140

'Than they the same thing have again begun;

And no one marks that he's the puppet blind

Of sly Asmōdi, lurking there behind.

They fight, we're told, their freedom's right to save;

But, clearer seen, 'tis slave that fights with slave.

HOMUNCULUS. Leave unto men their fractiousness
and clatter:

Each must protect himself, as best he can,

From boyhood up, and thus becomes a man.

How this one shall recover, is our matter.

Hast thou a method, let it tested be! 150

But hast thou none, so leave the case to me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. There's many a Brocken-method I
might try,

But pagan bolts, I find, the way deny.

The Grecian race was little worth, alway;

It dazzles with the senses' freer play,

To cheerful sins the heart of man entices;

While ours are ever counted gloomy vices.

Now, what shall be?

HOMUNCULUS. Shyness was ne'er thy blame.

When I to thee Thessalian witches name,

I've not said nothing, that I know. 160

MEPHISTOPHELES (*lustfully*). Thessalian witches! Well!

The persons, those,

Whom I inquired for, long ago.

Night after night beside them to repose,
 I think would hardly suit: but so,
 A mere espial, trial,—

HOMUNCULUS. Here! cast o'er
 The knight your magic mantle, and infold him!
 The rag will still, as heretofore,
 Upon his airy course—and thine—uphold him.
 I'll light the way.

WAGNER (*anxiously*). And I?

HOMUNCULUS. Eh? You
 Will stay at home, most weighty work to do. 170
 Unfold your ancient parchments, and collect
 Life's elements as your recipes direct,
 One to the other with due caution fitting.
 The *What* consider, more the *How* and *Why*!
 Meanwhile, about the world at random flitting,
 I may detect the dot upon the 'I'.ⁿ
 The lofty aim will then accomplished be;
 Such an endeavour merits such requital:
 Gold, honour, glory, healthy forces vital,
 And science, too, and virtue,—possibly. 180
 Farewell!

WAGNER (*sorrowfully*). Farewell! It doth depress my
 heart:

I fear, already, we forever part.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Down to Peneus, with his aid!

Sir Cousin is a deft attendant.

(*Ad spectatores.*) Upon the creatures we have made
 We are, ourselves, at last dependent.

III

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS-NIGHTⁿ

I

THE PHARSALIAN FIELDSⁿ

Darkness

ERICHTHO. To this night's awful festival, as oft before,
 I enter here, Erichtho, I, the gloomy one:

Not so atrocious as the evil poets draw,
In most superfluous slander—for they never cease
Their blame or praises . . . Over-whitened I behold
The vale, with waves of tents that glimmer gray afar,
The after-vision of that fatal, fearful night.
How oft is it repeated!—will forever be
Forever re-enacted! No one grants the realm
Unto another: unto him whose might achieved 10
And rules it, none: for each, incompetent to rule
His own internal self, is all too fain to sway
His neighbour's will, even as haughty mind inclines.
But here a lesson grand was battled to the end,
How force resists and grapples with the greater force,
The lovely, thousand-blossomed wreath of Freedom
rends,

And bends the stubborn laurel round the Ruler's
brow.

Here, of his days of early greatness Pompey dreamed:
Before the trembling balance Caesar yonder
watched!

It will be weighed: the world knows unto whom it
turned. 20

The watch-fires flash and glow, spendthrift of ruddy
flame;

Reflections of the squandered blood the earth
exhales,

And, lured by rare and marvellous splendour of the
night,

The legion of Hellenic legends gathers here.

Round all the fires uncertain hover, or at ease

Sit near them, fabulous forms of ancient days. . . .

The moon, imperfect, truly, but of clearest beam,

Arises, scattering mellow radiance everywhere:

Vanish the phantom tents, the fires are burning blue.

But o'er my head what unexpected meteor! 30

It shines, illuminates the sphere of earth below.

I scent the Living! therefore it becomes me not

Them to approach, I being harmful unto them:
 An evil name it brings me, and it profits naught.
 Already now it sinks: discreetly I withdraw.

[Exit.

The Airy Travellers above.

HOMUNCULUS.

Once again the circle follow,
 O'er the flames and horrors hover!
 Ghostly 'tis in vale and hollow,
 Spectral all that we discover.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If, as through my window nightly 40
 In the grewsome North, I see
 Spectres hideous and unsightly,
 Here is home, as there, to me.

HOMUNCULUS.

See! a tall one there is striding
 On before us, in the shade.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Through the air she saw us gliding,
 And it seems she is afraid.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her stride! The knight be taken
 Now, and set upon the strand:
 Here to life again he'll waken, 50
 Seeking it in fable-land.

FAUST (*as he touches the earth*). Where is she?—

HOMUNCULUS. It's more than we can tell,

But to inquire would here be well.

Thou'rt free to hasten, ere the day,

From flame to flame, and seek her so:

Who to the Mothers found his way,

Has nothing more to undergo.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I also claim my share in the excursion;

Yet know no better plan for our diversion,

Than that each one, amid these fires, 60

Should seek such fortunes as he most desires.

Then, as a sign to reunite us,
 Let, little one, thy lantern sound and light us!
 HOMUNCULUS. Thus shall it shine, and thus shall ring!
 [*The glass shines and rings powerfully.*]

And now, away to many a marvellous thing!

FAUST (*solus*). Where is she?—But no further question make!

If this were not the soil that bore her feet,
 If not the wave that to her coming beat,
 Yet 'tis the air that knows the tongue she spake.
 Here, by a marvel! Here, on Grecian land! 70
 I felt at once the earth whercon I stand.
 Through me, the sleeper, fresher spirit stealing,
 I rise refreshed, Antaeus in my feeling.ⁿ
 Together here I find the strangest store;
 Let me this labyrinth of flames explore. [*Goes away.*]
 MEPIHISTOPHELES (*prying around*). And as among these
 fires I wander, aimless,

I find myself so strange, so disconcerted:ⁿ
 Quite naked most, a few are only shirted;
 The Griffins insolent, the Sphinxes shameless,
 And what not all, with pinions and with tresses, 80
 Before, behind, upon one's eyesight presses!—
 Indecency, 'tis true, is our ideal,
 But the Antique is too alive and real;
 One must with modern thought the thing bemaster,
 And in the fashion variously o'erplaster:—
 Disgusting race! Yet I, perforce, must meet them,
 And as new guest with due decorum greet them.—
 Hail, then, Fair Ladies! Graybeards wise, good
 cheer!

GRIFFIN (*sarling*). Not graybeards! Graybeards? No
 one likes to hear

One call him *gray*. For in each word there rings 90
 The source, wherefrom its derivation springs.ⁿ

Gray, growling, grewsome, grinning, graves, and
 grimly,
 Etymologically accord, nor dimly,

And make us grim.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet, why need you stiffen?

You like the *grif* in your proud title, 'Griffin'.

GRIFFIN (*as above, and continuously so*). Of course! for this relation is found fit;

Though often censured, oftener praised was it.

Let one but *grip* at maidens, crowns, and gold:

Fortune is gracious to the Gripper bold.

ANTS (*of the colossal kind*).ⁿ You speak of gold, much had ourselves collected; 100

In rocks and caverns secretly we trapped it:

The Arimaspean race our store detected,—

They're laughing now, so far away they've snapped it.

THE GRIFFINS. We soon shall force them to confess.

THE ARIMASPEANS.ⁿ But not in this free night of jubilee.

Before the morrow, all will squandered be;

This time our efforts will obtain success.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who has seated himself between the sphinxes*). How soon I feel familiar here, among you!

I understand you, one and all.

SPHINX. Our spirit-tones, when we have sung you, 110

Become, for you, material.

Now name thyself, till we shall know thee better.

MEPHISTOPHELES. With many names would men my nature fetter.

Are Britons here? So round the world they wheel,

To stare at battle-fields, historic traces,

Cascades, old walls, and classic dreary places;

And here were something worthy of their zeal.

Their Old Plays also testify of me;

Men saw me there as 'Old Iniquity'.ⁿ

SPHINX. How did they hit on that?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I know not, verily. 120

SPHINX. Perhaps! Hast thou in star-lore any power?

What say'st thou of the aspects of the hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking up*). Star shoots on star, the cloven moon doth ride

In brilliance; in this place I'm satisfied:
 I warm myself against thy lion's hide.
 It were a loss to rise from out these shades:—
 Propose enigmas, or at least charades!

SPHINX. Express thyself, and 'twill a riddle be.

Try once thine own analysis: 'twere merry.

'To both Devout and Wicked necessary: 130

To those, a breast-plate for ascetic fighting;

To these, boon-comrade, in their pranks uniting;

And both amusing Zeus, the fun-delighting.'

FIRST GRIFFIN (*snarling*). I like not him!

SECOND GRIFFIN (*snarling more gruffly*). What will
 the fellow here?

BOTH. The Nasty One is not of us, 'tis clear!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*brutally*). Think'st thou, perhaps,
 thy guest has nails to scratch,

That with thy sharper talons cannot match?

Just try it once!

SPHINX (*gently*). Stay, shouldst thou find it well;

But from our ranks thou wilt thyself expel.

In thine own land thou'rt wont thyself to
 pamper, 140

Yet here, I think, thy spirits feel a damper.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thine upper part entices; naught is
 fairer;

But, further down, the beast excites my terror.

SPHINX. Bitter, False One, will be thy expiation;

Our claws are sound and worthy proof,

But thou, with withered horse's-hoof,

Art ill at ease in our association.

[*The SIRENS prelude above.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES. On yonder poplars by the river,

What are the birds that swing above?

SPHINX. Beware! The very best that ever 150

Existed, they have lured to love.

SIRENS.ⁿ Ah, why vitiate your senses,

Where those Uglinesses darken?

We, in crowds, come hither: hearken

How the accordant strain commences,
Meet for Sirens' soft pretences!

SPHINXES (*mocking them, in the same melody*).

Let them to descend be bidden!

In the branches they have hidden

Hideous falcon-claws they're wearing,

And you'll feel their cruel tearing, 160

Once you lend them willing ear.

SIRENS. Banish hate and envy, rather!

We the purest pleasures gather,

Under Heaven's auspicious sphere!

On the earth and on the ocean,

We, with cheerful beckoning motion,

Bid the wanderer welcome here.

MEPHISTOPHELES. These are of novelties the neatest,

Where from the throat and harp-string sweetest

The tones around each other twine. 170

They're lost on me, these tinkling trickles;

The sound my ear-drum pats and tickles,

But cannot reach this heart of mine.

SPHINXES. Speak not of heart! Fool, so to call it!

An old and wrinkled leathern wallet

Would better suit that face of thine.

FAUST (*approaching*). How strange! I, satisfied, behold
these creatures,—

In the Repulsive, grand and solid features:ⁿ

A fate propitious I behold advance.

Whither transports me now this solemn glance? 180

[*Pointing to the SPHINXES.*

Once before these took Oedipus his stand:

[*Pointing to the SIRENS.*

These made Ulysses writhe in hempen band:

[*Pointing to the ANTS.*

By these the highest treasure was amassed:

[*Pointing to the GRIFFINS.*

By these 'twas held inviolate and fast:

Fresh spirit fills me, face to face with these—

Grand are the Forms and grand the Memories!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Once thou hadst cursed such crude
antiques,

But now, it seems, they've comfort given;

For when a man his sweetheart seeks,

Welcome to him are monsters, even. 190

FAUST (*to the SPHINXES*). Ye woman-forms, give ear,
and say

Hath one of you seen Helena?

SPHINXES. Before her day our line expired in Greece;

Our very last was slain by Hercules:

Yet ask of Chiron, if thou please.

He gallops round throughout this ghostly night,

And if he halt for thee, thy chance is bright.

SIRENS.

Thou art not to failure fated!

How Ulysses, lingering, learned us,

Nor, regardless passing, spurned us, 200

Manifold hath he narrated:

All to thee shall be confided,

Seekest thou our meads, divided

By the dark-green arms of Ocean.

*SPHINX. Let not thyself thus cheated be!

Not like Ulysses bound,—but we

Will with good counsel thee environ:

If thou canst find the noble Chiron,

Thou'lt learn what I have promised thee.

[FAUST goes away.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ill-temperedly*). What croaks and flaps
of wings go past! 210

One cannot see, they fly so fast,

In single file, from first to last:

A hunter would grow tired of these.

SPHINX. The storm-wind like, that winter harrows,

Reached hardly by Alcides' arrows,

They are the swift Stympthalides;

And not ill-meant their greetings creak,

With goose's foot and vulture's beak.

They fain would join us in our places,

PART II, ACT II, SCENE III (I) 233

And show themselves as kindred races. 220

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as if intimidated*). Some other brute
is hissing shrill.

SPHINX. Be not afraid, though harsh the paean!
They are the hydra-heads, the old Lernæan,
Cut from the trunk, yet think they're something still.
But say, what means your air distressed?

Why show your gestures such unrest?

Where will you go? Then take your leave!

That chorus there, I now perceive,

Turns like a weathercock your neck. Advance! —

Greet as you will each lovely countenance! 230

They are the Lamiae, wenches vile,

With brazen brows and lips that smile,

Such as the satyr-folk have found so fair:

A cloven foot may venture all things there.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But stay you here, that I again may
find you?

SPHINX. Yes! Join the airy rabble, there behind you!
From Egypt we, long since, with all our peers,
Accustomed were to reign a thousand years.

If for our place your reverence be won,

We rule for you the days of Moon and Sun. 240

We sit before the Pyramids

For the judgment of the Races,

Inundation, War, and Peace,—

With eternal changeless faces.

II

PENEUSⁿ

(*surrounded with NYMPHS and Tributary Streams*)

PENEUS. Stir yourselves, ye whispering rushes,
Rustle, slender willow-bushes,
Sister-reeds, breathe softer, crisper,
Trembling poplar-branches, whisper
To the interrupted dream!

Fearful premonitions wake me, 250
 Secret shudders thrill and shake me
 In my rippling, sleeping stream.

FAUST (*advancing to the river*). Here, behind the vines
 that dangle

O'er the thicket's bowery tangle,
 If I heard aright, were noises
 Similar to human voices.
 Babbling seemed the wave to patter,
 And the breeze in sport to chatter.

NYMPHS (*to FAUST*).

For thee were it better 260
 To lie here, reviving
 In coolness thy body,
 Outwearied with striving,—
 The rest, that eludes thee,
 To taste, and be free:
 We'll rustle and murmur,
 And whisper to thee.

FAUST. I am awake! Let them delay me,
 The incomparable Forms!—and sway me,
 • As yonder to my sight confessed!
 How strangely am I moved, how nearly! 270
 Are they but dreams? or memories, merely?
 Already once was I so blest.

Beneath the swaying bushes hiding,
 The full, fresh waves are softly gliding;
 They scarcely rustle on their path:
 A hundred founts from all sides hasten,
 To fill a pure and sparkling basin,
 The hollowed level of a bath.
 The fair young limbs of women trouble
 The watery glass that makes them double, 280
 And doubles, thus, the eye's delight:
 In joyous bath each other aiding,
 Or boldly swimming, shyly wading,
 Then cry, and splash, and foamy fight.
 It were enough, the picture viewing,—

My healthy eyesight here renewing,—
 Yet I desire the still unseen.
 My gaze would pierce through yonder cover,
 Whose leafy wealth is folded over
 The vision of the stately Queen. 290

Strange! across the crystal skimming,
 From the coves the swans are swimming,
 Moving in majestic state:
 Floating calmly and united,
 But how proud and self-delighted,
 Head and neck they lift elate! . . .
 One, his feathers proudly pluming,
 Boldly on his grace presuming,
 Leads the others in the race;
 With his whitest plumage showing 300
 Wave-like on the wave he's throwing,
 Speeds he to the sacred place. . . .
 The others back and forth together
 Swim on with smoothly shining feather,
 And soon, in mimic battle met,
 Shall chase aside the maids affrighted,
 Till, for their own protection slighted,
 Their bounden service they forget.

NYMPHS. Sisters, bend and lay the ear
 On the turf beside the river! 310
 Sound of hoofs, if right I hear,
 Swift approaching, seems to shiver.
 Would I knew whose rapid flight
 Brings a message to the Night!

FAUST. As I think, the earth is ringing
 From a charger, hither springing.
 See there! see there!
 A fortune comes, most fair:
 Shall I attain its blessing?
 O, marvel past expressing! 320

A rider trots towards us free:
 Spirit and strength in him I see,—

Upon a snow-white steed careering. . . .

I know him now, I hail with awe

The famous son of Philyra!—

Halt, Chiron, halt! I've something for thy hearing.

CHIRON. What then? What is it?

FAUST.

Thy course delay!

CHIRON. I rest not.

FAUST.

Take me with thee, then, I pray!

CHIRON. Mount! and I thus can ask, at leisure,

Whither thy way. Thou standest on the shore; 330

I'll bear thee through the flood, with pleasure.

FAUST (*mounting*). Whither thou wilt. I thank thee
evermore. . . .

The mighty man, the pedagogue, whose place

And fame it was, to teach a hero-race,—

The splendid circle of the Argonauts,

And all whose deeds made quick the Poet's thoughts.

CHIRON. We will not further speak of these!

As Mentor even Pallas is not venerated;

And, after all, they manage as they please,

As if they'd not been educated.

340

FAUST. The leech, who knoweth flower and fruit,

Whose lore can sound the deepest root,—

Who heals the sick, and soothes the wounded place,

Him, here, in mind and body I embrace!

CHIRON. When heroes, near me, felt the smart,

My helpful knowledge failed them seldom;

But, at the last, I left mine art

To priest and simple-gathering beldam.

FAUST. Thy speech the true great man betrays,

Who cannot bear a word of praise;

350

His modesty would fain confound us

To think his equals still were round us.

CHIRON. Thou seemest skilled to feign such matter—

People and Prince alike to flatter.

FAUST. But surely thou wilt grant to me

That thou the greatest of thy time didst see,

Upon their paths of proud achievement trod,

And lived thy days, a serious demigod.
Among those grand, heroic forms of old,
Whom didst thou for the best and worthiest hold? 360
CHIRON. Of those beneath the Argonauts' bright
 banner,
Each worthy was in his peculiar manner,
And by the virtue of his strength selective
Sufficed therein, where others were defective.
Castor and Pollux were as victors hailed,
Where beauty and the grace of youth prevailed:
Decision, the swift deed for others' aid,
Gave the fair crown before the Boreads laid:
Reflective, prudent, strong, in council wise,
So Jason ruled, delight of women's eyes: 370
Then Orpheus, gentle, silent, brooding, lowering,
But when he struck the lyre, all-overpowering.
Sharp-sighted Lynceus, who by day and dark
Through shoreward breakers steered the sacred bark:
Danger is best endured where men are brothers;
When one achieves, then praise him all the others.
FAUST. But Hercules thy speech is wronging—
CHIRON. Ah, me! awaken not my longing! . . .
I had not seen, in Fields Elysian,
How Phoebus, Arès, Hermes, shine; 380
But there arose before my vision
A form that all men called divine.
A king by birth, as ne'er another,
A youth magnificent to view;
Though subject to his elder brother,
And to the loveliest women, too,
No second such hath Gaea granted,
Or Hebe led to Heaven again;
For him the songs are vainly chanted,
The marble hewn for him in vain. 390
FAUST. Though ever to his form addicted,
His grace the sculptors could not wreak.
The fairest Man hast thou depicted,
Now of the fairest Woman speak!

CHIRON. What!—Little worth is woman's beauty,

So oft an image dumb we see:

I only praise, in loving duty,

A being bright and full of glee.

For Beauty in herself delighteth;

And irresistibly she smiteth

400

When sweetly she with Grace uniteth,

• Like Helena, when her I bore.

FAUST. Her didst thou bear?

CHIRON. This back she pressed.

FAUST. Was I not wild enough, before?

And now such seat, to make me blest!

CHIRON. Just so she grasped me by the hair

As thou dost.

FAUST. O, I scarcely dare

To trust my senses!—tell me more!—

She is my only aspiration!

Whence didst thou bear her—to what shore? 410

CHIRON. Not difficult is the relation.

'Twas then, when came the Dioscuri bold

To free their sister from the robbers' hold;

• But these, accustomed not to be subdued,

Regained their courage and in rage pursued.

The swamps below Eleusis did impede

The brothers' and the sister's flying speed:

The brothers waded: splashing through the reed,

I swam: then off she sprang, and pressing me

On the wet mane, caressing me, 420

She thanked with sweetly-wise and conscious tongue.

How charming was she!—dear to age, so young!

FAUST. But seven years old!--

CHIRON. Philologists, I see,

Even as they cheat themselves, have cheated thee.

'Tis curious with your mythologic dame:

The Poet takes her when he needs her name;

She grows not old, stays ever young and warm,

And of the most enticing form;

Seduced in youth, in age enamouring still,—

PART II, ACT II, SCENE III (II) 230

Enough! no time can bind the Poet's will. 430

FAUST. Then let no bonds of Time be thrown around her!

Even as on Pherae's isle Achilles found her,
Beyond the bounds of Time. What blessing rare,
In spite of Fate such love to win and wear!
And shall not I, by mightiest desire,
Unto my life that sole fair form acquire,
That shape eternal, peer of Gods above,
Tender as grand, sublime as sweet with love?
Thou saw'st her once; *to-day* I saw her beam,
The dream of Beauty, beautiful as Dream! 440
My soul, my being, now is bound and chained;
I cannot live, unless she be attained.

CHIRON. 'Thou, Stranger! feel'st, as man, such ecstasy;
Among us, Spirits, mad thou seem'st to be.
Yet, as it haps, thy fortune now is onened;
For every year, though only for a moment,
It is my wont to call at Manto's dwelling,—
She, Esculapius' child, whose prayers are swelling
Unto her father, that, his fame to brighten,
The brains of doctors he at last enlighten, 450
And them from rashly dealing death may frighten.
I like her best of all the guild of Sibyls,—
Helpful and kind, with no fantastic fribbles;
She hath the art, if thou the time canst borrow,
With roots of power to give thee healing thorough.

FAUST. But I will not be healed! my aim is mighty:
I will not be, like others, meanly flighty!

CHIRON. The noble fountain's cure neglect thou not:
But quick dismount! We've reached the spot.

FAUST. And whither, in this dreary night, hast thou 460

To land through pebbly rivers brought me now?

CHIRON. Here Rome and Greece in battle tried their powers;

Here flows Peneus, there Olympus towers,—
The greatest realm that e'er was lost in sand.

The monarch flies, the conquering burghers stand.
 Look up and see, in moonlight shining clear,
 The memorable, eternal Temple near!

MANTOⁿ (*dreaming within*).

From horse-hoofs tremble
 The sacred steps of the Temple!
 The Demigods draw near.

470

CHIRON. Quite right!

Open your eyes, and see who's here!

MANTO (*awaking*). Welcome! Thou dost not fail, I see.

CHIRON. And still thy temple stands for thee!

MANTO. And speedest thou still unremitting?

CHIRON. And thou in peaceful calm art sitting,
 While I rejoice in restless heels?

MANTO. I wait, and Time around me wheels.
 And he?

CHIRON. The vortex of this night
 Hath whirled him hither to thy sight.

480

Helen, with mad, distracted senses,

Helen he'd win by all pretences,

And knows not how or where the task commences;

But he deserves the Esculapian cure.

MANTO. To whom the Impossible is lure
 I love.

(CHIRON *is already far away*.)

Rash one, advance! there's joy for thee!

This dark way leads thee to Persephone.

Under Olympus' hollow foot,

Secret, she waits prohibited salute.

I smuggled Orpheus in to her, of old:

490

Use *thy* chance better! On!—be bold!

[*They descend.*]

III

ON THE UPPER PENEUS, AS BEFOREⁿ

SIRENS. Plunge in cool Peneus' wave!

There 'tis well to sport in swimming,

Songs with chorded voices hymning,

That the ill-starred folk we save.
 Health is none where water fails!ⁿ
 Let our hosts, with sounding paean,
 Hasten to the blue Aegean,
 Where each joy shall swell our sails.

[*Earthquake.*

Back the frothy wave is flowing,
 Now no longer downward going;
 Shakes the bed, the waters roar,
 Cracks and smokes the stony shore.
 Let us fly! Come, every one!
 By this marvel profit none.
 Leave, ye guests, this wild commotion
 For the cheerful sports of Ocean,
 Shining, where the quivering reaches.
 Lightly heaving, bathe the beaches,—
 There, where Luna's double splendour
 Freshens us with night-dews tender.
 There the freest life delights us;
 Here the threatening Earthquake frights us:
 Who is prudent, haste away!
 Fearful is it here to stay.

500

SEISMOS (*growling and jolting in the depths*).

Once again the force applying,
 Bravely with the shoulders prying,
 We to get above are trying,
 Where to us must all give way.

510

SPHINXES.

What a most repulsive shaking,
 Terrible and hideous quaking!
 What a quivering and shocking,
 Hither rolling, thither rocking!
 What vexation and dismay!
 But we shall not change our station,
 Were all Hell in agitation. . . .
 Now behold a dome upswelling,
 Wonderful! 'Tis *he*, compelling,—
 He, the hoary, antiquated,

520

He who Delos' isle created, 530
 Bidding it from ocean break,
 For the childed woman's sake.
 He, with all his force expended,
 Rigid arms and shoulders bended,
 Like an Atlas in his gesture
 Pushes up the earth's green vesture,
 Loam and grit, and sand and shingle,
 Where the shore and river mingle:
 Thus our valley's bosom quiet
 Cross-wise tears he, in his riot. 540
 In unwearied force defiant,
 He, a caryatid-giant,
 Bears a fearful weight of boulders,
 Buried still below his shoulders;
 But no further shall be granted,
 For the Sphinxes here are planted.

SEISMOS. The work alone I've undertaken;
 The credit will be given to me:
 Had I not jolted, shoved, and shaken,
 How should this world so beauteous be? 550
 How stood aloft your mountains ever,
 In pure and splendid blue of air,
 Had I not heaved with huge endeavour
 Till they, like pictures, charm you there?
 When, where ancestral memory brightens
 Old Night and Chaos saw me sore betrayed,
 And in the company of Titans
 With Pelion and Ossa as with balls we played,
 None could in ardent sport of youth surpass us,
 Until, outwearied, at the last, 560
 Even as a double cap, upon Parnassus
 His summits wickedly we cast.
 Apollo, now, upon that mount of wonder
 Finds, with the Muses his retreat:
 For even Jove, and for his bolts of thunder,
 I heaved and held the lofty seat.
 Thus have I forced the fierce resistance

And struggled upward from the deep;

And summon now to new existence

The joyous dwellers of the steep. 570

SPHINXES. 'Tis true, the hill would seem primeval,

And warranted of old to stand,

Had we not witnessed its upheaval,

Toiling and towering from the land,

A bushy forest, spreading, clothes its face,

And rocks on rocks are pressing to their place.

A Sphinx, therefrom, is by no fear o'ertaken:

We shall not let our sacred seats be shaken.

GRIFFINS. Gold in spangle, leaf, and spark
Glimmers through the fissures dark. 580

Quick, lest others should detect it,

Haste, ye Emmets, and collect it!ⁿ

CHORUS OF EMMETS

As they, the giant ones,

Upward have thrown it,

Quick-footed, pliant ones,

Climb it and own it!

Rapidly in and out!

In each such fissure

Is every crumb about

Wealth for the wisher! 590

Seek for them greedily,

Even the slightest:

Everywhere speedily

Gather the brightest!

Diligent be, and bold—

Swarm to the fountain:

Only bring in the Gold!

Heed not the Mountain!

GRIFFINS.

Come in! come in!—the treasure heap!

Our claws upon it we shall keep. 600

The most efficient bolts they are;

The greatest wealth they safely bar.

PYGMIES.ⁿ

Verily, here we sit securely;
 How it happened, is not clear.
 Ask not whence we came; for surely
 'Tis enough that we are here.
 Unto Life's delighted dwelling
 Suitable is every land;
 Where a rifted rock is swelling,
 Also is the Dwarf at hand. 610
 Male and female, busy, steady,
 We as models would suffice:
 Who can tell if such already
 Laboured so in Paradise?
 Here our lot as best we measure,
 And our star of fate is blest:
 Mother Earth brings forth with pleasure,
 In the East as in the West.

DACTYLS.ⁿ

If she, in a single night,
 The Pygmies brought to light, 620
 Pygmist of all she'll create yet,
 And each find his mate yet!

PYGMY-ELDERS.

Be ye, in haste,
 Conveniently placed!
 Labour, and lead
 Strength unto speed!
 Peace is yet with ye,
 Build now the smithy,—
 The host be arrayed
 With armour and blade! 630
 Emmets, laborious,
 Working victorious,
 Scorning to settle,
 Furnish us metal!
 Dactyls, your host,
 Smallest and most,
 Hear the requiring,

PART II, ACT II, SCENE III (III) 245

Bring wood for firing!
 Heap in the chambers
 Fuel, untiring: 640
 Furnish us embers!

GENERALISSIMO.

With arrow and bow,
 Encounter the foe!
 By yonder tanks
 The heron-ranks,
 The countless-nested,
 The haughty-breasted,
 At one quick blow
 Shoot, and bring low!
 All together, 650
 That we may feather
 Our helmets so.

EMMETS AND DACTYLS.

Who now will save us!
 We bring the iron,
 And chains enslave us
 To break our fetters
 Were now defiant;
 We bide our season,—
 Meanwhile, be pliant!

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.ⁿ

Murder-cries and moans of dying! 660
 Startled wings that flap in flying!
 What lament, what pain and fright
 Pierces to our airy height!
 All have fallen in the slaughter,
 Reddening with their blood the water;
 Pygmy-lust, misformed and cruel,
 Robs the heron of his jewel.
 On their helms the plumage waves,—
 Yonder fat-paunched, bow-legged knaves!
 Comrades of our files of motion, 670
 Serried wanderers of ocean,
 You we summon to requital

In a cause to you so vital.
 Strength and blood let no one spare!
 Endless hate to them we swear!

[*They disperse, croaking in the air.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*on the plain*). With ease the Northern
 witches I controlled,

But o'er these foreign sprites no power I hold.
 The Blocksberg is a most convenient place;
 Howe'er one strays, one can his path retrace.
 Dame Ilse watches for us from her stone, 680
 And Henry sits upon his mountain-throne:
 The Snorers snarl at Elend—snorting peers,—
 And all is finished for a thousand years.ⁿ
 But here, who knows if, even where he stand,
 Beneath his feet may not puff up the land?
 I cheerily wander through a level glade,
 And, all at once, behind me heaved, is made
 A mountain—scarcely to be called so, true;
 Yet high enough the Sphinxes from my view
 To intercept. . . . Still many a fire flares out 690
 Adown the vale, the mad concern about . . .
 Still dance and hover, beckoning and retreating,
 The gay groups round me, with their knavish greet-
 ing.

But gently now! For, spoiled by stealthy pleasure,
 One always seeks to snatch some dainty treasure.

LAMIAE (*drawing MEPHISTOPHELES after them*).

Quicker and quicker!
 And further take him!
 'Then hesitating,
 Chattering and prating!
 'Tis fun to make him— 700
 Old, sinful Ticker!—
 Follow behind us:
 To penance comes he
 With halt-foot clumsy;
 He marches hobbling,
 And forwards wobbling;

His leg he trails
 In haste to find us;
 We fly—he fails.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*standing still*). Accursèd fate!
 Deceived, as oft! 710

Since Adam's time seduced and scoffed!
 Though old we grow, not wisely schooled:
 Enough already I've been fooled!
 We know, how wholly worthless is the race,
 With body corseted and painted face;
 Of health responsive own they not a tittle,
 Where'er one grasps them, every limb is brittle.
 The thing is known, and patent to our glances,
 And yet, whene'er the trollops pipe, one dances.

LAMIAE (*pausing*). Halt! he reflects; his steps delay: 720
 Turn back to meet him, lest he get away!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*striding forwards*). Forwards! the
 doubt, my strength benumbing,
 I won't encourage foolishly;
 For were the witches not forthcoming,
 Why, who the devil would Devil be?

LAMIAE (*very graciously*). Round this hero lightly
 moving,

Let his heart, the choice approving,
 One of us select for loving!

MEPHISTOPHELES. True, in this uncertain lustre,
 Seem ye fair maids, in a cluster; 730
 Fain would I to you be juster.

EMPUSA (*pressing forwards*). Not me, too? I'm also
 fitted

In your train to be admitted!

LAMIAE. She's one too many; for, in short,
 She always ruins all our sport.

EMPUSA (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*). Empusa, with the ass's
 foot,ⁿ

Thy cousin dear, gives thee salute!
 Only a horse's hoof is thine,
 And yet, Sir Cousin, greeting fine!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Strangers I here anticipated, 740

And find, alas! my near-related:
The old tale—instances by dozens—
From Hartz to Hellas always cousins!

EMPUSA. I act with promptness and decision;

In many forms could meet thy vision:

Yet in thy honour now, instead,

I have I put on the ass's head.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Great things, I see, are here portended,

Thus with the race as kinsman blended:

Let come what may, since I have known her— 750

'The ass's head— I'd fain disown her.

LAMIAE. Leave her, the Ugly! She doth scare

Whatever lovely seems and fair;

Whate'er was lovely, fair to see,

When *she* comes, ceases so to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES. These cousins also,—soft, delicious,

Are one and all to me suspicious:

I fear, beneath their cheeks of roses

Some metamorphosis reposes.

LAMIAE. But try—take hold! For we are many, 760

And if thou hast a lucky penny,

Secure thyself the highest prize!

What means thy wanton organ-grinding?

A wretched wooer 'tis, we're finding,

Yet swagger'st thus, and seem'st so wise! . . .

Now one of us will lay hand on,

So by degrees your masks abandon,

And show your natures to his eyes!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The fairest here have I selected. . . .

[*Clasping her.*

O, what a broomstick, unexpected! 770

[*Grasping another.*

And this one? . . . Vilest countenance!

LAMIAE. 'Think not thou'rt worth a better chance!

MEPHISTOPHELES. That little one, she warms my
gizzard . . .

But through my hand she slips, a lizard;
Her smooth braids, snaky-like, intwine.
I try the tall one, yet she worse is,—
I only grasp a Bacchic thyrsus,
The head a scaly cone of pine.

What follows next? Behold a fat one:

Perhaps I'll find delight in *that* one, 780

So, once for all, the chance renew!

The Turks, for one so puffy, flabby,

Would pay a price by no means shabby . . .

But, ah! the puff-ball bursts in two!

LAMIAE. Now scatter widely, hovering, feigning,

In lightning-like, dark flight enchaining

The interloping witch's-son!

Uncertain circles, awful, poiseless!

Horrid bat-wings, flying noiseless!

He 'scapes too cheaply, when it's done. 790

MEPHISTOPHELES (*shaking himself*). I've not become, it
seems, a great deal shrewder;

The North's absurd, 'tis here absurder, ruder,

The spectres here preposterous as there,

People and poets shallow ware.

This masquerade resembles quite—

As everywhere—a dance of appetite.

I sought a lovely masked procession,

And caught such things, I stood aghast. . . .

I'd give myself a false impression,

If this would only longer last. 800

[*Losing himself among the rocks.*]

Where am I then? and whither sped?

There was a path; 'tis now a dread.

By level ways I've wandered hither,

Where rubble now is piled together.

I clamber up and down in vain;

Where shall I find my Sphinx again?

I had not dreamed so mad a sight,—

A mountain in a single night!

A bold witch-journey, to my thought:

Their Blocksberg with them they have brought. 810.
 OREADⁿ (*from the natural rock*). Come up to me! My
 mountain old

In its primeval form behold!

Revere the steep and rocky stairs, ascending

Where Pindus' offshoots with the plain are blending!

Unshaken, thus I heaved my head

When o'er my shoulders Pompey fled.

Beside me this illusive rock

Will vanish at the crow of cock.

I see such fables oft upthrown,

And suddenly again go down.

820

MEPHISTOPHELES. Honour to thee, thou reverend
 Head,

With strength of oak engarlanded!

The clearest moonlight never cleaves

The darkness of your crowded leaves.

I see between the bushes go

A light, with unpretending glow.

How all things fit and balance thus!

'Tis verily Homunculus.

Now whence thy way, thou little lover?

HOMUNCULUS. From place to place I flit and hover, 830

And, in the best sense, I would fain exist,

And most impatient am, my glass to shatter:

But what till now I've witnessed, is't

Then strange if I mistrust the matter?

Yet I'll be confidential, if thou list:

I follow two Philosophers this way.

'Twas 'Nature!' 'Nature!'—all I heard them say;

I'll cling to them, and see what they are seeing,

For they must understand this earthly being,

And I shall doubtless learn, in season,

840

Where to betake me with the soundest reason.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Then do it of thy own accord!

For here, where spectres from their hell come,

Is the philosopher also welcome.

That so his art and favour delectate you,

At once a dozen new ones he'll create you.

Unless thou errest, thou wilt ne'er have sense;

Wouldst thou exist, thyself the work commence!

HOMUNCULUS. Good counsel, also, is not to reject.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Then go thy way! We further will inspect. 850

[*They separate.*]

ANAXAGORAS (*to THALES*).ⁿ Thy stubborn mind will not be rightened:

What else is needful, that thou be enlightened?

THALES. To every wind the billows yielding are;

Yet from the cliff abrupt they keep themselves afar.

ANAXAGORAS. By fiery vapours rose this rock you're seeing.

THALES. In moisture came organic life to being.

HOMUNCULUS (*between the two*). To walk with you may I aspire?

To come to being is my keen desire.

ANAXAGORAS. Hast thou, O Thales! ever in a night
Brought forth from mud such mountain to the
light? 860

THALES. Nature, the living current of her powers,
Was never bound to Day and Night and Hours;
She makes each form by rules that never fail,
And 'tis not Force, even on a mighty scale.

ANAXAGORAS. But here it *was*!—Plutonic fire, the shaper!

Explosive force of huge Aeolian vapour
Broke through the level Earth's old crust primeval,
And raised the new hill with a swift upheaval!

THALES. What further shall therefrom result? The hill

Is there: 'tis well!—so let it stand there still! 870

In such a strife one loses leisure precious,

Yet only leads the patient folk in leashes.

ANAXAGORAS. The Mountain's rocky clefts at once
Are peopled thick with Myrmidons,
With Pygmies, Emmets, Fingerlings,

And other active little things.

(*To HOMUNCULUS.*) To greatness hast thou ne'er
aspired,

But lived an eremite retired;

Canst thou persuade thy mind to govern,

I'll have thee chosen as their sovereign. 880

HOMUNCULUS. What says my Thales?

THALES. —Will not recommend:

For small means only unto small deeds tend,

But great means make the small man great.

See there! The Cranes, with purpose heinous!—

The troubled populace they menace,

And they would menace thus the king.

With pointed beaks and talons ample

The little men they pierce and trample:

Doom comes already thundering.

It was a crime, the heron-slaughter, 890

Beset amid their peaceful water;

But from that rain of arrows deadly

A fell revenge arises redly,

And calls the kindred o'er the flood

To spill the Pygmies' guilty blood.

What use for shield and helm and spear?

Or for the dwarfs the heron-feather?

Dactyl and Emmet hide together:

Their cohorts scatter, seek the rear!

ANAXAGORAS (*after a pause, solemnly*). Though I the
subterranean powers approve, 900

Yet help, in this case, must be sought above. . . .

O thou aloft, in grace and vigour vernal,

Tri-named, tri-featured, and eternal,

By all my people's woe I cry to thee,

Diana, Luna, Hecate!

Thou breast-expanding One, thou deeply-pondering,

Thou calmly-shining One, majestic wandering,

The fearful craters of thy shade unseal,

And free from spells thine ancient might reveal.

[*Pause.*]

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Am I too swiftly heard? 910

Has then my cry

To yonder sky

The course of Nature from its orbit stirred?

And greater, ever greater, drawing near,

Behold the Goddess' orbèd throne appear,

Enormous, fearful in its grimness,

With fires that redden through the dimness! . . .

No nearer! Disk of dread, tremendous,

Lest thou, with land and sea, to ruin send us!

Then were it true, Thessalian Pythonessesⁿ 920

With guilty spells, as Song confesses,

Once from thy path thy steps enchanted,

Till fatal gifts by thee were granted? . . .

The shield of splendour slowly darkles,

Then suddenly splits, and shines, and sparkles!

What rattling and what hissing follow,

With roar of winds and thunders hollow!—

Before thy throne I speak my error. . . .

O, pardon! *I invoked the terror.*

[Casts himself upon his face.

THALES. How many things can this man see and
hear! 930

What happened, is not to me entirely clear;

I've not, like him, experienced it.

The Hours are crazy, we'll admit;

For Luna calmly shines, and free,

In her high place, as formerly.

HOMUNCULUS. Look yonder where the Pygmies fled!

The round Hill has a pointed head.

I felt a huge rebound and shock;

Down from the moon had fallen the rock,

And then, without the least ado, 940

Both foe and friend it smashed and slew.

I praise such arts as these, that show

Creation in a night fulfilled;

That from above and from below

At once this mountain-pile could build.

THALES. Be still! 'Twas but imagined so.
 Farewell, then, to the ugly brood!
 That thou wast not their king, is good.
 Off to the cheerful festals of the Sea!
 There as a marvellous guest, they'll honour thee. 950
[They depart.]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*climbing up the opposite side*). Here
 must I climb by steep and rocky stairways,
 And roots of ancient oaks—the vilest rare ways!
 Upon my Hartz, the resinous atmosphere
 Gives hint of pitch, to me almost as dear
 As sulphur is,—but here, among these Greeks,
 For such a smell one long and vainly seeks;
 And curious am I—for 'tis worth the knowing—
 To find wherewith they keep their fires of Hell
 a-going.

DRYAD. At home, be wise as it befits thee there;
 Abroad, thou hast no cleverness to spare. 960
 Thou shouldst not homeward turn thy mind, but
 here

The honour of the ancient oaks revere.

*MEPHISTOPHELES. One thinks on all relinquished
 there;

Use made it Paradise, and keeps it fair.
 But say, what is't, in yonder cave
 Obscure, a crouching triple-shape resembling?

DRYAD. The Phorkyads!^a Go there, if thou art brave;
 Address them, if thou canst, untrembling?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why not! . . . I something see, and
 am dumbfounded!

Proud as I am, I must confess the truth: 970
 I've never seen their like, in sooth,—
 Worse than our hags, an Ugliness unbounded!
 How can the Deadly Sins then ever be
 Found ugly in the least degree,
 When one this triple dread shall see?
 We would not suffer them to dwell
 Even at the dreariest door of Hell;

But here, in Beauty's land, the Greek,
 They're famed, because they're called *antique*. . . .
 Then stir, they seem to scent my coming; 980
 Like vampire-bats, they're squeaking, twittering,
 humming.

THE PHORKYADS. Give me the eye, my sisters, that it
 spy

Who to our temple ventures now so nigh.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Most honoured Dame! Approach-
 ing by your leave,

Grant that your triple blessing I receive.

I come, though still unknown, yet, be it stated,

If I mistake not, distantly related.

Old, reverend Gods, already did I see;

To Ops and Rhea have I bowed the knee;

The Parcae even—your sisters—yesterday, 990

Or day before, they came across my way;

And yet the like of you ne'er met my sight:

Silent am I, and ravished with delight.

THE PHORKYADS. This spirit seems to have intelligence.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am amazed no poet has the sense

To sing your praises,—say, how can it be

That we no pictures of your beauty see?

Should not, through you, the chisel strive to wean us

From shapes like those of Juno, Pallas, Venus?

THE PHORKYADS. Sunken in solitude and stillest
 night, 1000

The mind of us ne'er took so far a flight.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How should it, then? since here,
 concealed from view

None ever see you, none are seen by you!

But choose those dwelling-places, and be known,

Where Art and Splendour share an equal throne;

Where swift, with double tread, day after day,

A marble block as hero walks away;

Where—

THE PHORKYADS. Cease, and rouse in us no longing
 vision!

What profit, if we knew them with precision?—

We, born in night, akin to gloom alone, 1010

Unto ourselves almost, to others quite, unknown.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In such a case there's little more to say,

But one one's self to others can convey.

One eye supplies you three, one tooth as well,

So were it mythologically possible

In two the being of the Three to cover,

And unto me the third fair form make over.

A short time, only.

ONE. Will it do, forsooth?

THE OTHERS. We'll try it—but without or eye or tooth.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now just the best thing have you taken away. 1020

How shall I then the image stern display?

ONE. 'Tis easily done: just close one eye,

And let thy one side-tusk be seen thereby:

In profile, thus, with not a trait diminished,

Thy sisterly resemblance will be finished.

MEPHISTOPHELES. So be it, then!

THE PHORKYADS. So be it!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as PHORKYAD in profile*). Me behold,
The much-beloved son of Chaos old!

THE PHORKYADS. Daughters of Chaos are we, by good right.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Disgrace! They'll call me now hermaphrodite.

THE PHORKYADS. In our new sister-triad what a beauty! 1030

Two eyes have we, two teeth, for further duty.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now from all eyes I'll hide this visage fell,

To fright the devils in the pool of Hell.

[Exit.

IV

ROCKY COVES OF THE AEGEAN SEAⁿ*The Moon delaying in the Zenith.*SIRENS (*couched upon the cliffs around, fluting and singing*).

Though erewhile, by spells nocturnal,

Thee Thessalian hags infernal

Downward drew, with guilt intended,

Look, from where thine arch is bended,

On the multitudinous, splendid

'Twinkles of the billowy Ocean!

Shine upon the throngs in motion

1040

O'er the waters, wild and free!

To thy service vowed are we:

Fairest Luna, gracious be!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS (*as Wonders of the Sea*).

Call with clearer, louder singing,

Through the Sea's broad bosom ringing,

Call the tenants of the Deep!

When the storm swept unimpeded

We to stillest depths receded;

Forth at sound of song we leap.

See! delighted and elated,

1050

We ourselves have decorated,

With our golden crowns have crowned us,

With our spangled girdles bound us,

Chains and jewels hung around us!

All are spoils which you purvey!

Treasures, here in shipwreck swallowed,

You have lured, and we have followed

You, the Daemons of our bay.

SIRENS. In the crystal cool, delicious,

Smoothly sport the happy fishes,

1060

Pliant lives that nothing mar;

Yet, ye festive crowds that gather,

We, to-day, would witness, rather,
That ye more than fishes are.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS. We, before we hither wandered,
Thoroughly the question pondered:
Sisters, Brothers, speed afar!
Briefest travel, light endurancē,
Yield the validest assurance
That we more than fishes are.

1070

[*They depart.*]

SIRENS. Off! they have left the place,
Steering away to Samothrace,ⁿ
Vanished with favouring wind.
What is there purpose there, in the dreary
Domain of the lofty Cabiri?
Gods are they, but the strangest crew,
Ever begetting themselves anew,
And unto their own being blind.

In thy meridian stay,
Luna!—graciously delay,
That the Night still embrace us,
And the Day not chase us!

1080

THALES (*on the shore, to HOMUNCULUS*). I fain would
lead thee unto Nereus old.
Not distant are we from his cavern cold,
But stubbornness is his delight,
The-peevisish and repulsive wight.
Howe'er the human race has tried,
The Grumbler's never satisfied:
Yet he the Future hath unscaled,
And men thereto their reverence yield,
And give him honour in his station.
Many his benefits have tasted.

1090

HOMUNCULUS. Then let us try, without more hesitation!
My glass and flame will not at once be wasted.

NEREUS. Are human voices those that reach mine ear?
At once my wrath is kindled, keen and clear.
Aspiring forms, that high as Gods would ramble,
Yet ever damned their own selves to resemble.

In ancient years could I divinely rest,
 Yet was impelled to benefit the Best; 1109
 And when, at last, I saw my deeds completed,
 It fully seemed as were the work defeated.

THALES. And yet we trust thee, Graybeard of the
 Sca!

Thou art the Wise One: drive us not from thee!
 Behold this Flame, in man's similitude:
 It yields itself unto thy counsel good.

NEREUS. What! Counsel? When did ever men esteem
 it?

Wise words in hard ears are but lifeless lore.
 Oft as the Act may smite them when they scheme it,
 The People are as self-willed as before. 1110

How warned I Paris, in paternal trust,
 Before a foreign woman woke his lust!
 Upon the Grecian strand he stood so bold;
 I saw in spirit, and to him foretold
 The smoky winds, the overwhelming woe,
 Beams all a-blaze, murder and death below,—
 Troy's judgment-day, held fast in lofty rhyme,
 A terror through a thousand years of time!
 My words seemed sport unto the reckless one:
 His lust he followed: fallen was Ilion,— 1120
 A giant carcass, stiff, and hacked with steel,
 To Pindus' eagles 'twas a welcome meal.

Ulysses, too! did I not him presage
 The wiles of Circe and the Cyclops' rage?
 His paltering mind, his crew's inconstant strain,
 And what not all?—and did it bring him gain?
 Till him, though late, the favouring billow bore,
 A much-tossed wanderer, to the friendly shore.

THALES. Such conduct, truly, gives the wise man pain,
 And yet the good man once will try again. 1130
 An ounce of gratitude, his help repaying,
 Tons of ingratitude he sees outweighing.
 And nothing trifling now we beg of thee;
 The boy here wishes to be born, and be.

NEREUS. Let not my rarest mood be spoiled, I pray!
 Far other business waits for me to-day.
 I've hither bidden, by the wave and breeze,
 The Graces of the Sea, the Dorides.ⁿ
 Olympus bears not, nor your lucent arch,
 Such lovely forms, in such a lightsome march: 1140
 They fling themselves, in wild and wanton dalliance,
 From the sea-dragons upon Neptune's stallions,
 Blent with the element so freely, brightly,
 That even the foam appears to lift them lightly.
 In Venus' chariot-shell, with hues of morn,
 Comes Galatea, now the fairest, borne;
 Who, since that Cypris turned from us her face,
 In Paphos reigns as goddess in her place.
 Thus she, our loveliest, long since came to own,
 As heiress, templed town, and chariot-throne. 1150
 Away! the father's hour of rapture clips
 Hate from the heart, and harshness from the lips.
 Away to Proteus! Ask that wondrous man
 Of Being's and of Transformation's plan!

[He retires towards the sea.]

THALES. We, by this step, gain nothing: one may meet
 Proteus, and straight he melts, dissolving fleet.
 Though he remain, he only says
 That which confuses and astonishes.
 However, of such counsel thou hast need;
 So, at a venture, let us thither speed! 1160

[They depart.]

SIRENS *(on the rocks above)*.

What is 't, that, far advancing,
 Gildes o'er the billows dancing?
 As, when the winds are shifted,
 Shine snowy sails, uplifted,
 So shine they o'er the waters,
 Transfigured Ocean-daughters.
 We'll clamber down, and, near them,
 Behold their forms, and hear them.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

What in our hands we bear you
Much comfort shall prepare you.
Chelone's buckler giant
Shines with its forms defiant:—
They're Gods that we are bringing:
High songs must you be singing!

1170

SIRENS. Small to the sight,
Great in their might,—
Saviours of the stranded,
Ancient Gods, and banded.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

We bring you the Cabiri
To festals calm and cheery;
For where their sway extendeth
Neptune the realm befriendeth.

1180

SIRENS. We yield to your claim,
When a shipwreck came,
Irresistibly you
Protected the crew.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Three have we brought hither,
The fourth refused us altogether:
He was the right one, said he,—
Their only thinker ready.

1190

SIRENS. One God the other God
Smites with the scoffer's rod:
Honour all grace they bring,
Fear all evil they fling!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS. Seven are they really.

SIRENS. Where, then, stay the other three?

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

The truth we cannot gather:
Ask on Olympus, rather!
There pines the eighth, forgotten,
By no one ever thought on!
In grace to us entreated,
But not yet all completed.

1200

These incomparable, unchainable,
Are always further yearning,
With desire and hunger burning
For the Unattainable!

SIRENS. These are our ways:
The God that sways
Sun, Moon, or other blaze,
We worship: for it pays.

1210

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Highest glory for us behold,
Leading these festals cheery!

SIRENS. The heroes of the ancient time
Fail of their glory's prime,
Where and howe'er it may unfold;
Though they have won the Fleece of Gold,—
Ye, the Cabiri!

[*Repeated as full chorus.*

Though they have won the Fleece of Gold,—
We! Ye! the Cabiri!

[*The NEREIDS and TRITONS move past.*

HOMUNCULUS. These Malformations, every one, 1220
•Had earthen pots for models:ⁿ

Against them now the wise men run,
And break their stubborn noddles.

THALES. That is the thing one wishes just!
The coin takes value from its rust.

PROTEUS (*unperceived*). This pleases me, the old fable-
ranger!

The more respectable, the stranger.

THALES. Where art thou, Proteus?

PROTEUS (*speaking ventriloqually, now near, now at a distance*). Here! and here!

THALES. I pardon thee thine ancient jeer.

Cheat not a friend with vain oration: 1230

Thou speak'st, I know, from a delusive station.

PROTEUS (*as if at a distance*). Farewell!

THALES (*softly to HOMUNCULUS*).

He is quite near: shine brilliantly!

For curious as a fish is he;
 And in whatever form he hide,
 A flame will make him hither glide.

HOMUNCULUS. At once a flood of light I'll fling,
 Yet softly, lest the glass should spring.

PROTEUS (*in the form of a giant tortoise*). What shines so
 fair, so graciously?

THALES (*covering HOMUNCULUS*). Good! If thou wishest,
 canst thou nearer see.

Be not annoyed to take a little trouble, 1240

And show thyself on man's foundation double.

What we disclose, to whomsoe'er would see it,

With our will only, by our favour, be it!

PROTEUS (*in a noble form*). Still world-wise pranks thou
 failest to forget.

THALES. To change thy form remains thy pleasure
 yet.

He uncovers HOMUNCULUS.

PROTEUS (*astonished*). A shining dwarf! The like I
 ne'er did see!

THALES. He asks thy counsel, he desires to be.

He is, as I myself have heard him say,

(The thing's a marvel!) only born half-way.

He has no lack of qualitties ideal, 1250

But far too much of palpable and real.

Till now the glass alone has given him weight,

And he would fain be soon incorporate.

PROTEUS. Thou art a genuine virgin's son:

Finished, ere thou shouldst be begun!

THALES (*whispering*). Viewed from another side, the
 thing seems critical:

He is, methinks, hermaphroditical.

PROTEUS. Then all the sooner 'twill succeed:

Let him but start, 'twill be arranged with speed.

No need to ponder here his origin; 1260

On the broad ocean's breast must thou begin!"

One starts there first within a narrow pale,

And finds, destroying lower forms, enjoyment:

Little by little, then, one climbs the scale,
And fits himself for loftier employment.

HOMUNCULUS. Here breathes and blows a tender air;
And I delight me in the fragrance rare.

PROTEUS. Yea, verily, my loveliest stripling!
And farther on, far more enjoyable.
Around yon narrow spit the waves are rippling, 1270
The halo bright and undestroyable!
There to the host we'll nearer be,
Now floating hither o'er the sea.
Come with me there!

THALES. I'll go along.

HOMUNCULUS. A spirit-purpose, triply strong!

V

TELCHINES OF RHODESⁿ

On Sea-Horses and Sea-Dragons, wielding Neptune's Trident.

CHORUS

We've forged for old Neptune the trident that urges
To smoothness and peace the refractory surges.
When Jove tears the clouds of the tempest asunder,
'Tis Neptune encounters the roll of the thunder:
The lightnings above may incessantly glow, 1280
But wave upon wave dashes up from below,
And all that, between them, the terrors o'erpower,
Long tossed and tormented, the Deep shall devour;
And thence he hath lent us his sceptre to-day.—
Now float we contented, in festal array.

SIRENS. You, to Helios consecrated,
To the bright Day's blessing fated,—
You to this high Hour we hail:
Luna's worship shall prevail!

TELCHINES. O loveliest Goddess by night over-
vaulted! 1290

Thou hearest with rapture thy brother exalted:
To listen to Rhodes thou wilt lean from the skies;

To him, there, the pacans eternally rise.
 When the day he begins, when he ends its career,
 His beam is the brightest that falls on us here.
 The mountains, the cities, the sea and the shore,
 Arc lovely and bright to the God they adore:
 No mist hovers o'er us, and should one appear,
 A beam and a breeze, and the Island is clear!
 There Phorbis his form may by hundreds behold,—
 Colossal, as youth, as the Gentle, the Bold; 1301
 For we were the first whose devotion began
 'To shape the high Gods in the image of Man.

PROTEUS. But leave them to their boastings, singing!
 Beside the holy sunbeams, binging
 All life, their dead works are a jest.
 They melt and cast, with zeal impassioned,
 And what they once in bronze have fashioned,
 They think it's something of the best.
 These proud ones are at last made lowly: 1310
 The forms of Gods, that stood and shone,
 Were by an earthquake overthrown,
 And long since have been melted wholly.
 This earthly toil, whate'er it be,
 Is never else than drudgery:
 A better life the waves declare thee,
 And now to endless seas shall bear thee
 Proteus-Dolphin.

[*He transforms himself.*

'Tis done! Behold!

Unto thy fairest fortune waken:
 Upon my back shalt thou be taken, 1320
 And wedded to the Ocean old.

THALES. Yield to the wish so wisely stated,
 And at the source be thou created!
 Be ready for the rapid plan!
 There, by eternal canons wending,
 Through thousand, myriad forms ascending,
 Thou shalt attain, in time, to Man.

[*HOMUNCULUS mounts the Proteus-Dolphin.*

PROTEUS. In spirit seek the watery distance!

Boundless shall there be thine existence,

And where to move, thy will be free.

1330

But struggle not to higher orders!

Once Man, within the human borders,

Then all is at an end for thee.

THALES. That's as it haps: 'tis no ill fate

In one's own day to be true man and great.

PROTEUS (*to THALES*). Some one, perchance, of thine
own kind!

Their lives continue long, I find;

For with thy pallid phantom-peers

I've seen thee now for many hundred years.

SIRENS (*on the rocks*).

See! what rings of cloudlets, gliding

1340

Round the moon, in circles play!

They are doves whom Love is guiding,

With their wings as white as day.

Paphos hither sends them fleetly,

All her ardent birds, to us,

And our festival completely

Crowns with purest rapture, thus!

NEREUS (*advancing to THALES*). Though some nightly
wanderer's vision

Deem yon ring an airy spectre,

We, the spirits, with decision

1350

Entertain a view correcter:

They are doves, whose convoy gathers

Round my daughter's chariot-shell,

With a flight of wondrous spell,

Learned in old days of the fathers.

THALES. That I also think is best,

Which the true man comfort gives,

When in warm and peaceful nest

Something holy for him lives.

PSYLLI AND MARSI ⁿ (*on sea-bulls, sea-heifers and sea-rams*).

In hollow caves on Cyprus' shore,

1360

By the Sea-God still unbattered,

- Not yet by Seismos shattered,
 By eternal winds breathed o'er,
 And still, as in days that are measured,
 Contented and silently pleased,
 The chariot of Cypris we've treasured.
 By the murmurs, the nightly vibrations,
 O'er the waves and their sweetest pulsations,
 Unseen to the new generations,ⁿ
 The loveliest daughter we lead. 1370
 We fear not, as lightly we hie on,
 Either Eagle or wing-lifted Lion,
 Either Crescent or Cross,
 Though the sky it emboss,—
 Though it changefully triumphs and flashes,
 In defeat to forgetfulness dashes,
 Lays the fields and the cities in ashes!
 Straightway, with speed,
 The loveliest of mistresses forth we lead.
- SIRENS. Lightly moved, with paces graver, 1380
 Circle round the car again;
 Line on line inwoven, waver
 Snake-like in a linking chain,—
 Stalwart Nereids, come, enring us,
 Rudest women, wild and free;
 Tender Dorides, ye bring us
 Her, the Mother of the Sea,—
 Galatea, godlike woman,
 Worthiest immortality,
 Yet, like those of lineage human, 1390
 Sweet with loving grace is she.
- DORIDES (*in chorus, mounted on dolphins, passing NEREUS*).
 Lend us, Luna, light and shadow,
 Show this youthful flower and fire!
 For we bring beloved spouses,
 Praying for them to our sire.
 (*To NEREUS.*)
 They are boys, whom we have rescued
 From the breaker's teeth of dread;

They, on reeds and mosses bedded,
 Back to light and life we led:
 Now must they, with glowing kisses, 1400
 Thank us for the granted blisses;
 On the youths thy favour shed!

NEREUS. Lo, now! what double gains your deed
 requite!

You show compassion, and you take delight.

DORIDES. If thou praisest our endeavour,
 Father, grant the fond request,---
 Let us hold them fast forever
 On each young, immortal breast.

NEREUS. Take joy in what you've finely captured,
 And shape to men the youthful crew; 1410
 I cannot grant the boon enraptured
 Which only Zeus can give to you.
 The billows, as they heave and rock you,
 Allow to love no firmer stand,
 So, when these fancies fade and mock you,
 Send quietly the youths to land.

DORIDES. Fair boys, we must part, forsooth;
 Yet we love you, we vow it!
 We have asked for eternal truth,
 But the Gods will not allow it. 1420

THE YOUTHS. We sailor-boys, if still you would
 Give love, as first you gave it,
 We've never had a life so good,
 And would not better have it!

[GALATEA approaches on her chariot of shell.

NEREUS. 'Tis thou, O my darling!

GALATEA. O, Sire! what delight
 Linger, ye dolphins! I cling to the sight.

NEREUS. Already past, they swiftly wander
 On, in circling courses wheeling!
 What care they for the heart's profoundest feeling?
 Ah, would they took me with them yonder! 1430
 Yet a single glance can cheer
 All the livelong barren year.

PHAES. Hail! All hail! with newer voices:

How my spirit rejoices,

By the True and the Beautiful penetrated!

From Water was everything first created!

Water doth everything still sustain!

Ocean, grant us thine endless reign!

If the clouds thou wert sending not,

'The swelling streams wert spending not, 1440

'The winding rivers bending not,

And all in thee were ending not,

Could mountains, and plains, and the world itself,
be?

The freshest existence is nourished by thee!

ECHO (*chorus of the collective circles*). The freshest
existence flows ever from thee!

NEREUS. They turn and wheel again, afar;

No longer face to face they are.

In linking circles, wide extending,—

In their festive dances blending,—

The countless cohorts now appear. 1450

But Galatea's chariot-shell

Still I see, and see it well:

It shines like a star

Through the crowds intertwining.

Love from the tumult still is shining!

Though ne'er so far,

It shimmers bright and clear,

Ever true and near.

HOMUNCULUS. 'This softly heaving brine on,

Whatever I may shine on 1460

Is all with beauty crowned.

PROTEUS. Within this moisture living,

'Thy lamp now first is giving

A clear and splendid sound.

NEREUS. What mystery new, 'mid the crowds that are
, wheeling,

Is now to our vision its wonders revealing?

What flames round the shell at the feet of the Queen?—

Now flaring in force, and now shining serene,
As if by the pulses of love it were fed.

THALES. Homunculus is it, by Proteus misled! . . .

And these are the signs of imperious yearning, 1471

The presage of swelling, impatiently spurning:

He'll shiver his glass on the glittering throne—

He glows and he flashes, and now he hath flown!

SIRENS. What fiery marvel the billows enlightens,ⁿ

As one on the other is broken and brightens?

It flashes, and wavers, and hitherward plays!

On the path of the Night are the bodies ablaze,

And all things around are with flames overrun:

'Then Eros be ruler, who all things begun! 1480

Hail, ye Waves! Hail, Sea unbounded,

By the holy Fire surrounded!

Water, hail! Hail, Fire, the splendid!

Hail, Adventure rarely ended!

ALL TOGETHER.

Hail, ye Airs that softly flow!

Hail, ye caves of Earth below!

Honoured now and evermore

Be the Elemental Four!

ACT III

BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS IN SPARTA

HELENA *enters, with the CHORUS of Captive Trojan Women.* PANTHALIS, *Leader of the Chorus.*

HELENA.ⁿ I, much admired and much reviled,—I,
Helen,

Come from the strand where we have disembarked
but now,

Still giddy from the restless rocking of the waves

Of Ocean, which from Phrygian uplands hither-
wards

On high, opposing backs—Poseidon's favour won
And Euros' strength—have borne us to our native
bay.

Below there, with the bravest of his warriors, now
King Menelaus feels the joy of his return;
But thou, O bid me welcome back, thou lofty House
Which Tyndarus, my father, on the gentle slope, 10
Returning from the Hill of Pallas, builded up;
And when I here with Clytemnestra sister-like,
With Castor and with Pollux gayly sporting, grew,
Before all Sparta's houses nobly was adorned.

Ye valves of yon dark iron portals, ye I hail!
Once through your festive and inviting opening
It happened that to me, from many singled out,
The coming of the bridegroom Menelaus shone.
Unfold again for me, that I the King's command
Fulfil with strictness, as unto a spouse is meet: 20
Give entrance now, and let all things be left behind
Which hitherto have stormed upon me, full of doom!
For, since this place all unsuspecting I forsook
For Cytheraca's fane, as holy duty called,
But there the robber seized me, he the Phrygian,—
Happened have many things, which people far and
wide

So fain relate, but which so fain hears not the one
Of whom the legend rose, and to a fable grew.

CHORUS

Disdain thou not, O beautiful Dame,
Possession proud of the highest estate! 30
For the greatest fortune is thine alone,
The fame of beauty that towers o'er all.
The name of the hero heralds his path,
Thence proudly he strides;
Yet bends at once the stubbornest man,
And yields to all-conquering Beauty's might.

HELENA. Enough, with mine own spouse have I been
hither shipped,

And now by him beforehand to his city sent;ⁿ

Yet what his purposes may be, I fail to guess.

Do I come here as wife? Or do I come as queen? 40

Or come, an offering for the Prince's bitter pain,

And for the long-endured misfortune of the Greeks?

For they, the Immortals, verily fixed my Fame and

Fate

Ambiguously, attendants twain of doubtful worth

To Beauty, who upon this very threshold stand

With gloomy and with threatening presence at my
side.

Then, even, in the hollow ship, but seldom looked

My spouse on me, nor ever word of comfort spake:

As if he brooded evil, fronting me he sat.

But now, when speeding towards the strand of that
deep cove

50

Eurotas makes, scarce had the foremost vessels' prows

The land saluted, than he spake, as urged the Gods:

'Here, in their ordered rank, my warriors disembark;

Them shall I muster, ranged along the ocean-strand.

But thou go ever onwards, up the hallowed banks

Of fair Eurotas, dowered with gifts of plenteous fruit,

Guiding the stallions o'er the bloom of watery meads

Till there, on that most lovely plain thy journey ends,

Where Lacedemon, once a fruitful spreading field,

Surrounded by austere mountains, built its seat. 60

Set thou thy foot within the high-towered princely

House,

And muster well the maids, whom there behind I left,
Together with the old and faithful Stewardess.

Let her display to thee the wealth of treasures stored,

Even as thy father them bequeathed, and I myself,

In war and peace accumulating, have amassed.

All things shalt thou in ancient order find: because

It is the Ruler's privilege, that he all things

In faithful keeping find, returning to his house,—

Where'er he may have left it, each thing in its
place; 70
For power to change in aught, possesses not the
slave.'

CHORUS

Let now the splendid, accumulate wealth
Rejoice and cheer thee, in eye and heart!
For the gleam of chain and the glory of crown
Are lying idly in haughty repose:
But enter thou in and challenge them all,
And they will respond.

I rejoice to witness Beauty compete
With gold and pearl and the jewel-stone.

HELENA. 'Thereafter further came my lord's imperious
speech: 80

'Now when all things in order thou inspected hast,
Then take so many tripods as thou needful deem'st,
And vessels manifold, such as desires at hand
Who offers to the Gods, fulfilling holy use,—
The kettles, also bowls, the shallow basin's disk;
The purest water from the sacred fountain fill
In lofty urns; and further, also ready hold
The well-dried wood that rapidly accepts the flame;
And let the knife, well-sharpened, fail not finally;
Yet all besides, will I relinquish to thy care.' 90

So spake he, urging my departure; but no thing
Of living breath did he, who ordered thus, appoint,
That shall, to honour the Olympian Gods, be slain.
'Tis critical; and yet I banish further care,
And let all things be now to the high Gods referred,
Who that fulfil, whereto their minds may be dis-
posed,

Whether by men 'tis counted good, or whether bad;
In either case we mortals, we are doomed to bear.
Already lifted oft the Offerer the axe
In consecration o'er the bowed neck of the beast, 100
And could not consummate the act; for enemies
Approaching, or Gods intervening, hindered him.

CHORUS

What shall happen, imagin'st thou not.
 Queen, go forwards
 With courage!
 Blessing and evil come
 Unexpected to men:
 Though announced, yet we do not believe.
 Burned not Ilium, saw we not also
 Death in the face, shamefullest death? 110
 And are we not here,
 With thee companioned, joyously serving,
 Seeing the dazzling sun in the heavens,
 And the fairest of earth, too,—
 Kindest one, thee,—we, the happy?

HELENA. Let come, what may! Whate'er awaits me,
 it becoms

That I without delay go up in the Royal House,
 Which, long my need and yearning, forfeited almost,
 Once more hath risen on my sight, I know not how.
 My feet no longer bear me with such fearlessness 120
 Up the high steps, which as a child I sprang across.

CHORUS

Cast ye, O sisters! ye
 Sorrowful captives,
 All your trouble far from ye!
 Your mistress's joy partake,
 Helena's joy partake,
 Who the paternal hearth
 Delightedly now is approaching,
 Truly with late-returning
 But with firmer and surer feet! 130
 Praise ye the sacredest,
 Still re-establishing
 And home-bringing Immortals!
 How the delivered one
 Soars as on lifted wings
 Over asperities, while in vain

The prisoned one, yearningly,
Over the fortress-parapet
Pineth with outspread arms!

But a God took hold of her, 140
The Expatriate,
And from Ilion's ruins
Hither hath borne her again,
To the ancient, the newly embellished
Paternal house,
From unspeakable
Raptures and torments,
Early youthful days,
Now refreshed, to remember.

PANTHALIS (*as LEADER OF THE CHORUS*). Forsake ye
now the joy-encompassed path of Song, 150
And towards the portal's open valves your glances
turn!

What, Sisters, do I see? Returneth not the Queen
With swift and agitated step again to us?
What is it now, great Queen, what could encounter
thee

To move and shake thee so, within thy house's halls,
Instead of greeting? Thou canst not conceal the thing;
For strong repulsion written on thy brow I see,
And noble indignation, struggling with amaze.

HELENA (*who has left the wings of the portal open, excitedly*).
A common fear besecmeth not the child of Zeus;
No lightly-passing hand of terror touches her; 160
But that fell Horror, which the womb of ancient
Night

With first of things delivered, rolled through many
forms,
Like glowing clouds that from the mountain's fiery
throat

Whirl up expanding, even heroes' breasts may shake.
Thus terribly have here to-day the Stygian Gods
Mine entrance in the house betokened, and I fain,

Even as a guest dismissed, would take myself away
From this oft-trodden threshold I so longed to tread.
But, no! hither have I retreated to the light;
Nor further shall ye force me, Powers, be who ye
may! 170

Some consecration will I muse: then, purified,
The hearth-fire may the wife so welcome, as the lord.
LEADER OF THE CHORUS. Discover, noble Dame, unto
thy servants here,

Who reverently assist thee, what hath come to pass.
HELENA. What I beheld, shall ye with your own eyes
behold,

If now that shape the ancient Night hath not at
once

Re-swallowed to the wonders of her deepest breast.

But I with words will yet declare it, that ye know.

When solemnly, my nearest duty borne in mind,

'The Royal House's gloomy inner court I trod, 180
Amazed I saw the silent, dreary corridors.

No sound of diligent labour, going forwards, met

The ear, no signs of prompt and busy haste the eye;

And not a maid appeared to me, no stewardess

Such as is wont to greet the stranger, friendly-wise.

But when towards the ample hearth-stone I
advanced,

I saw, beside the glimmering ashes that remained,

A veiled and giant woman seated on the ground,

Not like to one who sleeps, but one deep-sunk in
thought.

With words of stern command I summoned her to
work, 190

The stewardess surmising, who meanwhile, per-
chance,

My spouse with forethought there had stationed
when he left;

But she, still crouched together, sat immovable.

Stirred by my threats at last, she lifted the right
arm

As if from hearth and hall she beckoned me away.
 I turned indignantly from her, and swiftly sped
 Unto the steps whereon aloft the Thalamos
 Adorned is set, and near thereto the treasure-room:
 But suddenly from the floor the wondrous figure
 sprang,
 Barring my way imperiously, and showed herself 200
 In haggard height, with hollow, blood-discoloured
 eyes,
 A shape so strange that eye and mind confounded are.
 But to the winds I speak: for all in vain doth Speech
 Fatigue itself, creatively to build up forms.
 There look, yourselves! She even ventures forth to
 light!
 Here are we masters, till the lord and king shall come.
 The horrid births of Night doth Phoebus, Beauty's
 friend,
 Drive out of sight to caverns, or he binds them fast.

[PHORKYAS appears on the threshold, between the door
 posts.]

CHORUSⁿ

Much my experience, although the tresses,
 Youthfully clustering, wave on my temples; 210
 Many the terrible things I have witnessed,
 Warrior's lamenting, Ilion's night,
 When it fell.

Through the beclouded, dusty and maddened
 Throngs of the combatants, heard I the Gods then
 Terribly calling, heard I the iron
 Accents of Discord clang through the field,
 City-wards.

Ah, yet stood they, Ilion's
 Ramparts; but ever the fiery glow 220
 Ran from neighbour to neighbour walls,
 Ever extending from here and there,
 'With the roar of its own storm,
 Over the darkening city.

Flying saw I, through smoke and flame,
And the tongues of the blinding fire,
Fearful angering presence of Gods,
Stalking marvellous figures,
Giant-great, through the gloomy
Fire-illuminate vapours.

230

Saw I, or was it but
Dread of the mind, that fashioned
Forms so affrighting? Never can
Justly I say it! Yet that I Her,
Horrible, here with eyes behold,
Is to me known and certain:
Even to my hand were palpable,
Did not the terror restrain me,
Holding me back from the danger.

Which one of Phorkys'
Daughters then art thou?
Since I compare thee
Unto that family.

240

•Art thou, perchance, of the Graiae,
One of the dreaded gray-born,
One eye and tooth only
Owning alternately?

Darest thou, Monster,
Here beside Beauty,
Unto high Phoebus'
Vision display thee?

250

Step thou forth, notwithstanding!
For the Ugly beholds he not,
Even as his hallowed glances
Never beheld the shadow.

Yet a sorrowful adverse fate
Us mortals compelleth, alas!
To endure the unspeakable eye-pain
Which She, the accurst, reprehensible,
Provokes in the lovers of Beauty.

260

Yes, then hearken, if thou brazenly
Us shalt encounter, hear the curse,—
Hear the threat of every abuse
From the denouncing mouths of the Fortunate,
Whom the Gods themselves have fashioned!

PHORKYAS. Old is the saw, and yet its sense is high
and true,

That Shame and Beauty ne'er together, hand in hand,
Pursued their way across the green domains of
Earth.

Deep-rooted dwells in both such force of ancient
hate,

That wheresoever on their way one haps to meet 270

The other, each upon her rival turns her back:

Then forth again vehemently they hasten on,

Shame deep depressed, but Beauty insolent and bold,

Till her at last the hollow night of Orcus takes,

If Age hath not beforehand fully tamed her pride.

So now I find ye, shameless ones, come from abroad

With arrogance o'erflowing, as a file of cranes

That with their hoarse, far-sounding clangour high
in air,

A cloudy line, slow-moving, send their creaking tones

Below, the lone, belated wanderer to allure 280

That he look up; but, notwithstanding, go their way,

And he goes his: and likewise will it be, with us.

Who, then, are you, that round the Royal Palace
high

Like Maenads wild, or like Bacchantes, dare to rave?

Who, then, are you, that you the House's stewardess

Assail and howl at, as the breed of dogs the moon?

Think ye from me 'tis hidden, of what race ye are?

Ye brood, in war begotten and in battle bred,

Lustful of man, seducing no less than seduced,

Emasculating soldiers', burghers' strength alike! 290

Methinks, to see your crowd, a thick cicada-swarm

Hath settled on us, covering the green-sown fields.

Devourers ye of others' toil! Ye snatch and taste,
 Destroying in its bud the land's prosperity!
 Wares are ye, plundered, bartered, and in market
 sold!

HELENA. Who rates the servant-maids in presence of
 the Dame

Audaciously invades the Mistress' household-right:
 Her only it becometh to commend what is
 Praiseworthy, as to punish what is blamable.
 Content, moreover, am I with the service which 300
 They gave me, when the lofty strength of Ilion
 Beleagured stood, and fell in ruin: none the less
 When we the sorrowful and devious hardships bore
 Of errant travel, where each thinks but of himself.
 Here, too, the like from this gay throng do I expect:
 Not what the slave is, asks the lord, but how he
 serves.

Therefore be silent, cease to grin and jeer at them!
 If thou the Palace hither to hast guarded well
 In place of Mistress, so much to thy credit stands;
 But now that she herself hath come, shouldst thou
 retire 310

Lest punishment, in place of pay deserved, befall!

PHORKYAS. To threaten the domestics is a right
 assured,

Which she, the spouse august of the God-prospered
 king,

By many years of wise discretion well hath earned.
 Since thou, now recognized, thine ancient station
 here

Again assum'st, as Queen and Mistress of the House,
 Grasp thou the reins so long relaxed, be ruler now,
 Take in thy keep the treasure, and ourselves thereto!
 But first of all protect me, who the eldest am,

From this pert throng, who with thee, Swan of
 Beauty, matched, 320

Are only stumpy-winged and cackling, quacking
 geese.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS. How ugly, near to Beauty,
showeth Ugliness!

PHORKYAS. How silly, near to understanding, want of
sense!

[Henceforth the CHORETIDS answer in turn, stepping singly
forth from the CHORUS.]

CHORETID I. Of Father Erebus relate, relate of Mother
Night!

PHORKYAS. Speak thou of Scylla, sister-children of one
flesh

CHORETID II. Good store of hideous monsters shows
thy family tree!

PHORKYAS. Go down to Orcus! There thy tribe and
kindred seek!

CHORETID III. Those who dwell there are all by far
too young for thee.

PHORKYAS. On old Tiresias try thy lascivious arts!

CHORETID IV. Orion's nurse was great-great-grand-
child unto thee! 330

PHORKYAS. Thee harpies, I suspect, did nurse and
feed on filth.

CHORETID V. Wherewith dost thou such choice emacia-
tion feed?

PHORKYAS. Not with the blood, for which thou all too
greedy art.

CHORETID VI. Thou, hungering for corpses, hideous
corps thyself!

PHORKYAS. The teeth of vampires in thy shameless
muzzle shine!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS. Thine shall I stop, when I
declare thee who thou art.

PHORKYAS. Then name thyself the first! The riddle
thus is solved.

HELENA. Not angered, but in sorrow, do I intervene,
Prohibiting the storm of this alternate strife!

For nothing more injurious meets the ruling lord 340
Than quarrels of his faithful servants, underhand.
The echo of his orders then returns no more

Accordantly to him in swiftly-finished acts,
 But, roaring wilfully, encompasses with storm
 Him, self-confused, and chiding to the empty air.
 Nor this alone: in most unmannered anger ye
 Have conjured hither pictures of the shapes of dread,
 Which so surround me, that to Orcus now I feel
 My being whirled, despite these well-known native
 fields.

Can it be memory? Was it fancy, seizing me?ⁿ 350
 Was all that, I? and am I, now? and shall I hence-
 forth be

The dream and terror of those town-destroying ones?
 I see the maidens shudder: but, the eldest, thou
 Composedly standest—speak a word of sense to me!
 PHORKYAS. Whoe'er the fortune manifold of years
 recalls,

Sees as a dream at last the favour of the Gods.
 But thou, so highly dowered, so past all measure
 helped,

Saw'st in the ranks of life but love-desirous men,
 • To every boldest hazard kindled soon and spurred.
 Thee early Theseus snatched, excited by desire, 360
 Like Heracles in strength, a splendid form of man.

HELENA. He bore me forth, a ten-year-old and slender
 roe,

And shut me in Aphidnus' tower, in Attica.

PHORKYAS. But then, by Castor and by Pollux soon
 released,

The choicest crowd of heroes, wooing, round thee
 pressed.

HELENA. Yet most my secret favour, freely I confess,
 Patroclus won, the likeness of Pelides he.

PHORKYAS. Wed by thy father's will to Menelaus
 then,

The bold sea-rover, the sustainer of his house.

HELENA. My sire the daughter gave him, and the
 government: 370

Then from our wedded nearness sprang Hermione.

PHORKYAS. Yet when he boldly claimed the heritage
of Crete,

To thee, the lonely one, too fair a guest appeared.

HELENA. Why wilt thou thus recall that semi-widow-
hood

And all the hideous ruin it entailed on me?

PHORKYAS. To me, a free-born Cretan, did that
journey bring

Imprisonment, as well,—protracted slavery.

HELENA. At once he hither ordered thee as stewardess,

Giving in charge the fortress and the treasure-stores.

PHORKYAS. Which thou forsookest, wending to the
towered town

380

Of Ilion, and the unexhausted joys of love.

HELENA. Name not those joys to me! for sorrow all
too stern

Unendingly was poured upon my breast and brain.

PHORKYAS. Nathless, they say, dost thou appear in
double form;

Beheld in Ilion,—in Egypt, too, beheld.

HELENA. Make wholly not confused my clouded,
wandering sense!

Even in this moment, who I am I cannot tell.

PHORKYAS. And then, they say, from out the hollow
Realm of Shades

Achilles yet was joined in passion unto thee,

Who earlier loved thee, 'gainst all ordinances of
Fate!

390

HELENA. To him, the Vision, I, a Vision, wed
myself:

It was a dream, as even the words themselves declare.

I vanish hence, and to myself a Vision grow.

[She sinks into the arms of the SEMICHORUS.]

CHORUS

Silence! silence!

• False-seeing one, false-speaking one!

Out of the hideous, single-toothed

Mouth, what should be exhaled from
Such abominable horror-throat!

For the Malevolent, seeming benevolent,—
Wolf's wrath under the sheep's woolly fleece,— 400
Fearfuller far is unto me than
Throat of the three-headed dog.
Anxiously listening stand we here.
When? how? where shall break again forth
Further malice
From the deeply-ambushed monster?

Now, stead of friendly words and consoling,
Lethe-bestowing, gratefully mild,
Stirrest thou up from all the Past
Evilless more than good things, 410
And darkenest all at once
Both the gleam of the Present
And also the Future's
Sweetly glimmering dawn of hope!

Silence! silence!

That the Queen's high spirit,
Nigh to forsake her now,
Hold out, and upbear yet
The Form of all forms
Which the sun shone on ever. 420

[HELENA has recovered, and stands again in the centre.

PHORKYAS. Forth from transient vapours comes the
lofty sun of this bright day,
That, obscured, could so delight us, but in splendour
dazzles now.

As the world to thee is lovely, thou art lovely unto
us;

Though as ugly they revile me, well I know the
Beautiful.

HELENA. Tottering step I from the Void that—dizzy,
fainting,—round me closed;

And again would fain be resting, for so weary are
my limbs.

Yet to Queens beseemeth chiefly, as to all men it
beseems,

Calm to be, and pluck up courage, whatsoe'er may
menace them.

PHORKYAS. Standing now in all thy greatness, and in
all thy beauty, here.

Says thine eye that thou commandest: what com-
mand'st thou? speak it out! 430

HELENA. Be prepared, for much neglected in your
quarrel, to atone!

Haste, a sacrifice to furnish, as the king hath ordered
me!

PHORKYAS. All is ready in the palace—vessels, tripods,
sharpened axe,

For the sprinkling, fumigating: show to me the
victim now!

HELENA. This the king not indicated.

PHORKYAS. Spake it not? O word of woe!

HELENA. What distress hath overcome thee?

PHORKYAS. Queen, the offering art thou!ⁿ

HELENA. I?

PHORKYAS. And these.

CHORUS. Ah, woe and sorrow!

PHORKYAS. Thou shalt fall beneath the axe.

HELENA. Fearful, yet foreboded! I, alas!

PHORKYAS. There seemeth no escape.

CHORUS. Ah! and what to us will happen?

PHORKYAS. She will die a noble death;
But upon the lofty beam, upholding rafter-frame and
roof, 440

As in birding-time the throistles, ye in turn shall
struggling hang!

[HELENA and the CHORUS stand amazed and alarmed,
in striking, well-arranged groups.

PHORKYAS. Ye Phantoms!—like to frozen images ye
stand,

In terror thus from Day to part, which is not yours.
Men, and the race of spectres like you, one and all,

Renounce not willingly the bright beams of the sun;
But from the end may none implore or rescue them.
All know it, yet 'tis pleasant unto very few.

Enough! ye all are lost: now speedily to work!

[She clasps her hands; thereupon appear in the doorway muffled dwarfish forms, which at once carry out with alacrity the commands expressed.]

This way, ye gloomy, sphery-bodied monster throng!
Roll hitherwards! ye here may damage as ye
will. 450

The altar portable, the golden-horned, set up!
The axe let shimmering lie across the silver rim!
The urns of water fill! For soon, to wash away,
Shall be the black blood's horrible and smutching
stains.

Here spread the costly carpets out upon the dust,
That so the offering may kneel in queenly wise,
And folded then, although with severed head, at
once

With decent dignity be granted sepulture!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS. The Queen is standing, sunk
in thought, beside us here,

The maidens wither like the late-mown meadow
grass; 460

Methinks that I, the eldest, in high duty bound,
Should words exchange with thee, primeval eldest
thou!

Thou art experienced, wise, and seemest well-
disposed,
Although this brainless throng assailed thee in
mistake.

Declare then, if thou knowest, possible escape!

PHORKYAS. 'Tis easy said. Upon the Queen it rests
alone,

'To save herself, and ye appendages with her.

But resolution, and the swiftest, needful is.

CHORUS. Worthiest and most reverend of the Parcae,
wisest sibyl thou,

Hold the golden shears yet open, then declare us Day
and Help! 470

We already feel discomfort of the soaring, swinging,
struggling;

And our limbs in dances first would rather move in
joyous cadence,

Resting afterwards on lovers' breasts.

HELENA. Let these be timid! Pain I feel, but terror
none;

Yet if thou know'st of rescue, grateful I accept!
Unto the wise, wide-seeing mind is verily shown
The Impossible oft as possible. Then speak, and
say!

CHORUS. Speak and tell us, tell us quickly, how escape
we now the fearful,

Fatal nooses, that so menace, like the vilest form of
necklace,

Wound about our tender throats? Alrcady, in
anticipation, 480

We can feel the choking, smothering—if thou, Rhea,
lofty Mother

Of the Gods, to mercy be not moved.

PHORKYAS. Have you then patience, such long-winded
course of speech

To hear in silence? Manifold the stories are.

CHORUS. Patience enough! Meanwhile, in hearing,
still we live.

PHORKYAS. Whoso, to guard his noble wealth, abides
at home,

And in his lofty dwelling well cements the chinks
And also from the pelting rain secures the roof,
With him, the long days of his life, shall all be well:
But whosoe'er his threshold's holy square-hewn
stone 490

Lightly with flying foot and guilty oversteps,
Finds, when he comes again, the ancient place,
indeed,

But all things altered, if not utterly o'erthrown.

HELENA. Wherefore declaim such well-known sayings here, as these?

Thou wouldst narrate: then stir not up annoying themes!

PHORKYAS. It is historic truth, and nowise a reproach.

Sea-plundering, Menelaus steered from bay to bay;

He skirted as a foe the islands and the shores,

Returning with the booty, which in yonder rusts.

Then ten long years he passed in front of Ilion; 500

But for the voyage home how many know I not.

And now how is it, where we stand by Tyndarus'

Exalted House? How is it with the regions round?

HELENA. Has then Abuse become incarnated in thee,

That canst not open once thy lips, except to blame?

PHORKYAS. So many years deserted stood the valley-hills

That in the rear of Sparta northwards rise aloft,

Behind Taygetus; whence, as yet a nimble brook,

Eurotas downward rolls, and then, along our vale

By reed-beds broadly flowing, nourishes your swans. 510

• Behind there in the mountain-dells a daring breed
Have settled, pressing forth from the Cimmerian
Night,

And there have built a fortress inaccessible,

Whence land and people now they harry, as they please.

HELENA. Have they accomplished that? Impossible it seems.

PHORKYAS. They had the time: it may be twenty years, in all.

HELENA. Is one a Chief? and are they robbers many—leagued?

PHORKYAS. Not robbers are they; yet of many one is Chief:

I blame him not, although on me he also fell.

He might, indeed, have taken all; yet was content 520

With some *free-gifts*, he said: tribute he called it not.

HELENA. How looked the man?

PHORKYAS. By no means ill: he pleased me well.
Cheerful and brave and bold, and nobly-formed is
he,

A prudent man and wise, as few among the Greeks.
They call the race Barbarians; yet I question much
If one so cruel be, as there by Ilion

In man-devouring rage so many heroes were ;

His greatness I respected, did confide in him.

And then, his fortress! That should ye yourselves
behold!

'Tis something other than unwieldy masonry. 530

The which your fathers, helter-skelter tumbling,
piled,—

Cyclopean like the Cyclops, stones undressed at once
On stones undressed upheaving: there, however,
there

All plumb and balanced is, conformed to square and
rule.

Behold it from without! It rises heavenward up
So hard, so tight of joint, and mirror-smooth as steel.
To climb up there—nay, even your Thought itself
slides off!

And mighty courts of ample space within, enclosed
Around with structures of all character and use.

There you see pillars, pillarlets, arches great and
small, 540

Balconies, galleries for looking out and in,
And coats of arms.

CHORUS. What are they?

PHORKYAS. Ajax surely bore

A twisted serpent on his shield, as ye have seen.

The Seven also before Thebes had images,

Each one upon his shield, with many meanings rich,

One saw there moon and star on the nocturnal sky,

And goddesses, and heroes, ladders, torches, swords,

And whatsoe'er afflicting threateneth good towns.

Such symbols also bore our own heroic band,

In shining tints, bequeathed from eldest ancestry. 550.
 You see there lions, eagles, likewise claws and beaks,
 Then buffalo-horns, with wings and roses, peacocks'-
 tails,
 And also bars—gold, black, and silver, blue and red.
 The like of these in halls are hanging, row on row,—
 In halls unlimited and spacious as the world:
 There might ye dance!

CHORUS. But tell us, are there dancers there?

PHORKYAS. Ay, and the best!—a blooming, gold-
 haired throng of boys,

Breathing ambrosial youth! So only Paris breathed,
 When he approached too nearly to the Queen.

HELENA. Thou fall'st

Entirely from thy part: speak now the final word! 560

PHORKYAS. 'Tis thou shalt speak it: say with grave
 distinctness, Yes!

Then straight will I surround thee with that fortress.

CHORUS. Speak,

O speak the one brief word, and save thyself and us!

HELENA. What! Shall I fear King Menelaus may
 transgress

So most inhumanly, as thus to smite myself?

PHORKYAS. Hast thou forgotten how he thy Deiphobus,

Brother of fallen Paris, who with stubborn claim

Took thee, the widow, as his fere, did visit with

Unheard-of mutilation? Nose and ears he cropped,

And otherwise disfigured: 'twas a dread to see. 570

HELENA. That did he unto him: he did it for my sake.

PHORKYAS. Because of him he now will do the like to
 thee.

Beauty is indivisible: who once possessed

Her wholly, rather slays than only share in part.

[*Trumpets in the distance; the CHORUS starts in terror.*
 Even as the trumpet's piercing clangour gripes and
 tears

The ear and entrail-nerves, thus Jealousy her claws
 Drives in the bosom of the man, who ne'er forgets

What once was his, but now is lost, possessed no more.

CHORUS. Hear'st thou not the trumpets pealing?
see'st thou not the shine of swords?

PHORKYAS. King and Lord, be welcome hither!
willing reckoning will I give. [Pause. 580

HELENA. What I may venture first to do, have I devised.

A hostile Daemon art thou, that I feel full well,
And much I fear thou wilt convert the Good to Bad,

But first to yonder fortress now I follow thee;
What then shall come, I know: but what the Queen thereby

As mystery in her deepest bosom may conceal,
Remain unguessed by all! Now, Ancient, lead the way!

CHORUS

O how gladly we go,
Hastening thither!

Chasing us, Death, 590

And, rising before us,

The towering castle's

Inaccessible ramparts.

Guard us as well may they

As Ilion's citadel-fort,

Which at last alone

Fell, through contemptible wiles!

[Mists arise and spread, obscuring the background,
also the nearer portion of the scene, at pleasure.

How is it? how?

Sisters, look around!

Was it not cheerfullest day? 600

Banded vapours are hovering up

Out of Eurotas' holy stream;

Vanished e'en now hath the lovely

Reed-engarlanded shore from the sight;

Likewise the free, gracefully-proud,

Silently-floating swans,
 Mated in joy of their swimming,
 See I, alas! no more.

Still—but still
 Crying, I hear them, 610
 Hoarsely crying afar!
 Ominous, death-presaging!
 Ah! may to us the tones not also,
 Stead of deliverance promised,
 Ruin announce at the last!—
 Us, the swan-like and slender,
 Long white-throated, and She,
 Our fair swan-begotten.
 Woe to us, woe!

All is covered and hid 620
 Round us with vapour and cloud:
 Each other behold we not!
 What happens? do we advance?
 Hover we only with
 Skipping footstep along the ground?
 Seest thou naught? Soars not even, perchance,
 Hermes before us? Shines not the golden wand.
 Bidding, commanding us back again
 To the cheerless, gray-twilighted,
 Full of impalpable phantoms, 630
 Over-filled, eternally-empty Hades?

Yes, at once the air is gloomy, sunless vanish now the
 vapours,
 Gray and darkly, brown as buildings. Walls present
 themselves before us,
 Blank against our clearer vision. Is't a court? a
 moat, or pitfall?
 Fear-inspiring, any way! and Sisters, ah, behold us
 prisoned,—
 Prisoned now, as ne'er before!
*(Inner court-yard of a Castle, surrounded with rich, fantastic
 buildings of the Middle Ages.)*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS. Precipitate and foolish, type
of women ye!

Dependent on the moment, sport of every breeze
That blows mischance or luck! and neither ever ye
Supported calmly. One is sure to contradict 640

The others fiercely, and cross-wise the others her:

Only in joy and pain ye howl and laugh alike.

Be silent now, and hearken what the Mistress here,

High-thoughted, may determine for herself and us!

HELENA. Where art thou, Pythoness? Whatever be
thy name,

Step forth from out these arches of the gloomy keep!

If thou didst go, unto the wondrous hero-lord

Me to announce, preparing thus reception fit,

Then take my thanks, and lead me speedily to him!

I wish the wandering closed, I wish for rest alone. 650

LEADER OF THE CHORUS. In vain thou lookest, Queen,
all ways around thee here;

That fatal shape hath vanished hence, perhaps
remained

There in the mists, from out whose bosom hither-
wards—

I know not how—we came, swiftly, without a step.

Perhaps, indeed, she strays, lost in the labyrinth

Of many castles wondrously combined in one,

Seeking august and princely welcome from the lord.

But see! up yonder moves in readiness a crowd:

In galleries, at windows, through the portals, comes

A multitude of servants, hastening here and there: 660

And this proclaims distinguished welcome to the
guest.

CHORUS

My heart is relieved! O, yonder behold

How so orderly downward with lingering step

The crowd of the youths in dignity comes,

In regular march! Who hath given command

That they marshal in ranks, and so promptly dis-
posed,

The youthfullest boys of the beautiful race?
 What shall most I admire? Is 't the delicate gait,
 Or the curls of the hair on the white of the brow,
 Or the twin-rounded cheeks, blushing red like the
 peach, 670

And also, like them, with the silkiest down?
 Fain therein would I bite, yet I fear me to try;
 For, in similar case, was the mouth thereupon
 Filled—I shudder to tell it!—with ashes.

But they, the fairest,
 Hither they come:
 What do they bear?
 Steps to the throne,
 Carpet and seat,
 Curtain and tent, 680
 Or similar gear;
 Waving around, and
 Cloudy wreaths forming
 O'er the head of our Queen;
 For she already ascendeth,
 Invited, the sumptuous couch.
 Come forward, now,
 Step by step,
 Solemnly ranged!
 Worthy, O, threefold worthy her, 690
 May such a reception be blessed!

[All that is described by the CHORUS takes place by degrees. After the boys and squires have descended in a long procession, FAUST appears above, at the head of the staircase, in knightly Court costume of the Middle Ages, and then comes down slowly and with dignity.]

LEADER OF THE CHORUS (*observing him attentively*). If
 now, indeed, the Gods to this man have not lent—
 As oft they do to men—a brave, transcendent form,
 A winning presence, stately dignity of mien,
 For temporary service, all he undertakes
 Will always bring him triumph, whether in fight with
 men,

Or in the minor wars with fairest ladies waged.
 Him, verily, to hosts of others I prefer,
 Whom, highly-famed withal, I have myself beheld.
 With slow and solemn step, by reverence restrained,
 I see the Prince approach: turn thou thy head, O
 Queen! 701

FAUST (*approaching; a man in fetters at his side*). Instead
 of solemn greeting, as beseems,
 Or reverential welcome, bring I thee,
 Fast-bound in welded fetters, here, the knave
 Whose duty slighted cheated me of mine.
 Kneel down, thou Culprit, that this lofty Dame
 May hear the prompt confession of thy guilt!
 This, Sovereign Mistress, is the man select
 For piercing vision, on the turret high
 Stationed to look around, the space of heaven 716
 And breadth of earth to read with sharpest glance,
 If here or there perchance come aught to view,—
 Between the stronghold and the circling hills
 If aught may move, whether the billowy herds
 Or waves of armed men: those we protect,
 Encounter these. To-day—what negligence!
 Thou comest, he proclaims it not: we fail
 In honourable reception, most deserved,
 Of such high guest. Now forfeited hath he
 His guilty life, and should have shed the blood 720
 Of death deserved; but only thou shalt mete
 Pardon or punishment, at thy good will.

HELENA. So high the power, which thou hast granted me,
 As Mistress and as Judge, although it were
 (I may conjecture) meant but as a test,—
 Yet now I use the Judge's bounden right
 To give the Accused a hearing: speak then, thou!

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER OF THE TOWER.ⁿ

Let me kneel and let me view her,
 Let me live, or let me die!

For enslaved, devoted to her,

730

This God-granted Dame, am I.

Watching for the Morn's advancing
Where her pathways eastward run,
All at once, a sight entrancing,
In the South arose the sun.

There to look, the Wonder drew me:
Not the glens, the summits cold,
Space of sky or landscape gloomy,—
Only Her did I behold.

Beam of sight to me was given, 740
Like the lynx on highest tree;
But in vain I've urged and striven,
'Twas a dream that fettered me.

Could I know, or how be aided?
'Think of tower or bolted gate?
Vapours rose and vapours faded,
And the Goddess came in state!

Eye and heart did I surrender
To the softly-shining spell:
Blinding all with Beauty's splendour, 750
She hath blinded me as well.

I forgot the warder's duty
And the trumpet's herald-call:
Threaten to destroy me! Beauty
Bindeth anger, frees her thrall.

HELENA. The Evil which I brought, I dare no more
Chastise. Ah, woe to me! What fate severe
Pursues me, everywhere the breasts of men
So to infatuate, that nor them, nor aught
Besides of worth, they spare? Now plundering, 760
Seducing, fighting, hurried to and fro,
Heroes and Demigods, Gods, Demons even,
Hither and thither led me, sore-perplexed.
Sole, I the world bewildered, doubly more;
Now threefold, fourfold, woe on woe I bring.
Remove this guiltless man, let him go free!
The God-deluded merits no disgrace.

FAUST. Amazed, O Queen, do I behold alike
 The unerring archer and the stricken prey.
 I see the bow, wherefrom the arrow sped 770
 That wounded him. Arrows on arrows fly,
 And strike me. I suspect the feathered hum
 Of bolts cross-fired through all the courts and
 towers.

What am I now? At once rebellious thou
 Makest my faithfullest, and insecure
 My walls. Thence do I fear that even my hosts
 Obey the conquering and unconquered Dame.
 What else remains, but that I give to thee
 Myself, and all I vainly fancied mine?
 Let me, before thy feet, in fealty true, 780
 Thee now acknowledge, Lady, whose approach
 Won thee at once possession and the throne!

LYNCEUS (*with a chest, and men who follow, bearing others*).

Thou seest me, Queen, returned and free!
 The wealthy begs a glance from thee:
 Thee he beheld, and feeleth, since,
 As beggar poor, yet rich as prince.

What was I erst? What now am I?
 What shall I will?—what do, or try?
 What boots the eyesight's sharpest ray?
 Back from thy throne it bounds away. 790

Forth from the East we hither pressed,ⁿ
 And all was over with the West:
 So long and broad the people massed,
 The foremost knew not of the last.
 The foremost fell, the second stood;
 The third one's lance was prompt and good;
 Each one a hundred's strength supplied:
 Unnoted, thousands fell and died.

We onward pressed, in stormy chase;
 The lords were we from place to place; 800
 And where, to-day, I ruled as chief,
 The morrow brought another thief.

We viewed the ground, but viewed in haste:
The fairest woman one embraced,
One took the oxen from the stall;
The horses followed, one and all.

But my delight was to espy
What rarest was, to mind and eye;
And all that others might amass
To me was so much withered grass. 810

I hunted on the treasure-trail
Where'er sharp sight could me avail:
In every pocket did I see,
And every chest was glass to me.

And heaps of gold I came to own,
With many a splendid jewel-stone:
The emeralds only worthy seem
Greenly upon thy breast to gleam.

'Twixt lip and ear let swaying sleep
The pearly egg of Ocean's deep; 820
Such place the rubies dare not seek,
They're blanched beside the rosy cheek.

And thus, the treasure's offering
I here before thy presence bring:
Laid at thy feet, be now revealed
The spoils of many a bloody field!

Though I have brought of chests a store,
Yet iron caskets have I more.
Let me attend thee, do thy will,
And I thy treasure-vaults will fill. 830

For scarcely didst thou mount the throne,
Than bowed to own and bent to own
Thy Beauty's sway, that very hour,
Wisdom, and Wealth, and sovereign Power.

All such I held secure, as mine;
Now freed therefrom, behold it thine!

I deemed its worth and value plain;
Now see I, it was null and vain.

What I possessed from me doth pass,
Dispersed like mown and withered grass. 840
One bright and beauteous glance afford,
And all its worth is straight restored!

FAUST. Remove with speed the burden boldly won,
Not blamed, indeed, but neither with reward.
All is her own already, which the keep
Within it holds; and special offer thus
Is useless. Go, and pile up wealth on wealth
In order fit! Present the show august
Of splendours yet unseen! The vaulted halls
Make shine like clearest heaven! Let Paradise 850
From lifeless pomp of life created be!
Hastening, before her footsteps be unrolled
The flower-embroidered carpets! Let her tread
Fall on the softest footing, and her glance,
Gods only bear undazed, on proudest pomp!

LYNCEUS.

What the lord commands is slight;
For the servants, labour light:
Over wealth and blood and breath
This proud Beauty governeth.
Lo! thy warrior-throngs are tame; 860
All the swords are blunt and lame;
Near the bright form we behold
Even the sun is pale and cold;
Near the riches of her face
All things empty, shorn of grace.

HELENA (*to FAUST*). Fain to discourse with thee, I bid
thee come

Up hither to my side! The empty place
Invites its lord, and thus secures me mine.

FAUST. First, kneeling, let the dedication be
Accepted, lofty Lady! Let me kiss 870
The gracious hand that lifts me to thy side.

Confirm me as co-regent of thy realm,
Whose borders are unknown, and win for thee
Guard, slave and worshipper, and all in one!

HELENA. I hear and witness marvels manifold;
Amazement takes me, much would I inquire.
Yet now instruct me, wherefore spake the man
With strangely-sounding speech, friendly and strange:
Each sound appeared as yielding to the next,ⁿ
And, when a word gave pleasure to the ear, 880
Another came, caressing then the first.

FAUST. If thee our people's mode of speech delight,
O thou shalt be enraptured with our song,
Which wholly satisfies both ear and mind!
But it were best we exercise it now:
Alternate speech entices, calls it forth.

HELENA. Canst thou to me that lovely speech impart?

FAUST. 'Tis easy: it must issue from the heart:
And if the breast with yearning overflow,
One looks around, and asks —

HELENA. Who shares the glow. 890

FAUST. Nor Past nor Future shades an hour like this;
But wholly in the Present—

HELENA. Is our bliss.

FAUST. Gain, pledge, and fortune in the Present stand:
What confirmation does it ask?

HELENA. My hand.

CHORUS

Who would take it amiss, that our Princess
Granteth now to the Castle's lord
Friendliest demonstration?
For, indeed, collectively are we
Captives, as oftentimes already,
Since the infamous downfall
Of Ilium, and the perilous,
Labyrinthine, sorrowful voyage.

900

Women, to the love of men accustomed,
Dainty choosers are they not,

But proficient skilful;
 And unto golden-haired shepherds,
 Perchance black, bristly Fauns, too,
 Even as comes opportunity,
 Unto the limbs in their vigour
 Fully award they an equal right. 910

Near, and nearer already sit
 They, to each other drawn,
 Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee;
 Hand in hand, they bend and sway
 Over the throne's
 Softly-pillowed, luxurious pomp.
 Majesty here not withholds its
 Secretest raptures,
 Wilfully, boldly revealed
 Thus to the eyes of the people. 920

HELENA. I feel so far away, and yet so near;
 And am so fain to say: 'Here am I! here.'

FAUST. I scarcely breathe; I tremble; speech is dead:
 It is a dream, and day and place have fled.

HELENA. I seem as life were done, and yet so new,
 Blent thus with thee,—to thee, the Unknown, true!

FAUST. To probe this rarest fate be not impelled!
 Being is duty, though a moment held.

PHIORKYAS (*violently entering*).

Spell in lovers' primers sweetly!
 Probe and dally, cosset featly 930
 Test your wanton sport completely!
 But there is not time, nor place.
 Feel ye not the gloomy presage?
 Hear ye not the trumpet's message?
 For the ruin comes apace.
 Menelaus with his legions
 Storms across the hither regions;
 Call to battle all your race!
 By the victors execrated,
 Like Deiphobus mutilated. 940

Thou shalt pay for woman's grace:
 First shall dangle every light one,
 At the altar, then, the Bright One
 Find the keen axe in its place!

FAUST. Disturbance rash! repulsively she presses in;
 Not even in danger meet is senseless violence.
 Ill message makes the fairest herald ugly seem;
 Thou, Ugliest, delightest but in evil news.
 Yet this time shalt thou not succeed; with empty
 breath

Stir, shatter thou the air! There is no danger here,
 And unto us were danger but an idle threat. 951

*[Signals, explosions from the towers, trumpets and
 cornets, martial music. A powerful armed force
 marches past.]*

No! hero-bands, none ever braver,
 At once shalt thou assembled see:
 He, sole, deserves the ladies' favour,
 Whose arm defends them gallantly.

*[To the leaders of the troops, who detach themselves
 from the columns, and come forwards.]*

With rage restrained, in silence banded,
 And certain of the victory-feast,
 Ye, Northern blossoms, half expanded,
 Ye, flowery fervours of the East!

The light upon their armour breaking, 960
 They plundered realm on realm, at will:
 They come, and lo! the earth is quaking;
 They march away, it thunders still!

In Pylos we forsook the waters;
 The ancient Nestor is no more,
 And soon our lawless army scatters
 The troops of kings on Grecian shore.

Back from these walls, no more delaying,
 Drive Menelaus to the sea!

There let him wander, robbing, slayin 970
 As was his wish and destiny.

PART II, ACT III

303

I hail you Dukes, as forth ye sally
Beneath the rule of Sparta's Queen!
Now lay before her mount and valley,
And you shall share the kingdom green!

Thine, German, be the hand that forges
Defence for Corinth and her bays:
Achaïa, with its hundred gorges,
I give thee, Goth, to hold and raise.

Towards Elis, Franks, direct your motion; 980
Messene be the Saxon's state:
The Norman claim and sweep the ocean,
And Argolis again make great!

Then each shall dwell in homes well-dowered,
And only outer foemen meet;
Yet still by Sparta over-towered,
The Queen's ancestral, ancient seat.

Each one shall she behold, abiding
In lands that lack no liberal right;
And at her feet ye'll seek, confiding, 990
Your confirmation, law and light!

*[Faust descends from the throne; the Princes form a
circle around him, in order to receive special commands
and instructions.]*

CHORUS

Who for himself the Fairest desires,
First of all things, let him
Bravely and wisely a weapon acquire!
Flattering, indeed, he may conquer
What on earth is the highest;
But he quietly may not possess.
Wily sneaks entice her away,
Robbers boldly abduct her from him:
This to hinder be he prepared! 1000

Therefore now our Prince I praise,
Holding him higher than others,

Since he wisdom and strength combines,
 So that the strong men obedient stand,
 Waiting his every beckon.

They his orders faithfully heed,
 Each for the profiting of himself
 As for the Ruler's rewarding thanks,
 And for the highest renown of both.

For who shall tear her away 1010
 Now, from the mighty possessor?
 His is she, and to him be she granted,
 Doubly granted by us, whom he,
 Even as her, within by sure walls hath surrounded,
 And without by a powerful host.

FAUST. The gifts they've won by our concession,—
 In fee to each a wealthy land,—
 Are grand and fair: grant them possession!
 We in the midst will take our stand.

And they in rivalry protect thee, 1020
 Half-Island, girdled by the sea
 With whispering waves,—whose soft hill-chains
 connect thee

With the last branch of Europe's mountain-tree!

This land, before all lands in splendour,
 On every race shall bliss confer,—
 Which to my queen in glad surrender
 Yields, as it first looked up to her,

When, 'mid Eurotas' whispering rushes
 She burst from Leda's purple shell,
 So blinding in her beauty's flushes, 1030
 That mother, brothers, felt the spell!

This land, which seeks thy sole direction,
 Its brightest bloom hath now unfurled:
 Prefer thy fatherland's affection
 To what is wholly thine, the world!

And though upon its ridgy backs of mountains
 The Sun's cold arrow smites each cloven head,

Yet, where the rock is greened by falling fountains,
The wild-goat nibbles and is lightly fed.

The springs leap forth, the streams united follow; 1040
Green are the gorges, slopes, and meads below:
On hundred hillsides, cleft with many a hollow,
Thou seest the woolly herds like scattered snow.

Divided, cautious, graze with measured paces
The cattle onward to the dizzy edge,
Yet for them all are furnished sheltered places,
Where countless caverns arch the rocky ledge.

Pan guards them there, and nymphs of life are
dwelling
In bushy clefts, that moist and freshest be;
And yearningly to higher regions swelling, 1050
The branches crowd aloft of tree on tree.

Primeval woods! the strong oak there is regnant,
And bough crooks out from bough in stubborn
state;

'The maple mild, with sweetest juices pregnant,
Shoots cleanly up, and dallies with its weight.

And motherly, in that still realm of shadows,
The warm milk flows, for child's and lambkin's lips:
At hand is fruit, the food of fertile meadows,
And from the hollow trunk the honey drips.

Here comfort is in birth transmitted; 1060
To cheek and lip here joy is sent:
Each is immortal in his station fitted,
And all are healthy and content.

And thus the child in that bright season gaineth
The father-strength, as in a dream:
We wonder; yet the question still remaineth,
If they are men, when Gods they seem.

So was Apollo shepherd-like in feature,
That other shepherds were as fair and fleet;

For where in such clear orbit moveth Nature, 1070
All worlds in inter-action meet.

[Taking his seat beside her.

Thus hath success my fate and thine attended;
Henceforth behind us let the Past be furled!
O, feel thyself from highest God descended!
For thou belongest to the primal world.

Thy life shall circumscribe no fortress frowning!
Still, in eternal youth, stands as it stood,
For us, our stay with every rapture crowning,
Arcadia in Sparta's neighbourhood.

To tread this happy soil at last incited, 1080
Thy flight was towards a joyous destiny!
Now let our throne become a bower unblighted,
Our bliss become Arcadian and free!

[The scene of action is completely transformed. Against a range of rocky caverns close bowers are constructed. A shadowy grove extends to the foot of the rocks which rise on all sides. FAUST and HELENA are not seen; the CHORUS lies scattered about, sleeping.]

PHORKYAS. How long these maidens have been sleeping, know I not:

If they allowed themselves to dream what now mine eyes

So clearly saw, is equally unknown to me.

Therefore, I wake them. They, the Young, shall be amazed,—

Ye also, Bearded Ones, who sit below and wait,—ⁿ
Solution of these marvels finally to see.

Awake! arise! and shake from off your locks the dew,
The slumber from your eyes! Listen, and cease to blink! 1091

CHORUS. Speak and tell us, quickly tell us, all the wonders that have happened!

We shall hear with greater pleasure, if belief we
cannot give it,
For both eye and mind are weary, to behold these
rocks alone.

PHORKYAS. Children, you have hardly rubbed your
eyes, and are you weary now?

Hear me, then! Within these caverns, in the grottos
and the arbours,
Screen and shelter have been lent, as unto twain
idyllic lovers,
To our Lord and to our Lady.

CHORUS How? within there?

PHORKYAS. Separated
From the world, me only did they summon to their
quiet service.

Honoured thus, I stood beside them, but, as fit in
one as trusted, 1100

Looked around at something other, turning here and
there at random,—

Seeking roots, and bark, and mosses, being skilled in
healing simples,—

And the twain were left alone.

CHORUS. Speakest thou as if within were spaces roomy
as the world is:

Wood and meadow, lakes and rivers,—what a fable
dost thou spin!

PHORKYAS. Certainly, ye Inexperienced! Those are
unexplored recesses:

Hall on hall, and court on court succeeding, musingly
I tracked.

All at once a laughter echoes through the spaces of
the caverns;

As I look, a Boy is leaping from the mother's lap to
father's,

From the father to the mother: the caressing and the
dandling, 1110

Teasing pranks of silly fondness, cry of sport and
shout of rapture,

They, alternate, deafen me.
He, a Genius naked, wingless, like a Faun without the
beasthood,
Leaps upon the solid pavement; yet the pavement
now reacting,
Sends him flying high in air, and at the second bound
or third, he
Seems to graze the vaulted roof.
Cries, disquieted, the mother: 'Leap repeatedly, at
pleasure,
But beware of flying! for prohibited is flight to thee.'
And thus warns the faithful father: 'Dwells in earth
the force elastic
Which thee upwards thus impelleth; touch but with
thy toe the surface, 1120
Like the son of Earth, Antaeus, straightway art thou
strong again.'
So he springs upon the rocky masses, from a dizzy
cornice
To another, and around, as springs a ball when
sharply struck.
Yet, a-sudden, in a crevice of the hollow gulf he's
vanished,
And it seemeth we have lost him! Mother mourns,
and father comforts,
Shoulder-shrugging anxiously I stand. But now,
again, what vision!
Are there treasures yonder hidden? Garments
striped with broidered blossoms
Hath he worthily assumed.
Tassels from his shoulders swaying, fillets flutter
round his bosom,
In his hand the golden lyre, completely like a little
Phoebus, 1130
Cheerily to the brink he steps, the jutting edge: we
stand astounded,
And the parents in their rapture clasp each other to
the heart.

What around his head is shining? What it is, were
hard to warrant,

Whether golden gauds, or flame of all-subduing
strength of soul.

So he moves with stately gesture, even as boy himself
proclaiming

Future Master of all Beauty, all the melodies eternal
Throbbing in his flesh and blood; and you shall thus
delighted, hear him,—

Thus shall you behold him, with a wonder never
felt before!

CHORUS

Call'st thou a marvel this,

Creta's begotten? ⁿ

1140

Poetic-didactical word

Hast thou listened to never?

Never yet hearkened Ionia's

Never received also Hellas'

Godlike, heroical treasure

Of ancient, primitive legends?

All that ever happens

Now in the Present

Mocks like a mournful echo

The grander days of the Fathers.

1150

Not comparable is thy story

Unto that loveliest falsehood,

Than Truth more credible,

Sung of the Son of Maia!

This strong and delicate, yet

Scarcely delivered suckling,

Swathe ye in purest downy bands,

Bind ye in precious diapered stuffs,

As is the gossiping nurse's

Unreasonable notion!

1160

Strongly and daintily draws, no less,

Now the rogue the flexible,

Firm yet elastic body

Cunningly out, and leaveth the close,
 Purple, impeding shell
 Quietly there in its place,
 Like the completed butterfly,
 Which from the chilly chrysalid
 Nimbly, pinion-unfolding, slips,
 Boldly and wilfully fluttering through 1170
 Sunshine-pervaded ether.
 So he, too, the sprightliest:
 That unto thieves and jugglers—
 All the seekers of profit, as well,—
 He the favourable Daemon was,
 Did he speedily manifest
 By the skilfullest artifice.

Straight from the Ruler of Ocean stole
 He the trident,—from Ares himself
 Slyly the sword from the scabbard; 1180
 Arrows and bow from Phoebus, and then
 Tongs that Hephaestus was using.
 Even from Zeus, the Father, bolts had he
 Filched, had the fire not scared him.
 Eros, also, he overcame
 In leg-tripping wrestling match;
 Then from Cypris, as she caressed him,
 Plundered the zone from her bosom.

[An exquisite, purely melodious music of stringed instruments resounds from the cavern. All become attentive, and soon appear to be deeply moved. From this point to the pause designated, there is a full musical accompaniment.]

PHORKYAS.

Hark! the music, pure and golden;
 Free from fables be at last! 1190
 All your Gods, the medley olden,
 Let depart! their day is past.

You no more are comprehended;
 We require a higher part:

PART II, ACT III

311

By the heart must be expended
What shall work upon the heart.

[*She retires towards the rock's.*]

CHORUS

If the flattering music presses,
Fearful Being, to thine ears,
We, restored to health, confess us
Softened to the joy of tears. 1200

Let the sun be missed from heaven,
When the soul is bright with morn!
What the world has never given
Now within our hearts is born.

(HELENA. FAUST. EUPHORION *in the costume already
described.*)

EUPHORION.ⁿ

Hear ye songs of childish pleasure,
Ye are moved to playful glee;
Seeing me thus dance in measure,
Leap your hearts parentally.

HELENA. Love, in human wise to bless us,
In a noble Pair must be; 1210
But divinely to possess us,
It must form a precious Three.

FAUST. All we seek has therefore found us;
I am thine and thou art mine!
So we stand as Love hath bound us;
Other fortune we resign.

CHORUS. Many years shall they, delighted,
Gather from the shining boy
Double bliss for hearts united:
In their union what a joy! 1220

EUPHORION.

Let me be skipping,
Let me be leaping!
To soar and circle,
Through ether sweeping,



Is now the passion
That me hath won.

FAUST.

But gently! gently!
Not rashly faring;
Lest plunge and ruin
Repay thy daring,
Perchance destroy thee,
Our darling son!

1230

EUPHORION.

I will not longer
Stagnate below here!
Let go my tresses,
My hands let go, here!
Let go my garments!
They all are mine.

HELENA.

O think! Bethink thee
To whom thou belongest!
How it would grieve us,
And how thou wrongest
The fortune fairest,—
Mine, His, and Thine!

1240

CHORUS.

Soon shall, I fear me,
The sweet bond untwine!

HELENA AND FAUST.

Curb thou Unfortunate!
For our desiring,
Thine over-importunate
Lofty aspiring!
Rurally quiet,
Brighten the plain!

1250

EUPHORION. Since you will that I try it,
My flight I restrain.

*[Winding in dance through the CHORUS, and drawing
them with him.]*

Round them I hover free;
Gay is the race:
Is this the melody?
Move I with grace?

PART II, ACT III

313

- HELENA.** Yes, that is featly done:
Lead them through, every one, 1260
Mazes of art!
- FAUST.** Soon let it ended be!
Sight of such jugglery
Troubles my heart.
- CHORUS** (*with EUPHORION, dancing nimbly and singing,
in interlinking ranks*).
When thou thine arms so fair
Charmingly liftest,
The curls of thy shining hair
Shakest and shiftest;
When thou, with foot so light,
Brushest the earth in flight, 1270
Hither and forth again
Leading the linkéd chain,
Then is thy goal in sight,
Loveliest Boy!
All of our hearts in joy
Round thee unite. [Pause.
- EUPHORION.**
Not yet repose,
Ye light-footed roes!
Now to new play
Forth, and away! 1280
I am the hunter,
You are the game.
- CHORUS.** Wouldst thou acquire us,
Be not so fast!
We are desirous
Only, at last,
Clasping thy beauty,
Kisses to claim!
- EUPHORION.**
Through groves and through hedges!
O'er cliffs and o'er ledges! 1290
Lightly what fell to me,
That I detest:

What I compel to me
Pleases me best.

HELENA AND FAUST.

How perverse, how wild he's growing!
Vain to hope for moderation;
Now it sounds like bugles blowing,
Over vale and forest pealing:
What disorder! What a brawl!

CHORUS (*entering singly, in haste*).

Forth from us with swiftness ran he! 1300
Spurning us with scornful feeling,
Now he drags from out the many
Here, the wildest one of all,

EUPHORIION (*bearing a young MAIDEN*).

Here I drag the little racer,
And by force will I embrace her;
For my bliss and for my zest
Press the fair, resisting breast,
Kiss the mouth, repellent still,—
Manifest my strength and will.

MAIDEN.

Let me go! This frame infoldeth 1310
Also courage, strength of soul:
Strong as thine, our will upholdeth,
When another would control.
I am in a strait, thou deemest?
What a force thine arm would claim!
Hold me, Fool, and ere thou dreamest
I will scorch thee, in my game.

[*She turns to flame and flashes up in the air.*]

To the airy spaces follow,
Follow me to caverns hollow,
Snatch and hold thy vanished aim! 1320

EUPHORIION (*shaking off the last flames*).

Rocks all around me here,
Over the forests hung!
Why should they bound me here?
Still am I fresh and young.

Tempests are waking now,
Billows are breaking now:
Both far away I hear;
Fain would be near.

[He leaps ever farther up the rocks.]

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS

Chamois-like, dost thou aspire?
Fearful of the fall are we.

1330

EUPHORION.

I must clamber ever higher,
Ever further must I sec.
Now, where I am, I spy?
Midst of the Isle am I:
Midst of Pelops' land,
Kindred in soul, I stand!ⁿ

CHORUS

Bide thou by grove and hill,
Peacefully, rather!
We from the vineyards will
Grapes for thee gather,—
Grapes from the ridges tanned,
Figs, and the apple's gold:
Ah! yet the lovely land,
Loving, behold!

1340

EUPHORION.

Dream ye the peaceful day?
Dream, then, who may!
War! is the countersign:
Victory—word divine!

CHORUS

Who peace and unity
Scorneth, for war's array,
With impunity
Slays his hope of a better day.

1350

EUPHORION.

They, who this land have led
Through danger and dread,

Free, boundlessly brave,
 Lavish of blood they gave,—
 May they, with glorious
 Untamable might,
 Make us victorious,
 Now, in the fight!

1360

CHORUS

Look aloft! he seeks the Farness,
 Yet to us not small he seems.
 As for battle, as in harness,
 He like steel and silver gleams.

EUPHORION.

Walls and towers no more immuring
 Each in vigour stands confessed!
 Fortress firm and most enduring
 Is the soldier's iron breast.

Would ye dwell in freemen's houses?
 Arm, and forth to combat wild!
 See, as Amazons, your spouses,
 And a hero every child!

1370

CHORUS

Hallowed Poesy,
 Heavenward mounting, see!
 Shining, and fairest star,
 Farther, and still more far!
 Yet, from the distance blown,
 Hear we the lightest tone,
 And raptured are.

EUPHORION.

No, 'tis no child which thou beholdest— 1380
 A youth in arms, with haughty brow!
 And with the Strongest, Freest, Boldest,
 His soul is pledged, in manly vow.
 I go!
 For, lo!
 The path to Glory opens now.ⁿ

HELENA AND FAUST.

Thou thy being scarcely learnest,
Scarcely feel'st the Day's glad beam,
When from giddy steeps thou yearnest
For the place of pain supreme! 1390
Are then we
Naught to thee?
Is the gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

And hear ye thunders on the ocean?
From land the thunder-echoes call?
In dust and foam, with fierce commotion,
The armies shock, the heroes fall!
The command
Is, sword in hand,
To die: 'tis certain, once for all. 1400

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

What a horror! We shall rue it!
Ah, is Death command to thee?

EUPHORION.

Shall I from the distance view it?
No! the fate be shared by me!

THE ABOVE.

Danger his arrogance brings:
Fatally bold!

EUPHORION.

Yes!—and a pair of wings
See me unfold!
Thither! I must!—and thus!
Grant me the flight! 1410
*[He casts himself into the air; the garments bear him
a moment, his head is illuminated, and a streak of
light follows.]*

CHORUS.

Icarus! Icarus!
Sorrowful sight!
*[A beautiful Youth falls at the feet of the parents.
We imagine that in the dead body we perceive a well-*

known form; yet the corporeal part vanishes at once, and the aureole rises like a comet towards heaven. The garment, mantle, and lyre remain upon the ground.

HELENA AND FAUST.

Joy is followed, when scarce enjoyed,
By bitterest moan.

EUPHORION (*from the Depths*).

Leave me here, in the gloomy Void,
Mother, not thus alone!

[*Pause.*

CHORUS. (*Dirge.*)ⁿ

Not alone! where'er thou bidest;
For we know thee what thou art.
Ah! if from the Day thou hidest,
Still to thee will cling each heart.
Scarce we venture to lament thee,
Singing, envious of thy fate;
For in storm and sun were lent thee
Song and courage, fair and great.

1420

Ah! for earthly fortune fashioned,
Strength was thine, and proud descent:
Early erring, o'er-impassioned,
Youth, alas! from thee was rent.
For the world thine eye was rarest,
All the heart to thee was known;
Thine were loves of women fairest,
And a song thy very own.

1430

Yet thou rannest uncontrolledly
In the net the fancies draw,
Thus thyself divorcing boldly
As from custom, so from law;
Till the highest thought expended
Set at last thy courage free:
Thou wouldst win achievement splendid,
But it was not given to thee.

1440

Unto whom, then? Question dreary,
Destiny will never heed;

When in evil days and weary,
 Silently the people bleed.
 But new songs shall still elate them:
 Bow no longer and deplore!
 For the soil shall generate them,
 As it hath done heretofore.

[Complete pause. The music ceases.]

HELENA (*to FAUST*). Also in me, alas! an old word
 proves its truth,
 That Bliss and Beauty ne'er enduringly unite. 1450
 Torn is the link of Life, no less than that of Love;
 So, both lamenting, painfully I say: Farewell!
 And cast myself again—once only—in thine arms.
 Receive, Persephone, receive the boy and me.

*[She embraces FAUST: her corporeal part disappears,
 her garment and veil remain in his arms.]*

PHORKYAS (*to FAUST*). Hold fast what now alone
 remains to thee!

The garment let not go! Already twitch
 The Demons at its skirts, and they would fain
 To the Nether Regions drag it! Hold it fast!
 It is no more the Goddess thou hast lost,
 But godlike is it. For thy use employ 1460
 The grand and priceless gift, and soar aloft!
 'Twill bear thee swift from all things mean and
 low

To ether high, so long thou canst endure.

We'll meet again, far, very far from here.

*[HELENA'S garments dissolve into clouds,ⁿ surround
 FAUST, lift him aloft in the air, and move away with
 him.]*

PHORKYAS (*takes up EUPHORION'S tunic, mantle, and lyre
 from the earth, steps forward to the proscenium, holds
 aloft these remains, and speaks*).

Good leavings have I still discovered!

The flame has vanished where it hovered,

Yet for the world no tears I spend.

Enough remains to start the Poets living,
 And envy in their guilds to send;
 And, if their talents are beyond my giving 1470
 At least the costume I can lend.

[She seats herself upon a column in the proscenium.]

PANTHALIS. Now hasten, maidens! we are from the
 magic freed,
 The old Thessalian trollop's mind-compellingspell,—
 Freed from the jingling drone of much-bewildering
 sound,
 The ear confusing, and still more the inner sense.
 Down, then, to Hades! since beforehand went the
 Queen,
 With solemn step descending. Now, upon the track,
 Let straightway follow her the step of faithful maids!
 Her shall we find beside the unfathomed, gloomy
 King.

CHORUS

Queens, of course, are satisfied everywhere: 1480
 Even in Hades take they highest rank,
 Proudly associate with their peers,
 With Persephone closely allied:
 We, however, in the background
 Of the asphodel-besprinkled meadows,
 With the endless rows of poplars
 And the fruitless willows ever mated,—
 What amusement, then, have we?
 Bat-like to squeak and twitter
 In whispers uncheery and ghostly! 1490

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Who hath not won a name, and seeks not noble
 works,
 Belongs but to the elements: away then, ye!
 My own intense desire is with my Queen to be;
 Service and faith secure the individual life.ⁿ

[Exit.]

ALL. Given again to the daylight are we,
 Persons no more, 'tis true,—

We feel it and know it, - -
 But to Hades return we never!
 Nature, the ever-living,
 Makes to us spirits

1500

Validest claim, and we to her also.

A PART OF THE CHORUS. We, in trembling whispers,
 swaying rustle of a thousand branches

Sweetly-rocked, will lightly lure the rills of life, the
 root-born, upwards

To the twigs; and, or with foliage or exuberant gush
 of blossoms,

Will we freely deck their flying hair for prosperous
 airy growth.

Then, when falls the fruit, will straightway gather
 gladdened herds and people,

Swiftly coming, briskly pressing, for the picking
 and the tasting:

All, as if before the early Gods, will then around us
 bend.

A SECOND PART. We, beside these rocks, upon the far-
 off shining, glassy mirror,

Coaxingly will bend and fluctuate, moving with the
 gentle waters;

1510

We to every sound will hearken, song of bird or
 reedy piping;

Though the dreadful voice of Pan, a ready answer
 shall we give:

Comes a murmur, we re-murmur, --thunder, we our
 thunders waken

In reverberating crashes, doubly, trebly, tenfold flung!

A THIRD PART. Sisters, we, of nimbler fancy, hasten
 with the brooklets onward;

For allure us yonder distant, richly-mantled moun-
 tain ranges.

Ever downwards, ever deeper, in meandering curves
 we water

First the meadow, then the pasture; then the garden
 round the house,

Marked by slender peaks of cypress, shooting clearly
into ether

O'er the landscape and the waters and the fading
line of shore. 1520

A FOURTH PART. Fare, ye others, at your pleasure; we
will girdle and o'errustle

The completely-planted hillside, where the sprouting
vines are green.

There at every hour the passion of the vintager is
witnessed,

And the loving diligence, that hath so doubtful a
result.

Now with hoe and now with shovel, then with hilling,
pruning, tying,

Unto all the Gods he prayeth, chiefly to the Sun's
bright god.

Small concern hath pampered Bacchus for his faith-
ful servant's welfare,

But in arbours rests, and caverns, toying with the
youngest Faun.

For his semi-drunken visions whatsoever he hath
needed,

It is furnished him in wine-skins, and in amphorae
and vessels, 1530

Right and left in cool recesses, cellared for eternal
time.

But if now the Gods together, Helios before the
others,

Have with breeze and dew and warmth and glow the
berries filled with juice,

Where the vintager in silence laboured, all is life and
motion,

Every trellis stirs and rustles, and they go from stake
to stake.

Baskets creak and buckets rattle, groaning tubs are
borne on back,

All towards the vat enormous and the treader's lusty
dance;

So is then the sacred bounty of the pure-born, juicy
berries

Rudely trodden; foaming, spirting, they are mixed
and grimly crushed.

Now the ear is pierced with cymbals and the clash of
brazen bosses, 1540

For, behold, is Dionysos from his mysteries revealed!

Forth he comes with goat-foot Satyrs, whirling goat-
foot Satyresses,

While amid the rout Silenus' big-cared beast unruly
brays.

Naught is spared! The cloven hoofs tread down all
decent custom;

All the senses whirl bewildered, fearfully the ear is
stunned.

Drunkards fumble for the goblets, over-full are heads
and paunches;

Here and there hath one misgivings, yet increases
thus the tumult;

For, the fresher must to garner, empty they the
ancient skin!

[The curtain falls. PHORKYAS, in the proscenium, rises to a giant height, steps down from the cothurni, removes her mask and veil, and reveals herself as MEPHISTOPHELES, in order, so far as it may be necessary, to comment upon the piece by way of Epilogue.]

ACT IV

I

HIGH MOUNTAINSⁿ

Strong, serrated rocky peaks. A cloud approaches, pauses, and settles down upon a projecting ledge. It then divides.

FAUST (*steps forth*). Down-gazing on the deepest
solitudes below,

I tread deliberately this summit's lonely edge,
Relinquishing my cloudy car, which hither bore

Me softly through the shining day o'er land and sea.
 Unscattered, slowly moved, it separates from me.
 Off eastward strives the mass with rounded, rolling
 march:

And strives the eye, amazed, admiring, after it.
 In motion it divides, in wave-like, changeful guise;
 Yet seems to shape a figure.—Yes! mine eyes not
 en!—

On sun-illumin'd pillars beautecously reclined, 10
 Colossal, truly, but a godlike woman-form,
 I see! The like of Juno, Leda, Helena,
 Majestically lovely, floats before my sight!
 Ah, now 'tis broken. Towering broad and formlessly,
 It rests along the east like distant icy hills,
 And shapes the grand significance of fleeting days.
 Yet still there clings a light and delicate band of mist
 Around my breast and brow, caressing, cheering me.
 Now light, delayingly, it soars and higher soars,
 And folds together.—Cheats me an ecstatic form, 20
 As early-youthful, long-foregone and highest bliss?
 The first glad treasures of my deepest heart break
 forth;

Aurora's love, so light of pinion, is its type,
 The swiftly-felt, the first, scarce-comprehended
 glance,
 Outshining every treasure, when retained and held.
 Like Spiritual Beauty mounts the gracious Form,
 Dissolving not, but lifts itself through ether far,
 And from my inner being bears the best away.

[*A seven-league Boot trips forward:* 11 *another immediately follows.* MEPHISTOPHELES *steps out of them. The Boots stride onward in haste.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. I call that genuine forward-striding!
 But what thou mean'st, I'd have thee own, 30
 That in such horrors art abiding,
 Amid these yawning jags of stone?
 It was not here I learned to know them well;
 Such was, indeed, the bottom-ground of Hell.

FAUST. In foolish legends thou art never lacking;
Again thy store thou set'st about unpacking.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*seriously*). When God the Lord—
wherefore, I also know,—

Banned us from air to darkness deep and central,
Where round and round, in fierce, intensest glow,
Eternal fires were whirled in Earth's hot entrail, 40
We found ourselves too much illuminated,
Yet crowded and uneasily situated.

The Devils all set up a coughing, sneezing,
At every vent without cessation wheezing:
With sulphur-stench and acids Hell dilated,
And such enormous gas was thence created,
That very soon Earth's level, far extended,
Thick as it was, was heaved, and split, and rended!
The thing is plain, no theories o'ercome it:
What formerly was bottom, now is summit. 50

Hereon they base the law there's no disputing,
To give the undermost the topmost footing:
For we escaped from fiery dungeons there
To overplus of lordship of the air;—
A mystery manifest and well concealed,
And to the people only late revealed.

FAUST. To me are mountain-masses grandly dumb:
I ask not, Whence? and ask not, Why? they come.
When Nature in herself her being founded,
Complete and perfect then the globe she rounded, 60
Glad of the summits and the gorges deep,
Set rock to rock, and mountain steep to steep,
The hills with easy outlines downward moulded,
Till gently from their feet the vales unfolded!
They green and grow; with joy therein she ranges,
Requiring no insane, convulsive changes.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, so you talk! You think it clear
as sun;

But he knows otherwise, who saw it done.
For I was there, while still below was surging
The red abyss, and streamed the flaming tide.— 70

When Moloch's hammer, welding rocks and forging,
 Scattered the mountain-ruins far and wide.
 O'er all the land the foreign blocks you spy there;
 Who solves the force that hurled them to their place?
 The lore of learned men is all awry there;
 There lies the rock, and we must let it lie there;
 We've thought already—to our own disgrace.
 Only the common, faithful people know,
 And nothing shakes them in their firm believing:
 Their wisdom ripened long ago,— 80
 A marvel 'tis, of Satan's own achieving.
 On crutch of faith my traveller climbs the ridges,
 Past Devil's Rocks and over Devil's Bridges.

FAUST. Well,—'tis remarkable and new

To note how Devils Nature view.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What's all to me? Her shape let
 Nature wear!

The point of honour is, the Devil was there!
 We are the folk to compass grand designs:
 Tumult, and Force, and Nonsense! See the signs!—
 Yet now, with sober reason to address thee, 90
 Did nothing on our outside shell impress thee?
 From this exceeding height thou saw'st unfurled
 The glory of the Kingdoms of the World.
 Yet, as thou art, unsatisfied,
 Didst feel no lust of power and pride?

FAUST. I did! A mighty plan my fancy won:

Canst guess it?

MEPHISTOPHELES. That is quickly done.

I'd take some town,—a capital, perchance,—
 Its core, the people's need of sustenance;
 With crooked alleys, pointed gables, 100
 Beets, cabbage, onions, on the market-tables;
 With meat-stands, where the blue flies muster,
 And round fat joints like gourmands cluster:
 There shalt thou find, undoubtedly,
 Stench, always, and activity.
 Then ample squares, and streets whose measure

Assumes an air of lordly leisure;
And last, without a gate to bar,
The boundless suburbs stretching far.
'Twere joy to see the coaches go, 110
The noisy crowding to and fro,
The endless running, hither, thither,
Of scattered ants that stream together:
And whether walking, driving, riding,
Ever their central point abiding,
Honoured by thousands, should be I.

FAUST. Therewith I would not be contented!
One likes to see the people multiply,
And in their wise with comfort fed,—
Developed even, taught, well-bred, 120
Yet one has only, when all 's said,
The sum of rebels thus augmented.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Then I should build, with conscious
power and grace,
A pleasure-castle in a pleasant place;
Where hill and forest, level, meadow, field,
Grandly transformed, should park and garden yield.
Before green walls of foliage velvet meadows,
With ordered paths and artful-falling shadows;
Plunge of cascades o'er rocks with skill combined,
And fountain-jets of every form and kind, 130
There grandly shooting upwards from the middle,
While round the sides a thousand spirt and piddle.
Then for the fairest women, fresh and rosy,
I'd build a lodge, convenient and cosey;
And so the bright and boundless time I should
Pass in the loveliest social solitude.
Women, I say; and, once for all, believe
That in the plural I the sex conceive!

FAUST. Sardanapalus! Modern,—poor!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Then might one guess whereunto
thou hast striven? 140

.Boldly-sublime it was, I'm sure.
Since nearer to the moon thy flight was driven,

Would now thy mania that realm secure?

FAUST. Not so! This sphere of earthly soil

Still gives us room for lofty doing.

Astounding plans e'en now are brewing:

I feel new strength for bolder toil.

MEPHISTOPHELES. So, thou wilt Glory earn? 'Tis plain to see

That heroines have been thy company.

FAUST. Power and Estate to win, inspires my thought! 150

The Deed is everything, the Glory naught.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet Poets shall proclaim the matter,

Thy fame to future ages flatter,

By folly further folly scatter!

FAUST. All that is far beyond thy reach.

How canst thou know what men beseech?

Thy cross-grained self, in malice banned,

How can it know what men demand?

MEPHISTOPHELES. According to thy will so let it be!

Confide the compass of thy whims to me! 160

FAUST. Mine eye was drawn to view the open Ocean:

It swelled aloft, self-heaved and over-vaulting,

And then withdrew, and shook its waves in motion,

Again the breadth of level strand assailing.

Then I was vexed, since arrogance can spite

The spirit free, which values every right,

And through excited passion of the blood

Discomfort it, as did the haughty flood.

I thought it chance, my vision did I strain;

The billow paused, then thundered back again, 170

Retiring from the goal so proudly won:

The hour returns, the sport's once more begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ad spectatores*). 'Tis nothing new whatever that one hears;

I've known it many a hundred thousand years.

FAUST (*continuing impassioned*). The Sea sweeps on, in thousand quarters flowing,

Itself unfruitful, barrenness bestowing;

It breaks and swells, and rolls, and overwhelms
The desert stretch of desolated realms.
There endless waves hold sway, in strength erected
And then withdrawn,—and nothing is effected. 180
If aught could drive me to despair, 'twere, truly,
The aimless force of elements unruly.
'Then dared my mind its dreams to over-soar:
Here would I fight, —subdue this fierce uproar!
And possible 'tis!—Howe'er the tides may fill,
They gently fawn around the steadfast hill;
A moderate height resists and drives asunder,
A moderate depth allures and leads them on.
So, swiftly, plans within my mind were drawn:
Let that high joy be mine forevermore, 190
To shut the lordly Ocean from the shore,
The watery waste to limit and to bar,
And push it back upon itself afar!
From step to step I settled how to fight it:
Such is my wish: dare thou to expedite it!

*[Drums and martial music in the rear of the spectators,
from the distance, on the right hand.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES. How easy, that!—Hear'st thou the drums afar?

FAUST. Who's wise likes not to hear of coming war.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In War or Peace, 'tis wise to use the chance,

And draw some profit from each circumstance.

One watches, marks the moment, and is bold: 200

Here's opportunity!—now, Faust, take hold!

FAUST. Spare me the squandering of thy riddle-pelf!

What means it, once for all? Explain thyself!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Upon my way, to me it was discovered

That mighty troubles o'er the Emperor hovered:

Thou knowest him. The while we twain, beside him

With wealth illusive bounteously supplied him,

Then all the world was to be had for pay;

For as a youth he held imperial sway,
 And he was pleased to try it, whether 210
 Both interests would not smoothly pair,
 Since 'twere desirable and fair
 To govern and enjoy, together.

FAUST. A mighty error! He who would command
 Must in commanding find his highest blessing:
 Then, let his breast with force of will expand,
 But what he wills, be past another's guessing!
 What to his faithful he hath whispered, that
 Is turned to act, and men amaze thereat:
 Thus will he ever be the highest-placed 220
 And worthiest!—Enjoyment makes debased.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Such is he not! He *did* enjoy, even
 he!

Meanwhile the realm was torn by anarchy,
 Where great and small were warring with each other,
 And brother drove and slaughtered brother,
 Castle to castle, town 'gainst town arrayed,
 The nobles and the guilds of trade,
 The Bishop, with his chapter and congregation,—
 All meeting eyes but looked retaliation.

In churches death and murder; past the gates, 230
 The merchants travelled under evil fates;
 And all grew bolder, since no rule was drawn
 For life, but: Self-defence!—So things went on.

FAUST. They went, they limped, they fell, arose again,
 Then tumbled headlong, and in heaps remain.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Such a condition no man dared
 abuse.

Each would be something, each set forth his ducs;
 The smallest even as full-measured passed:
 Yet for the best it grew too bad at last.
 The Capable, they then arose with energy, 240
 And said: 'Who gives us Peace, shall ruler be.
 The Emeprror can and will not!—Be elected
 An Emperor new, anew the realm directed,
 Each one secure and sheltered stand,

And in a fresh-constructed land
Justice and Peace be mated and perfected!

FAUST. Priest-like, that sounds.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Priests were they, to be sure;
They meant their well-fed bellies to secure;
They, more than all, therein were implicated.
The riot rose, the riot was consecrated, 250
And now our Emperor, whom we gave delight,
Comes hitherward, perchance for one last fight.

FAUST. I pity him; he was so frank, forgiving.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come we'll look on! There's hope
while one is living!

Let us release him from this narrow valley!
He's saved a thousand times, if once he rally.
Who knows how yet the dice may fall?
If he has fortune, vassals come withal.

*[They cross over the middle range of mountains, and
view the arrangement of the army in the valley. Drums
and military music resound from below.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES. A good position is, I see, secured
them;

We'll join, then victory will be assured them. 260

FAUST. What further, I should like to know?

Cheat! Blind delusion! Hollow show!

MEPHISTOPHELES. No,—stratagems, for battle-win-
ning!

Be steadfast for the grand beginning,
And think upon thy lofty aim!
If we secure the realm its rightful claimant,
Then shalt thou boldly kneel, and claim
The boundless strand in fief, as payment.

FAUST. In many arts didst thou excel:

Come, win a battle now, as well! 270

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, *thou* shalt win it! Here, in
brief,

Shalt thou be General-in-Chief.

FAUST. A high distinction thou wouldst lend,—
There to command, where naught I comprehend!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I leave to the Staff the work and blame,
 Then the Field-Marshal's sure of fame!
 Of War-Uncouncils I have had enough,
 And my War-Council fashion of the stuff .
 Of primal mountains' primal human might:
 He's blest, for whom its elements unite! 280

FAUST. What do I see, with arms, in yonder place?
 Hast thou aroused the mountain-race?

MEPHISTOPHELES. No! But I've brought, like Peter
 Sequence,ⁿ

From all the raff the quintessence.

(The Three Mighty Men appear.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. My fellows draw already near!

Thou seest, of very different ages.

Of different garb and armour they appear:

They will not serve thee ill when battle rages.

(Ad spectatores.) Now every child delights to see

The harness and the helm of knightly action; 290

And allegoric, as the blackguards be,

They'll only all the more give satisfaction.

BULLY *(young, lightly armed, clad in motley)*. When one
 shall meet me, face to face,

My fisticuffs shall on his chops be showered;

And midway in his headlong race,

Fast by his flying hair I'll catch the coward.

HAVEQUICK *(manly, well-armed, richly clad)*. Such empty
 brawls are only folly!

They spoil whate'er occasion brings.

In *taking*, be unwearied wholly,

And after, look to other things! 300

HOLDFAST *(well in years, strongly-armed, without raiment)*.

Yet little gain thereafter lingers!

Soon slips great wealth between your fingers,

Borne by the tides of Life as down they run.

'Tis well to take, indeed, but better still to hold:

Be by the gray old churl controlled,

And thou shalt plundered be by none.

[They descend the mountain together.]

II

ON THE HEADLANDⁿ

Drum and military music from below. The EMPEROR's tent is pitched.

EMPEROR. GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. LIFE-GUARDSMEN.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. It still appears the prudentest of courses

That here, in this appropriate vale,
We have withdrawn and strongly massed our forces:
I firmly trust we shall not fail.

EMPEROR. What comes of it will soon be brought to light;

Yet I dislike this yielding, semi-flight.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. Look down, my Prince, where our right flank is planted!

The field which War desires hath here been granted:
Not steep the hills, yet access not preparing,
To us advantage, to the foe insnaring; 10
Their cavalry will hardly dare surround
Our strength half hid, on undulating ground.

EMPEROR. My commendation, only, need I speak;
Now arm and courage have the test they seek.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. Here, on the middle meadow's level spaces

Thou seest the phalanx, eager in their places.
In air the lances gleam and sparkle, kissed
By sunshine, through the filmy morning mist.
How darkling sways the grand and powerful square!
The thousands burn for great achievements there. 20
Therein canst thou perceive the strength of masses;
And thine, be sure, the foemen's strength surpasses.

EMPEROR. Now first do I enjoy the stirring sight:

An army, thus, appears of double might.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. But of our left I've no report to make.

Brave heroes garrison the rocky brake;
 The stony cliffs, by gleams of weapons specked,
 The entrance to the close defile protect.
 Here, as I guess, the foemen's force will shatter,
 Forced unawares upon the bloody matter. 30

EMPEROR. And there they march, false kin, one like
 the other!

Even as they styled me Uncle, Cousin, Brother,
 Assuming more, and ever more defying,
 The sceptre's power, the throne's respect, denying;
 Then, in their feuds, the realm they devastated,
 And now as Rebels march, against me mated!
 Awhile with halting minds the masses go,
 Then ride the stream, wherever it may flow.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. A faithful man, sent out some news
 to win,

Comes down the rocks: may he have lucky been! 40

FIRST SPY.

Luckily have we succeeded;
 Helped by bold and cunning art,
 Here and there have pressed and heeded,
 But 'tis ill news we impart.
 Many, purest homage pledging,
 Like the faithful, fealty swore,—
 For inertness now alleging
 People's danger, strife in store.

EMPEROR. They learn from selfishness self-preserva-
 tion,

Not duty, honour, grateful inclination. 50

You do not think that, when your reckoning's shown,
 The neighbour's burning house shall fire your own!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. The Second comes, descending
 slowly hither;

A weary man, whose strength appears to wither,

SECOND SPY.

First with comfort we detected
 What their plan confused was worth;
 Then, at once and unexpected,

Came another Emperor forth.

As he bids, in ordered manner

March the gathering hosts away;

60

His unfolding lying banner

All have followed.—Sheep are they!

EMPEROR. Now, by a Rival Emperor shall I gain:

That *I* am Emperor, thus to me is plain.

But as a soldier I the mail put on;

Now for a higher aim the sword be drawn!

At all my shows, however grand to see,

Did nothing lack: but Danger lacked, *to me*.

Though you but tilting at the ring suggested,

My heart beat high to be in tourney tested;

70

And had you not from war my mind dissuaded,

For glorious deeds my name were now paraded.

But independence then did I acquire,

When I stood mirrored in the realm of fire:

In the dread element I dared to stand;—

'Twas but a show, and yet the show was grand.

Of fame and victory I have dreamed alone;

But for the base neglect I now atone!

[*The HERALDS are despatched to challenge the Rival Emperor to single combat.*

(*FAUST enters, in armour, with half-closed visor. The*

THREE MIGHTY MEN, *armed and clothed, as already described.*)

FAUST. We come, and hope our coming is not chidden;

Prudence may help, though by the need unbidden. 80

The mountain race, thou know'st, think and explore,—

Of Nature and the rocks they read the lore.

The Spirits, forced from the level land to sever,

Are of the rocky hills more fain than ever.

Silent, they work through labyrinthine passes,

In rich, metallic fumes of noble gases,

On solving, testing, blending, most intent:

Their only passion, something to invent.

With gentle touch of spiritual power

They build transparent fabrics hour by hour; 90.
For they, in crystals and their silence, furled,
Behold events that rule the Upper World.

EMPEROR. I understand it, and can well agree;
But say, thou gallant man, what's that to me?

FAUST. 'The Sabine old, the Noircian necromancer,ⁿ
Thy true and worthy servant, sends thee answer:
What fearful fate it was, that overhung him!
The faggots crackled, fire already stung him;
The billets dry were closely round him fixed,
With pitch and rolls of brimstone intermixed; 100
Not Man, nor God, nor Devil, him could save,—
The Emperor plucked him from his fiery grave.
It was in Rome. Still is he bound unto thee;
Upon thy path his anxious thoughts pursue thee;
Himself since that dread hour forgotten, he
Questions the stars, the depths, alone for thee.
Us he commissioned, by the swiftest courses
Thee to assist. Great are the mountain's forces;
There Nature works all-potently and free,
Though stupid priests therein but magic see. 110

EMPEROR. On days of joy, when we the guests are
greeting,
Who for their gay delight are gayly meeting,
Each gives us pleasure, as they push and pull,
And crowd, man after man, the chambers full;
Yet chiefly welcome is the brave man, thus,
When as a bold ally he brings to us
Now, in the fateful morning hour, his talents,
While Destiny uplifts her trembling balance.
Yet, while the fates of this high hour unfold,
Thy strong hand from the willing sword with-
hold,— 120

Honour the moment, when the hosts are striding,
For or against me, to the field deciding!
Self is the Man! Who crown and throne would
claim

Must personally be worthy of the same.

And may the Phantom, which against us stands,
The self-styled Emperor, Lord of all our lands,
The army's Duke, our Prince's feudal head,
With mine own hand be hurled among the dead!

FAUST. Howe'er the need that thy great work be finished,
Risked were thy head, the chances were diminished.
Is not the helm adorned with plume and crest? 131
The head it shields, that steels our courage best.
Without a head, what should the members bridle?
Let it but sleep, they sink supine and idle.
If it be injured, all the hurt confess in't,
And all revive, when it is convalescent.
Then soon the arm its right shall reassert,
And lift the shield to save the skull from hurt:
The sword perceives at once its honoured trust,
Parries with vigour, and repeats the thrust: 140
The gallant foot its share of luck will gain,
And plants itself upon the necks of slain.

EMPEROR. Such is my wrath; I'd meet him thus,
undaunted,

And see his proud head as my footstool planted!

HERALDS (*returning*).

Little honour was accorded;
We have met with scorn undoubted:
Our defiance, nobly worded,
As an empty farce they flouted:
'Lo, your Lord is but a vision,—
Echo of a vanished prime: 150
When we name him, says Tradition:
"He was—*once upon a time!*"

FAUST. It's happened as the best would fain have
planned,

Who, firm and faithful, still beside thee stand.
There comes the foe, thy army waits and wishes;
Order attack! the moment is auspicious.

EMPEROR. Yet I decline to exercise command.

(*To the GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.*) Thy duty, Prince, be
trusted to thy hand!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. Then let the right wing now
advance apace!

The enemy's left, who just begin ascending, 160
Shall, ere the movement close, give up their place,
Before the youthful force our field defending.

FAUST. Permit me, then, that this gay hero may
Be stationed in thy ranks, without delay,—
That with thy men most fully he consort,
And thus incorporate, ply his vigorous sport!

[*He points to the MIGHTY MAN on the right.*

BULLY (*coming forward*). Who shows his face to me,
before he turn

Shall find his cheekbones and his chops are shattered:
Who shows his back, one sudden blow shall earn,
Then head and pig-tail dangling hang, and bat-
tered! 170

And if thy men, like me, will lunge
With mace and sword, beside each other,
Man over man the foe shall plunge
And in their own deep blood shall smother!

[*Exit.*

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. Let then our centre phalanx follow
slow,—

Engage with caution, yet with might, the foe!
There to the right, already overtaken,
Our furious force their plan has rudely shaken!

FAUST (*pointing to the middle one*). Let also this one now
obey thy word!

HAVEQUICK (*comes forward*). Unto the host's heroic
duty 180

Shall now be joined the thirst for booty;
And be the goal, where all are sent,
The Rival Emperor's sumptuous tent!
He shall not long upon his seat be lorded:
To lead the phalanx be to me accorded!

SPEEDBOOTY (*sutleress fawning upon him*). Though never
tied to him by priest,

He is my sweetheart dear, at least.

Our autumn 'tis, of ripest gold!
Woman is fierce when she takes hold,
And when she robs, is merciless: 190
All is allowed, so forth to victory press!

[*Exeunt both.*]

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. Upon our left, as was to be fore-
seen,

Their right is strongly hurled. Yon rocks between,
Ours will resist their furious beginning,
And hinder them the narrow pass from winning.

FAUST (*beckons to the MIGHTY MAN on the left*). I beg you,
Sire, let this one also aid;

'Tis well when even the strong are stronger made.

HOLDFAST (*coming forward*). Now let the left wing have
no fear!

The ground is surely held, where I appear:

I am the Ancient you were told of: 200

No lightning splits what I keep hold of!

[*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*descending from above*). And now
behold, how, more remote,

From every jagged, rocky throat

Comes forth an armèd host, increasing,

Down every narrow pathway squeezing,

With helm and harness, sword and spear,

A living rampart in our rear,

And wait the sign to charge the foemen!

(*Aside, to the knowing ones.*) You must not ask whence
comes the omen.

I have not been a careless scout, 210

But cleared the halls of armour round about.

They stood a-foot, they sat on horses,

Like Lords of Earth and real forces:

Once Emperors, Kings, and Knights were they,

Now empty shells,—the snails have crawled away.

Full many ghosts, arrayed so, have for us

Revamped the Middle Ages thus.

Whatever Devils now the shells select,

'This once 'twill still create effect.

(*Aloud.*) Hark! in advance they stir their anger, 220

Each jostling each with brassy clangour!

The banner-rags of standards flutter flowing,

That restless waited for the breeze's blowing.

Here standeth ready, now, an ancient race;

In the new conflict it would fain have place.

[*Tremendous peal of trumpets from above: a perceptible wavering in the hostile army.*]

FAUST. The near horizon dims and darkles;

Yet here and there with meaning sparkles

A ruddy and presaging glow;

The blades are red where strife is sorest,

The atmosphere, the rocks, the forest, 230

The very heavens the combat show.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The right flank holds its ground with vigour:

There, towering over all, defiant,

Jack Bully works, the nimble giant,

And drives them with his wonted rigour.

EMPEROR. I fust beheld one arm uplifted,

But now a dozen tossed and shifted:

Unnatural such things appear.

FAUST. Hast thou not heard of vapours banded,

O'er the Sicilian coasts expanded? 240

There, hovering in daylight clear,

When mid-air gleams in rarer phases,

And mirrored in especial hazes,

A vision wonderful awakes:

There back and forth are cities bending,

With gardens rising and descending,

As form on form the ether breaks.

EMPEROR. Yet how suspicious! I behold

The tall spears tipped with gleams of gold:

Upon our phalanx' shining lances 250

A nimble host of flamelets dances:

Too spectral it appears to me.

FAUST. Pardon me, Lord, those are the traces

- Of spirits of the vanished races,—
The fires of Pollux and of Castor,
Whom seamen call on in disaster:
They here collect their final strength for thee
EMPEROR. But say, to whom are we indebted,
That Nature hath our plans abetted,
With shows of rarest potency? 260
MEPHISTOPHELES. To whom, indeed, but that old
Roman
Whose care for thee at last is proved?
By the strong menace of thy foemen
His deepest nature has been moved,
His gratitude would see thee now delivered,
Though his own being for thy sake be shivered.
EMPEROR. They cheered my march, with every pomp
invested;
I felt my power, I meant to see it tested;
So, carelessly, I found it well, as ruler,
To send the white beard where the air was cooler.
I robbed the Clergy of a pleasant savour, 271
And, truly, have not thus acquired their favour.
Shall I, at last, since many years are over,
The payment for that merry deed recover?
FAUST. Free-hearted help heaps interest:
Look up, and cease to watch the foemen!
Methinks that *he* will send an omen: "
Attend! the sign is now expressed.
EMPEROR. An Eagle hovers in the heavenly vault:
A Griffin follows, menacing assault. 280
FAUST. Give heed! It seems most favourable.
The Griffin is a beast of fable:
How dare he claim a rival regal,
And meet in fight a genuine Eagle?
EMPEROR. And now, in circles wide extended,
They wheel involved,—then, like a flash,
Upon each other swiftly dash,
That necks be cleft and bodies rended!
FAUST. Mark now the evil Griffin quail!

Rumpled and torn, the foe he feareth, 290
 And with his drooping lion's-tail,
 Plunged in the tree-tops, disappeareth.

EMPEROR. Even as presaged, so may it be!

I take the sign, admiringly.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*towards the right*). From the force of
 blows repeated

Have our enemies retreated;
 And in fight uncertain, shifting,
 Towards their right they now are drifting,
 Thus confusing, by their courses,
 All the left flank of their forces. 300

See! our phalanx, firmly driven,
 Moves to right, and, like the levin,
 Strikes them in the weak position.—
 Now, like waves in wild collision,
 Equal powers, with rage opposing,
 In the double fight are closing.
 Gloriously the weapons rattle;
 We, at last, have won the battle!

EMPEROR (*on the left, to FAUST*). Look! it yonder seems
 suspicious;

For our post the luck's capricious. 310
 Not a stone I see them throw there;
 Mounted are the rocks below there,
 And the upper ones deserted.
 Now!—to one huge mass converted
 Nearer moves the foe, unshaken,
 And perchance the pass hath taken.
 Such the unholy plan's conclusion!
 All your arts are but delusion.

[Pause.

MEPHISTOPHELES. There come my ravens, croaking
 presage;

What nature, then, may be their message? 320
 I fear we stand in evil plight.
 What mean these fatal birds enchanted?
 Their inky sails are hither slanted,

Hot from the rocky field of fight.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Ravens*). Sit at mine ears, your flight retarded!

He is not lost whom you have guarded;

Your counsel's logical and right.

FAUST (*to the EMPEROR*). Thou hast, of course, been told of pigeons,

Taught to return from distant regions

To nests upon their native coast.

330

Here, differently, the plan's succeeded;

The pigeon-post for Peace is needed,

But War requires the raven-post.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The birds announce us sore mischances.

See, yonder, how the foe advances

Against our heroes' rocky wall,

The nearest heights even now attaining!

Should they succeed the pass in gaining,

Our fortunes, then, were critical.

EMPEROR. Defeat and cheat at last are on me! 340

Into your meshes you have drawn me:

I shudder, since they bind me fast.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Courage! Not yet the die is cast.

Patience and knack, for knot-untying!

The close will be the fiercest stand.

Sure messengers for me are flying:

Command that I may give command!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF (*who has meanwhile arrived*). To follow these hast thou consented;

Thence all the time was I tormented:

No fortune comes of jugglery.

350

The battle's lost, I cannot mend it;

'Twas they began, and they may end it:

My baton I return to thee.

EMPEROR. Retain it for the better season

Which Fortune still to us may send!

I dread the customers with reason,—

The ravens and their ugly friend.

(To MEPHISTOPHELES.) As for the baton, thou must leave it;

'Thou'rt not, methinks, the proper man.

Command the fight, canst thou retrieve it! 360

Let happen all that happen can!

[Exit into the tent with the GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The blunt stick still be his protection!

'I would naught avail in *our* direction;

There was a sort of Cross thereon.

FAUST. What 's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The thing is done! -ⁿ

Now, my black cousins, speed upon your duties

To the mountain-lake! The Undines, watery beauties,

Entreat, the appearance of their floods to spare!

By female arts, beyond our sharpest seeing,

They can divide the Appearance from the Being,

And all will swear the Being 's there! 371

[Pause.

FAUST. Our ravens must, with flattery beladen,

Have sweetly coaxed each winsome water-maiden;

The trickling streams at once descend.

The bald and rocky shoulders of the mountains

Give birth to full and swiftly-flowing fountains;

Their victory is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES. To such reception they're not used.

The boldest climbers grow confused.

FAUST. Now brook roars down to brook with mighty bubble; 380

Then from the mouths of glens they issue double,

And fling themselves, in arches, o'er the pale;

Then suddenly spread along the rocky level,

And to and fro foam onward in their revel,

As down a stairway hurled into the vale.

What boots their gallant, hero-like resistance?

The billow bursts, and bears them down the distance;

Before such wild uproar even I must quail.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nothing I see of all this moist illusion:

To human eyes, alone, it brings confusion, 390
And in the wondrous chance I take delight.
They fly in headlong, hurried masses;
That they are drowning, think the asses:
Though on the solid land, they see an ocean,
And run absurdly with a swimming motion,
It is a most bewildering plight.

(The Ravens return.)

To the high Master will I praise you duly;
But would you test yourselves as masters fully,
Then hasten to that smithy cene,
Where the dwarf-people, never weary, 400
Hammer the sparks from ore and stone.
Demand, while there you prate and flatter,
A fire to shine, and shoot, and scatter,
As in the highest sense 'tis known.
'Tis true that distant lightning, quivering far-lights,
And falling, quick as wink, of highest-star-lights,
May happen any summer night;
But lightning, loose among the tangled bushes,
And stars that hiss and fizzle in the rushes,
Are shows that seldom meet the sight. 410
Take no great pains, you understand;
But first entreat, and then command!

[Exeunt the Ravens. All takes place as prescribed.]

Upon the foe falls Night's thick curtain,
And step and march become uncertain!
In every quarter wandering blazes,
And sudden glare, that blinds and dazes!
All that seems fine; yet we should hear
Their wild, commingled cries of fear.

FAUST. The hollow armour from the vaulted chambers
In the free air its ancient strength remembers: 420
It rattles there, and clatters all around,—
A wonderful, a cheating sound.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Quite right! The form there's no restraining:

Alrcady knightly whacks are raining,
As in the splendid times of old.

The brassarts there, as well as cuisses,
Are Guelfs and Ghibellines; and this is
Renewal of the feud they hold.

Firm in transmitted hate they anchor,
And show implacably their rancour:

430

Now far and wide the noise hath rolled.

At last, the Devils find a hearty
Advantage in the hate of Party,
Till dread and ruin end the tale:

Repulsive sounds of rage and panic,
With others, piercing and Satanic,
Resound along the frightened vale!

*[Warlike tumult in the Orchestra, finally passing into
lively martial measures.]*

III

THE RIVAL EMPEROR'S TENTⁿ

THRONE: RICH SURROUNDINGS.

HAVEQUICK. SPEEDBOOTY.

SPEEDBOOTY. So, we are here the first, I see!

HAVEQUICK. No raven flies so swift as we.

SPEEDBOOTY. O, how the treasure-piles extend!

Where shall I once begin? where end?

HAVEQUICK. But all the space is full! And now

I know not what to take, I vow!

SPEEDBOOTY. This carpet is the thing I need!

My couch is often hard indeed.

HAVEQUICK. Here hangs a morning-star, so strong,ⁿ

The like of which I've wanted long.

10

SPEEDBOOTY. This crimson mantle, bound with gold,

Is like the one my dreams foretold.

HAVEQUICK (*taking the weapon*). With this, a man is
quickly sped;

One strikes him dead, and goes ahead.

Thou art already laden so,

And nothing right thy sack can show.

This rubbish, rather, here forsake,

And one of yonder caskets take!

The army's modest pay they hold,

Their bellies full of purest gold. 20

SPEEDBOOTY. O what a murderous weight is there!

I cannot lift it, cannot bear.

HAVEQUICK. Quick, bend and squat to take the pack!

I'll heave it on thy sturdy back.

SPEEDBOOTY. O me! Alack! the burden slips:

The weight has crushed my back and hips.

[*The chest falls and bursts open.*]

HAVEQUICK. There lies the red gold in a heap!

Quick, rake and take what thou canst keep!

SPEEDBOOTY (*crouching down*). Quick, let the booty fill
my lap!

'Twill still be quite enough, mayhap. 30

HAVEQUICK. So! there's enough! Now haste and go!

[*She rises.*]

The apron has a hole, ah woe!

Wherever thou dost walk or stand,

Thou sowest treasure on the land.

GUARDSMEN (*of our EMPEROR*). What seek ye here with
wanton eyes?

Ye rummage the Imperial prize!

HAVEQUICK. We hazarded our limbs for pay,

And now we take our share of prey.

In hostile tents 'tis always so,

And we are soldiers, too, you know. 40

GUARDSMEN. Among our troops he comes to grief

Who's both a soldier and a thief:

Who serves our Emperor fair and free,

Let him an honest soldier be!

HAVEQUICK. O yes! such honesty we know:

'Tis *Contribution*,—call it so!

In the same mould you all are made:

'Give!' is the password of your trade.
(*To SPEEDBOOTY.*) With what thou hast, the coast
we'll clear:

As guests we are not welcome here. 50
[Exeunt.]

FIRST GUARDSMAN. Why didst thou not at once bestow
On the scamp's face a smashing blow!

SECOND. I know not,—had not strength to strike;
'They seemed to me so phantom-like.

THIRD. Something there was disturbed my sight,—
A flash: I could not see aright.

FOURTH. I, also, can declare it not:
'The whole day long it was so hot,
So sultry, close, and terrible;
One man stood firm, another fell; 60
We groped and fought, with valour rash,
The foemen fell at every slash;
Before one's eyes there was a mist,
And something roared, and hummed, and hissed;
So to the end, and here are we,
And how it happened, cannot see.

*[The EMPEROR enters, accompanied by FOUR
PRINCES. The GUARDSMEN retire.]*

EMPEROR. Now fare he, as he may! For us is won the
battle,
And o'er the plain the foe have fled like frightened
cattle.
The trait'rous treasure, here, the empty throne, we've
found,
That, hung with tapestry, contracts the space
around. 70
Enthroned in honour we, true guardsmen us protect-
ing,
The people's envoys are imperially expecting.
The messengers of joy arrive from every side,
And, loyal now to us, the realm is pacified.
Though in our fight, perchance, some jugglery was
woven,

Yet, at the last, our own unaided strength we've proven.

True, accidents sometimes for combatants are good;
A stone may fall from heaven, on foes a shower of blood;

From rocky caves may ring tremendous strains of wonder,

That lift our hearts with faith, and drive the foe
asunder. 80

The Conquered yielded, scourged by Scorn's immortal rod;

The Victor, as he boasts, exalts the favouring God;
And all responsive shout, unordered, unentreated:

'We praise Thee, God our Lord!' from million throats
repeated.

Yet as the highest praise, so rarely else expressed,
I turn my pious glance on mine own grateful breast.

A young and lively Prince may give his days to
pleasure;

Him teach the years, at last, the moment's use to
measure.

Therefore, without delay, I call ye, for support,
Beside me, worthy Four, in realm and house and
court. 90

(*To the FIRST.*) Thine was, O Prince! the host's
arrangement, wise inspection,

Then, in the nick of time, heroic, bold direction:
Act now in peace, as Time thine offices may show!
Arch-Marshal shalt thou be: the sword I here
bestow.

ARCH-MARSHAL. Thy faithful host, till now employed
for civil order,

Thee and thy throne secured, shall strengthen next
thy border:

Then let us be allowed, when festal throngs are
poured

Through thine ancestral halls, to dress for thee the
board.

Before thee brightly borne, and brightly held beside thee,

Thy Majesty's support, the sword shall guard and guide thee! 100

EMPEROR (*to the SECOND*). He who as gallant man can also gracious be,

Thou,—be Arch-Chamberlain!—not light the place, for thee.

Thou art the highest now of all the house-retainers Whose strife makes service bad,—the threateners and complainers:

Let thy example be an honoured sign to these,
How they the Prince and Court, and all, should seek to please!

ARCH-CHAMBERLAIN. To speed thy high design, thy grace is fair precursor:

The Better to assist, and injure not the Worser,—
Be frank, yet cunning not, and calm without deceit!
If thou but read my heart, I'm honoured as is meet
But let my fancy now to festal service hasten! 111

Thou goest to the board, I bear the golden basin,
And hold thy rings for thee, that on such blissful days

Thy hands may be refreshed, as I beneath thy gaze.

EMPEROR. Too serious am I still, to plan such celebration;

Yet be it so! We need a glad inauguration.

(*To the THIRD.*) I choose thee Arch-High-Steward!

Therefore henceforth be

Chase, poultry-yard, and manor subject unto thee!
Give me at all times choice of dishes I delight in,
As with the month they come, and cooked with appetite in! 120

ARCH-HIGH-STEWARD. A rigid fast shall be the penalty I wish,

Until before thee stands a goodly-savoured dish.

The kitchen-folk shall join, and gladly heed my reasons

To bring the distant near and expedite the seasons.
Yet rare and early things shall not delight thee long:
Thy taste desires, instead, the simple and the strong.
EMPEROR (*to the FOURTH*). Since here, perforce, we
plan but feasts, and each is sharer,
Be thou for me transformed, young hero, to Cup-
bearer!

Arch-Cup-Bearer, take heed, that all those vaults of
mine
Richly replenished be with noblest taps of wine! 130
Be temperate thyself, howe'er temptation presses,
Nor let occasion's lure mislead thee to excesses!
ARCH-CUP-BEARER. My Prince, the young themselves,
if trust in them be shown,
Are, ere one looks around, already men full-grown.
I at the lordly feast shall also take my station,
And give thysideboard's pomp the noblest decoration
Of gorgeous vessels, golden, silver, grand to see;
Yet first the fairest cup will I select for thee,—
A clear Venetian glass, good cheer within it waiting,
Helping the taste of wine, yet ne'er intoxicating. 140
One oft confides too much on such a treasured store:
Thy moderation, though, High Lord, protects thee
more.

EMPEROR. What, in this earnest hour, for you have I
intended,
From valid mouth confidingly you've comprehended.
The Emperor's word is great, his gift is therefore
sure,
But needs, for proper force, his written signature:
The high sign-manual fails. Here, for commission
needful,
I see the right man come, of the right moment
heedful.

(*The ARCHBISHOP-ARCH-CHANCELLOR enters.*)

EMPEROR. If in the keystone of the arch the vault
confide,

'Tis then securely built, for endless time and tide. 150
'Thou seest four Princes here! To them we've just
expounded

How next our House and Court shall be more stably
founded.

Now, all the realm contains, within its bounds
enclosed,

Shall be, with weight and power, upon Ye Five
imposed!

Your landed wealth shall be before all others
splendid;

Therefore at once have I your properties extended
From their inheritance, who raised 'gainst us the
hand.

You I award, ye Faithful, many a lovely land,
Together with the right, as you may have occasion,
To spread them by exchange, or purchase, or
invasion: 160

Then be it clearly fixed, that you unhindered use
Whate'er prerogatives have been the landlord's dues
When ye, as Judges, have the final sentence spoken,
By no appeal from your high Court shall it be broken:
Then levies, tax and rent, pass-money, tolls and fees
Are yours,—of mines and salt and coin the royalties.
That thus my gratitude may validly be stated,
You next to Majesty hereby I've elevated.

ARCHBISHOP. In deepest thanks to thee we humbly all
unite:

Thou mak'st us strong and sure, and strengthenest
thy might. 170

EMPEROR. Yet higher dignities I give for you ful-
filling,

Still for my realm I live, and still to live am willing;
Yet old ancestral lines compel the prudent mind
To look from present deeds to that which looms
behind.

I, also, in my time, must meet the sure Redresser;
Your duty be it, then, to choose me a successor.

Crowned, at the altar raise his consecrated form,

That so may end in peace what here began in storm!

ARCH-CHANCELLOR. With pride profound, yet humbly,
as our guise evinces.

Behold, before thee bowed, the first of earthly
princes! 180

So long the faithful blood our living veins shall fill,

We are the body which obeys thy lightest will.

EMPEROR. Now, to conclude, let all that we have here
asserted,

Be, for the future time, to document converted!

'Tis true that ye, as lords, have your possession free,

With this condition, though, that it unparcelled be;

And what ye have from us, howe'er ye swell the
treasure,

Shall to the eldest son descend in equal measure.

ARCH-CHANCELLOR. On parchment I, at once, shall
gladly tabulate,

To bless the realm and us, the statute of such
weight: 190

The copy and the seals the Chancery shall procure
us,

Thy sacred hand shall then validity assure us.

EMPEROR. Dismissal now I grant, that you, assembled,
may

Deliberate upon the great, important day.

[*The Secular Princes retire.*]

ARCHBISHOP (*remains and speaks pathetically*). 'The Chan-
cellor withdrew, the Bishop stands before thee:

A warning spirit bids that straightway he implore
thee!

His heart paternal quakes with anxious fear for thee.

EMPEROR. In this glad hour what may thy dread
misgiving be?

ARCHBISHOP. Alas, in such an hour, how much my
pain must greaten,

To find thy hallowed head in covenant with
Satan! 200

True, to the throne, it seems, hast thou secured thy right;

But, woe! in God the Lord's, the Holy Pontiff's spite.

Swift shall he punish when he learns the truth—the latter:

Thy sinful realm at once with holy ban he'll shatter!

He still remembers how amid thy highest state,

When newly crowned, thou didst the wizard liberate.ⁿ

Thy diadem but made thy heart for Christian harden,

For on that head accurst fell its first beam of pardon.

Now beat thy breast, and from thy guilty stores, this day,

Unto the Sanctuary a moderate mite repay! 210

The spacious sweep of hills, where stood thy tent erected,—

Where Evil Spirits then, united, thee protected,—

Where late the Liar-Prince thy hearing did secure,—

Devote thou, meekly taught, to pious use and pure,

With hill and forest dense, far as they stretch extended,

And slopes that greenly swell for pastures never ended,

Then crystal lakes of fish, unnumbered brooks that flow

In foamy windings down, and braid the vale below;

The broad vale then, itself, with mead, and lawn, and hollow!

Thus penitence is shown, and pardon soon shall follow. 220

EMPEROR. For this, my heavy sin, my terror is profound:

By thine own measure shalt thou draw the borders round.

ARCHBISHOP. First be the spot profane, where sin was perpetrated,

To God's high service soon and wholly dedicated!
With speed the walls arise to meet the mind's
desire;

The rising morning sun already lights the choir;
The growing structure spreads, the transept stands
exalted;

Joy of Believers, then, the nave is lifted, vaulted;
And while they press with zeal within the portals
grand,

The first clear call of bells is swept across the land, 230
Peeled from the lofty towers that heavenwards have
striven:

The penitent draws near, new life to him is given.

The consecration-day—O, may it soon be sent!—

Thy presence then shall be the highest ornament.

EMPEROR. So great a work shall be my pious procla-
mation

To praise the Lord our God, and work mine
expiation.

Enough! I feel, e'en now, how high my thoughts
aspire.

ARCHBISHOP. As Chancellor next, the formal treaty I
require.

EMPEROR. A formal document,—the Church needs
full requital:

Bring it to me, and I with joy will sign her title! 240

ARCHBISHOP (*has taken leave, but turns back again at the
door*).

At once unto the work devote, that it may stand,

Tithes, levies, tax,—the total income of the land.

Forever. Much it needs, to be supported fairly,

And careful maintenance will also cost us rarely:

And, that it soon be built, on such a lonesome wold,

Thou'lt from thy booty spare to us some little gold.

Moreover, we shall want—here, most, we claim
assistance—

.Lumber, and lime, and slate, and such like, from a
distance.

The people these shall haul, thus from the pulpit
taught;

The Church shall bless the man, whose team for her
has wrought. [Exit.

EMPEROR. The sin is very sore, wherewith my soul is
weighted: 251

Much damage unto me the Sorcerers have created.

ARCHBISHOP (*returning once again, with profoundest
genuflections*).

Pardon, O Prince! to him, that vile, notorious man,
The Empire's coast was given; but him shall smite
the ban,

Unless thy penitence the Church's wrath relaxes

There, too, with tithes and gifts, and revenues and
taxes.

EMPEROR (*ill-humouredly*). The land doth not exist: far
in the sea it lies.

ARCHBISHOP. Who patient is, and right, his day shall
yet arise.

Your word for us remains, and makes secure our
trover! [Exit.

EMPEROR (*solus*). I might as well, at last, make all the
Empire over! 260

ACT V^a

I

OPEN COUNTRY

WANDERER. Yes! 'tis they, the dusky lindens;

'There they stand in sturdy age:

And again shall I behold them,

After such a pilgrimage?

'Tis the ancient place, the drifted

Downs, the hut that sheltered me,

When the billow, storm-uplifted,

Hurled me shoreward from the sea!

Here with blessing would I greet them,

They, my hosts, the helpful pair,—
 Old, indeed, if now I meet them,
 Since they then had hoary hair.
 Pious folk, from whom I parted!
 Be my greeting here renewed,
 If ye still, as open-hearted,
 Taste the bliss of doing good!

BAUCIS (*a little woman, very old*).ⁿ Gently, stranger! lest
 thou cumber

Rest, whereof my spouse hath need!
 He but gains from longest slumber
 Strength for briefest waking deed. 20

WANDERER. Tell me, mother, art thou even
 She, to whom my thanks I bear, —
 I, the youth, whose life was given
 By your kind, united care?
 Art thou Baucis, who the coldly
 Fading mouth refreshment gave?

(*The Husband appears*)

Thou, Philemon, who so boldly
 Drew my treasure from the wave?
 From your fire, so quickly burning,
 From your silver-sounding bell, 30
 Changed my doom, to fortune turning,
 When the dread adventure fell.
 Forth upon the sand-hills stealing,
 Let me view the boundless sea!
 Let me pray, devoutly kneeling,
 Till my burdened heart be free!

[*He walks forward upon the downs.*]

PHILEMON (*to BAUCIS*). Haste, and let the meal be
 dighted

'Neath the garden's blooming trees!
 Let him go, and be affrighted!
 He'll believe not what he sees. 40

[*Follows, and stands beside the WANDERER.*]
 Where the savage waves maltreated

You, on shores of breaking foam,
 See, a garden lies completed,
 Like an Eden-dream of home!
 Old was I, no longer eager,
 Helpful, as the younger are:
 And when I had lost my vigour,
 Also was the wave afar.
 Wise lords set their serfs in motion,
 Dikes upraised and ditches led,
 Minishing the rights of Ocean,
 Lords to be in Ocean's stead.
 See the green of many a meadow,
 Field and garden, wood and town!
 Come, our table waits in shadow!
 For the sun is going down.
 Sails afar are gliding yonder,
 Nightly to the port they fare:
 'To their nest the sea-birds wander,
 For a harbour waits them there.
 Distant now, thou hardly seest
 Where the Sea's blue arc is spanned,—
 Right and left, the broadest, fittest
 Stretch of thickly-peopled land.

50

60

II

IN THE LITTLE GARDEN

THE THREE AT THE TABLE.

BAUCIS (*to the Stranger*). Art thou dumb? Of all we've
 brought here,
 In thy mouth shall nothing fall?
 PHILEMON. He would know the marvel wrought here:
 Fain thou speakest: tell him all!
 BAUCIS. 'Twas a marvel, if there's any!
 And the thought disturbs me still:
 In a business so uncanny
 Surely helped the Powers of Ill.

PART II, ACT V, SCENE II

359

- PHILEMON. Can the Emperor's soul be perilled,
Who on him the strand bestowed? 10
Gave the mandate not the herald,
Trumpeting, as on he rode?
Near our downs, all unexpected,
Was the work's beginning seen,
Tents and huts!—but, soon erected,
Rose a palace o'er the green.
- BAUCIS. Knaves in vain by day were storming,
Plying pick and spade alike;
Where the fires at night were swarming,
Stood, the following day, a dike. 20
Nightly rose the sounds of sorrow,
Human victims there must bleed:
Lines of torches, on the morrow,
Were canals that seaward lead.
He would seize our field of labour,
Hut and garden, godlessly:
Since he lords it as our neighbour,
We to him must subject be.
- PHILEMON. Yet he bids, in compensation,
Fair estate of newer land. 30
- BAUCIS. Trust not watery foundation!
Keep upon the hill thy stand!
- PHILEMON. Let us, to the chapel straying,
Ere the sunset-glow has died,
Chime the vespers, kneel, and praying,
Still in our old God confide!

III

PALACE

SPACIOUS PLEASURE-GARDEN; BROAD, STRAIGHTLY-
CUT CANAL.

FAUST (*in extreme old age, walking about, meditative*).

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER (*through the speaking-trumpet*).

The sun goes down, the ships are veering
To reach the port with song and cheer:

A heavy galley, now appearing
 On the canal, will soon be here.
 The gaudy pennons merrily flutter,
 The masts and rigging upward climb:
 Blessings on thee the seamen utter,
 And Fortune greets thee at thy prime.

[*The little bell rings on the downs.*]

FAUST (*starting*). Accursèd chime! As in derision
 It wounds me, like a spiteful shot: 10
 My realm is boundless to my vision,
 Yet at my back this vexing blot!
 The bell proclaims, with envious bluster,
 My grand estate lacks full design:
 The brown old hut, the linden-cluster,
 The crumbling chapel, are not mine.
 If there I wished for recreation.
 Another's shade would give no cheer:
 A thorn it is, a sharp vexation,—
 Would I were far away from here! 20

WARDER (*from above*). With evening wind and favour-
 ing tide,

See the gay galley hither glide!
 How richly, on its rapid track,
 Tower chest and casket, bale and sack!
 (*A splendid Galley, richly and brilliantly laden with the
 productions of Foreign Countries.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES. THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

CHORUS

Here we have landed:
 Furls the sail!
 Hail to the Master,
 Patron, hail!

[*They disembark: the goods are brought ashore.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES. We've proved our worth in many
 ways,

Delighted, if the Patron praise!

We sailed away with vessels twain,
With twenty come to port again.ⁿ
Of great successes to relate,
We only need to show our freight.
Free is the mind on Ocean free:
Who there can ponder sluggishly?
You only need a rapid grip:
You catch a fish, you seize a ship;
And when you once are lord of threc,
The fourth is grappled easily;
The fifth is then in evil plight;
You have the Power, and thus the Right.
You count the *What*, and not the *How*:
If I have ever navigated,
War, Trade and Piracy, I vow,
Are three in one, and can't be separated!

40

THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

No thank and hail?
No hail and thank?
As if our freight
To him were rank!
He makes a face
Of great disgust;
The royal wealth
Displease him must.

50

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Expect no further
Any pay;
Your own good share
Ye took away.

THE MIGHTY MEN.

We only took it
For pastime fair;
We all demand
An equal share.

60

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, arrange them
In hall on hall,—

The precious treasures,
 Together all!
 If such a splendour
 Meets his ken,
 And he regards it
 More closely then, 70
 A niggard he
 Won't be, at least:
 He'll give our squadron
 Feast on feast.
 To-morrow the gay birds hither wend,
 And I can best to them attend.

[*The cargo is removed.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). With gloomy gaze, with
 serious brow,
 Of this great fortune hearest thou.
 Crowned is thy wisest industry,
 And reconciled are shore and sea; 80
 And from the shore, to swifter wakes,
 The willing sea the vessels takes.
 Speak, then, that here, from thy proud seat,
 Thine arm may clasp the world complete.
 Here, on this spot, the work was planned;
 Here did the first rough cabin stand;
 A little ditch was traced, a groove,
 Where now the feathered oar-blades move.
 Thy high intent, thy servants' toil,
 From land and sea have won the spoil. 90
 From here—

FAUST. Still that accursed *Here!*
 To me a burden most severe.
 To thee, so clever, I declare it,—
 It gives my very heart a sting;
 It is impossible to bear it!
 Yet shamed am I, to say the thing.
 The old ones, there, should make concession;
 A shady seat would I create:
 The lindens, not my own possession,

Disturb my joy in mine estate.

100

There would I, for a view unbaffled,
From bough to bough erect a scaffold,

Till for my gaze a look be won

O'er everything that I have done,—

To see before me, unconfined,

The masterpiece of human mind,

Wisely asserting to my sense

The people's gain of residence.

No sorer plague can us attack,

Than rich to be, and something lack!

110

The chiming bell, the lindens' breath,

Oppress like air in vaults of death:

My force of will, my potence grand,

Is shattered here upon the sand.

How shall I ban it from my feeling!

I rave whenc'er the bell is pealing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis natural that so great a spite

Thy life should thus imbitter quite.

Who doubts it? Every noble ear,

Disgusted, must the jangle hear;

120

And that accursèd bim-bam-booming,

Through the clear sky of evening glooming,

Is mix'd with each event that passes,

From baby's bath to burial-masses,

As if, between its *bam* and *bim*,

Life were a dream, in memory dim.

FAUST. Their obstinate, opposing strain

Darkens the brightest solid gain,

Till one, in plague and worry thrust,

Grows tired, at last, of being just.

130

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why be annoyed, when thou canst
well despise them?

Wouldst thou not long since colonize them?

FAUST. Then go, and clear them out with speed!

Thou knowest the fair estate, indeed,

I chose for the old people's need.

MEPHISTOPHELES. We'll set them down on other land;

Ere you can look, again they'll stand:
When they've the violence outgrown,
Their pleasant dwelling shall atone.

[*He whistles shrilly.*]

THE THREE *enter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come, as the Master bids, and let
The fleet a feast to-morrow get! 141

THE THREE. Reception bad the old Master gave:
A jolly feast is what we crave.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ad spectatores*). It happens as it
happ'd of old:
Still Naboth's vineyard we behold!

IV

DEAD OF NIGHT

LYNCEUS THE WARDER (*singing on the watch-tower of the
Palace*).

For seeing intended,
Employed for my sight,
The tower's my dwelling,
The world my delight.
I gaze on the Distant,
I look on the Near,—
The moon and the planets,
The forest and deer.
So see I in all things
The grace without end,
And even as they please me,
Myself I commend.
Thou fortunate Vision,
Of all thou wast 'ware,
Whatever it might be,
Yet still it was fair!

10

[*Pause.*]

Not alone that I delight me,
Have I here been stationed so:—

What a horror comes, to fright me,
From the darksome world below! 20
Sparks of fire I see outgushing
Through the night of linden-trees;
Stronger yet the glow is flushing,
Fanned to fury by the breeze.
Ah! the cabin burns, unheeded,
Damp and mossy though it stand:
Quick assistance here is needed,
And no rescue is at hand!
Ah, the good old father, mother,
Else so careful of the fire, 30
Doomed amid the smoke to smother!—
The catastrophe how dire!
Now the blackening pile stands lonely
In the flames that redly swell:
If the good old folk be only
Rescued from the burning hell!
Dazzling tongues the crater launches
Through the leaves and through the branches;
Withered boughs, at last ignited,
Break, in burning, from the tree: 40
Why must I be thus far-sighted?
Witness such calamity?
Now the little chapel crashes
'Neath a branch's falling blow;
Soon the climbing, spiry flashes
Set the tree-tops in a glow.
Down to where the trunks are planted
Burn they like a crimson dawn.

[*Long pause. Chant.*]

What erewhile the eye enchanted
With the centuries is gone. 50

FAUST (*on the balcony, towards the downs*).

Above, what whining lamentation?
The word, the tone, too late I hecd.
My warder wails: I feel vexation
At heart, for this impatient deed.

Yet be the lindens extirpated,
 Till half-charred trunks the spot deface,
 A look-in-the-land is soon created,
 Whence I can view the boundless space,
 Thence shall I see the newer dwelling
 Which for the ancient pair I raise, 60
 Who, my benign forbearance feeling,
 Shall there enjoy their latter days.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE THREE (*below*).

We hither come upon the run!
 Forgive! not happily 'twas done.
 We knocked and beat, but none replied,
 And entrance ever was denied;
 Of jolts and blows we gave good store,
 And broken lay the rotten door;
 We called aloud, with direst threat
 But still no hearing could we get. 70
 And, as it haps, with such a deed,
 They would not hear, they would not heed;
 But we began, without delay,
 To drive the stubborn folks away.
 The pair had then an easy lot:
 They fell, and died upon the spot.
 A stranger, who was there concealed,
 And fought, was left upon the field;
 But in the combat, fierce and fast,
 From coals, that round about were cast, 80
 The straw took fire. Now merrily
 One funeral pile consumes the three.

FAUST.

Deaf unto my commands were ye!
 Exchange I meant, not robbery.
 The inconsiderate, savage blow
 I curse! Bear ye the guilt, and go!

CHORUS

The proverb old still runs its course:
 Bend willingly to greater force!
 If you are bold, and face the strife,

Stake house and home, and then—your life! 90

[*Exeunt.*]

FAUST (*on the balcony*).

The stars conceal their glance and glow,
The fire sinks down, and flickers low;
A damp wind fans it with its wings,
And smoke and vapour hither brings.
Quick bidden, and too quick obeyed!—
What hovers hither like a shade?

V

MIDNIGHT

Four Gray Women enter.ⁿ

FIRST. My name, it is Want.

SECOND.

And mine, it is Guilt.

THIRD. And mine, it is Care.

FOURTH.

Necessity, mine.

THREE TOGETHER. The portal is bolted, we cannot
get in:

The owner is rich, we've no business within.

WANT. I shrink to a shadow.

GUILT.

I shrink unto naught.

NECESSITY. The pampered from me turn the face and
the thought.

CARE. Ye Sisters, ye neither can enter, nor dare;

But the keyhole is free to the entrance of Care.

[*CARE disappears.*]

WANT. Ye, grisly old Sisters, be banished from here!

GUILT. Beside thee, and bound to thee, I shall
appear! 10

NECESSITY. At your heels goes Necessity, blight in her
breath.

THE THREE. The clouds are in motion, and cover each
star!

Behind there, behind! from afar, from afar,

He cometh, our Brother! he comes, he is — — —

— — — Death!

FAUST (*in the Palace*). Four saw I come, but those that went were three;

The sense of what they said was hid from me,
But something like '*Necessity*' I heard;
Thereafter, '*Death*', a gloomy, threatening word!
It sounded hollow, spectrally subdued:
Not yet have I my liberty made good: 20

If I could banish Magic's fell creations,
And totally unlearn the incantations,—
Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man to be!
Ere in the Obscure I sought it, such was I,—
Ere I had cursed the world so wickedly.
Now fills the air so many a haunting shape,
That no one knows how best he may escape.
What though One Day with rational brightness
beams,

The Night entangles us in webs of dreams. 30
From our young fields of life we come, elate:
There croaks a bird: what croaks he? Evil fate!
By Superstition constantly ensnared,
It grows to us, and warns, and is declared.
Intimidated thus, we stand alone.—
'The portal jars, yet entrance is there none.

(*Agitated.*) Is any one here?

CARE. Yes! must be my reply.

FAUST. And thou, who art thou, then?

CARE. Well,—here am I.

FAUST. Avaunt!

CARE. I am where I should be.

FAUST (*first angry, then composed, addressing himself*).

'Take care, and speak no word of sorcery! 40

CARE. Though no ear should choose to hear me,

Yet the shrinking heart must fear me:

Though transformed to mortal eyes,

Grimmest power I exercise.

On the land, or ocean yonder,

I, a dread companion, wander,

Always found, yet never sought,
Praised or cursed, as I have wrought!
Hast thou not Care already known?

FAUST. I only through the world have flown: 50
Each appetite I seized as by the hair;
What not sufficed me, forth I let it fare,
And what escaped me, I let go.
I've only craved, accomplished my delight,
Then wished a second time, and thus with might
Stormed through my life: at first 'twas grand, com-
pletely,

But now it moves most wisely and discreetly.

The sphere of Earth is known enough to me;

The view beyond is barred immutably:

A fool, who there his blinking eyes directeth, 60

And o'er his clouds of peccs a place expecteth!

Firm let him stand, and look around him well!

This World means something to the Capable.

Why needs he through Eternity to wend?

He here acquires what he can apprehend.

Thus let him wander down his earthly day;

When spirits haunt, go quietly his way;

In marching onwards, bliss and torment find,

'Though, every moment, with unsated mind!

CARE. Whom I once possess, shall never 70

Find the world worth his endeavour:

Endless gloom around him folding,

Rise nor set of sun beholding,

Perfect in external senses,

Inwardly his darkness dense is;

And he knows not how to measure

True possession of his treasure.

Luck and Ill become caprices;

Still he starves in all increases;

Be it happiness or sorrow, 80

He postpones it till the morrow;

To the Future only cleaveth:

Nothing, therefore, he achieveth,

FAUST. Desist! So shalt thou not get hold of me!

I have no mind to hear such drivell.

Depart! Thy gloomy litany

Might even befool the wisest man to evil.

CARE. Shall he go, or come?—how guide him?

Prompt decision is denied him;

Midway on the trodden highway 90

Halting, he attempts a by-way;

Ever more astray, benisted,

Everything beholding twisted,

Burdening himself and others,

'Taking breath, he chokes and smothers,

'Though not choked, in Life not sharing,

Not resigned, and not despairing!

Such incessant rolling, spinning,—

Painful quitting, hard beginning,—

Now constraint, now liberation,— 100

Semi-sleep, poor recreation,

Firmly in his place insnare him

And, at last, for Hell prepare him!

FAUST. Ill-omened spectres! By your treatment strays

A thousand times the human race to error:

Ye even transform the dull, indifferent days

To vile confusion of entangling terror.

'Tis hard, I know, from Dæmons to escape;

The spirit's bond breaks not, howe'er one tries it;

And yet, O Care, thy power, thy creeping shape, 110

Think not that I shall recognize it!

CARE. So feel it now: my curse thou'lt find,

When forth from thee I've swiftly passed!

Throughout their whole existence men are blind;

So, Faust, be thou like them at last!

[*She breathes in his face.*]

FAUST (*blinded*). The Night seems deeper now to press
around me,

But in my inmost spirit all is light;

I rest not till the finished work hath crowned me:

God's Word alone confers on me the might.

Up from your couches, vassals, man by man! 120
 Make grandly visible my daring plan!
 Seize now your tools, with spade and shovel press!
 The work traced out must be a swift success.
 Quick diligence, severest ordering
 The most superb reward shall bring;
 And, that the mighty work completed stands,
 One mind suffices for a thousand hands.

VI

GREAT OUTER COURT OF THE
PALACE

Torches.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in advance, as Overseer*).

Come here, come here! Come on, come on!
 Ye Lemures, loose-hung creatures!
 Of sinew, ligament, and bone
 Your knitted semi-natures!

LEMURES (*in Chorus*).

Without delay are we at hand,
 And half 'tis our impression
 That this concerns a spacious land,
 Whereof we'll have possession.
 'The pointed stakes, we bring them all,
 The measuring-chain, for distance; 10
 But we've forgotten why the call
 Was made for our assistance.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here is no need of your artistic
 zeal:

Proceed as you may think it best!
 Your tallest lay full length, from head to heel,
 And lift the turf around him, all the rest!
 As for our fathers made, prepare
 To excavate a lengthened square!
 From palace to the narrow house transferred,
 Such, is at last, the issue most absurd. 20

LEMURESⁿ (*digging with mocking gestures*).

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;
When 'twas jolly and merry every way,
And I blithely moved my feet.

But now old Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crutch:
I stumbled over the door of a grave;
Why leave they open such?

FAUST (*comes forth from the Palace, groping his way along the doorposts*).

How I rejoice, to hear the clattering spade!
It is the crowd, for me in service moiling, 30
Till Earth be reconciled to toiling,
Till the proud waves be stayed,
And the sea girded with a rigid zone.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). And yet, thou'rt labouring
for us alone,

With all thy dikes and bulwarks daring;
Since thou for Neptune art preparing—
The Ocean-Devil—carousal great.
In every way shall ye be stranded;
The elements with us are banded,
And ruin is the certain fate. 40

FAUST. Overseer!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here!

FAUST. However possible,

Collect a crowd of men with vigour,
Spur by indulgence, praise, or rigour,—
Reward, allure, conscript, compel!
Each day report me, and correctly note
How grows in length the undertaken moat.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*half aloud*). When they to me the
information gave,

They spake not of a moat, but of—a grave.

FAUST. Below the hills a marshy plain
Infects what I so long have been retrieving; 50

This stagnant pool likewise to drain
 Were now my latest and my best achieving.
 To many millions let me furnish soil,
 Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
 Green, fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
 At once, with comfort, on the newest Earth,
 And swiftly settled on the hill's firm base,
 Created by the bold, industrious race.
 A land like Paradise here, round about:
 Up to the brink the tide may roar without, 60
 And though it gnaw, to burst with force the limit,
 By common impulse all unite to hem it.
 Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
 The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
 He only earns his freedom and existence,
 Who daily conquers them anew.
 Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
 Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
 And such a throng I fain would see,—
 Stand on free soil among a people free! 70
 Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
 'Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!'
 The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
 In acons perish,—they are there!—
 In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
 I now enjoy the highest Moment,—this! ⁿ

[FAUST sinks back: the LEMURES take him and lay him upon the ground.]

MEPHISTOPHELES. No joy could sate him, and suffice
 no bliss!

To catch but shifting shapes was his endeavour:
 The latest, poorest, emptiest Moment—this,—
 He wished to hold it fast forever. 80
 Me he resisted in such vigorous wise,
 But Time is lord, on earth the old man lies.
 The clock stands still—

CHORUS. Stands still! silent as midnight, now!
 The index falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It falls; and it is finished, here!

CHORUS. 'Tis past!

MEPHISTOPHELES. —Past! a stupid word.

If past then why?

Past and pure Naught, complete monotony!

What good for us, this endlessly creating?—

What is created then annihilating?

'And now it's past!' Why read a page so twisted? go

'Tis just the same as if it ne'er existed,

Yet goes in circles round as if it had, however:

I'd rather choose, instead, the Void forever.

SEPULTURE

LEMUR. *Solo.*

Who then hath built the house so ill,

With shovel and with spade?

LEMURES. *Chorus.*

For thee, dull guest, in hempen vest,

It all too well was made.

LEMUR. *Solo.*

Who then so ill hath decked the hall?

No chairs, nor table any!

LEMURES. *Chorus.*

'Twas borrowed to return at call:

100

The creditors are so many.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The Body lies, and if the Spirit flee,

I'll show it speedily my blood-signed title.—

But, ah! they've found such methods of requital,

His souls the Devil must oft abstracted see!

One now offends, the ancient way;

Upon the new we're not yet recommended:ⁿ

Once, I alone secured my prey,

But now by helpers need to be befriended.

In all things we must feel the spite!

110

Transmitted custom, ancient right,—

Nothing, indeed, can longer one confide in.

Once with the last breath left the soul her house;

I kept good watch, and like the nimblest mouse,

Whack! was she caught, and fast my claws her hide in!
Now she delays, and is not fain to quit
The dismal place, the corpse's hideous mansion;
The elements, in hostile, fierce expansion,
Drive her, at last, disgracefully from it.
And though I fret and worry till I'm weary, 120
When? How? and Where? remains the fatal query:
Old Death is now no longer swift and strong;
Even the *Whether* has been doubtful long.
Oft I beheld with lust the rigid members:
'Twas only sham; Life kindled from its embers.

[Fantastic, whirling gestures of conjuration.]

Come on! Strike up the double quick, anew,
With straight or crooked horns, ye gentlemen
infernals!

Of the old Devil-grit and kernel,
And bring at once the Jaws of Hell with you!
Hell hath a multitude of jaws, in short," 130
'To use as suiteth place and dignity;
But we, however, in this final sport,
Will henceforth less considerate be.

[The fearful Jaws of Hell open, on the left.]

The side-tusks yawn: then from the throat abysmal
The raging, fiery torrents flow,
And in the vapours of the background dismal
I see the city flame in endless glow.
Up to the teeth the breakers lash the red arena;
The Damned, in hope of help, are swimming
through;

But, caught and mangled by the fell hyena, 140
Their path of fiery torment they renew.
In every nook new horrors flash and brighten,
In narrow space so much of dread supreme!

Well have you done, the sinners thus to frighten;
But still they'll think it lie, and cheat, and dream!

(To the stout Devils, with short, straight horns.)

Nqw, paunchy scamps, with cheeks so redly burning!
Ye glow, so fat with hellish sulphur fed;

With necks thick-set and stumpy, never turning,—
 Watch here below, if phosphor-light be shed:
 It is the Soul, the wingèd Psyche is it; 150
 Pluck off the wings, 'tis but a hideous worm:
 First with my stamp and seal the thing I'll visit,
 'Then fling it to the whirling, fiery storm!
 The lower parts be well inspected,
 Ye Bloats! perform your duty well:
 If there the Soul her seat selected
 We cannot yet exactly tell.
 Oft in the navel doth she stay:
 Look out for that, she thence may slip away!
 (*To the lean Devils, with long, crooked horns.*)
 Ye lean buffoons, file-leaders strange and giant, 160
 Grasp in the air, yourselves no respite give!
 Strong in the arms, with talons sharp and pliant,
 That ye may seize the fluttering fugitive!
 In her old home discomforted she lies,
 And Genius, surely, seeks at once to rise.
[Glory from above, on the right.]

THE HEAVENLY HOST.

Envoys, unhindered,
 Heavenly kindred,
 Follow us here!
 Sinners forgiving,
 Dust to make living! 170
 Lovinest features
 Unto all creatures
 Show in your swaying,
 Delaying career!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Discords I hear, a harsh, disgusting
 strumming,
 Flung from above with the unwelcome Day;
 'Tis that emasculate and bungled humming
 Which Pious Cant delights in, every way.
 You know how we, atrociously contented,
 Destruction for the human race have planned: 180
 But the most infamous that we've invented

Is just the thing their prayers demand.
The fops, they come as hypocrites, to fool us!
Thus many have they snatched, before our eyes:
With our own weapons they would overrule us;
They're also Devils—in disguise.
To lose this case would be your lasting shame;
On to the grave, and fortify your claim!

CHORUS OF ANGELS (*scattering roses*).ⁿ

Roses, ye glowing ones,
Balsam-bestowing ones! 190
Fluttering, quivering,
Sweetness delivering,
Branching unblightedly,
Budding delightedly,
Bloom and be seen!
Springtime declare him,
In purple and green!
Paradise bear him,
The Sleeper serene!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Satans*). Why do ye jerk and
squat? Is this Hell's rule? 200

Stand to your ground, and let them sprinkle!
Back to his place each gawky fool!
They think, perhaps, with such a flowery crinkle,
As if 'twere snow, the Devils' heat to cool:
Your breath shall make it melt, and shrink, and
wrinkle.

Now blow, ye Blowers!—'Tis enough, enough!
Before your breath fades all the floating stuff.
Not so much violence,—shut jaws and noses!
Forsooth, ye blow too strongly at the roses.
The proper measure can you never learn? 210
They sting not only, but they wither, burn!
They hover on with flames of deadly lustre:
Resist them ye, and close together cluster!—
Your force gives out: all courage fails you so:
The Devils scent the strange, alluring glow.

ANGELS. Blossoms of gratitude,
 Flames of beatitude,
 Love they are bearing now,
 Rapture preparing now,
 As the heart may! 220
 Truth in its nearness,
 Ether in clearness,
 Give the Eternal Hosts
 Everywhere Day!

MEPHISTOPHELES. O curse and shame upon such dolts
 be sped!

Each Satan stands upon his head!
 In somersaults the stout ones whirl and swerve,
 And into Hell plunge bottom-uppermost.
 Now may your bath be hot as you deserve!
 But I remain, unflinching, at my post. 230

[Beating off the hovering roses.]

Off, will-o'-the-wisps! Bright as ye seem to be,
 When caught, the vilest clinging filth are ye.
 Why flutter thus? Off with you, quick!—
 Like pitch and sulphur on my neck they stick.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

What not appertaineth
 To you, cease to share it!
 What inwardly paineth,
 Refuse ye to bear it!
 If it press in with might,
 Use we our stronger right: 240
 Love but the Loving
 Leads to the Light!

MEPHISTOPHELES. My head, heart, liver, by the flames
 are rent!

An over-devilish element!—
 Sharper than Hell's red conflagration!
 Thence so enormous is your lamentation,
 Unfortunate Enamoured! who, so spurned,
 Your heads towards the sweethearts' side have turned.

Mine, too! What twists my head in like position?
With them am I not sworn to competition? 250

The sight of them once made my hatred worse.

Hath then an ælien force transpierced my nature?

I like to see them, youths of loveliest stature;

What now restrains me, that I dare not curse?—

And if I take their cozening bait so,

Who else, henceforth, the veriest fool will be?

The stunning fellows, whom I hate so,

How very charming they appear to me!—

Tell me, sweet children, ere I miss you,

Are ye not of the race of Lucifer? 260

You are so fair, forsooth, I'd like to kiss you;

It seems to me as if ye welcome were.

I feel as comfortable and as trustful,

As though a thousand times ere this we'd met!

So surreptitiously catlike-lustful:

With every glance ye're fairer, fairer yet.

O, nearer come,—O, grant me one sweet look!

ANGELS. We come! Why shrink? Canst not our
presence brook?

Now we approach: so, if thou canst, remain!

(*The ANGELS, coming forward, occupy the whole space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who is crowded into the proscenium*).

Us, Spirits damned, you brand with censure, 270

Yet you are wizards by indenture;

For man and woman, luring, you enchain.—

What chance the curst adventure brings me?

Is this Love's chosen element?

The fire o'er all my body stings me;

My neck I scarcely feel, so hotly sprent.—

Ye hover back and forth; sink down and settle!

Move your sweet limbs with more of worldly mettle!

The serious air befits you well, awhile,

But I should like, just once, to see you snile; 280

That were, for me, an everlasting rapture.

I mean, as lovers look, the heart to capture;

About the mouth a simper there must be.

Thee, tall one, as enticing I'll admit thee;
 The priestly mien does not at all befit thee,
 So look at me the least bit wantonly!
 You might be nakeder, and modest made so:
 Your shirts' long drapery is over-moral.—
 They turn!—and, from the rear surveyed so,
 With their attraction there's no need to quarrel!

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Love still revealing, 291
 Flames become clearer!
 All, cursed with error,
 Truth be their healing!
 Glad self-retrieval
 Fice them from Evil,
 In the all-folding Breast,
 Blessed, to rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*collecting himself*). How is't with me?

- Like Job, the boils have cleft me
 From head to foot, so that myself I shun; 300
 Yet triumph also, when my self-inspection's
 done,—

When self and tribe I have confided in.
 The noble Devil-parts, at least, are left me!
 This love attack's a rash upon the skin.
 Burned out already are the scurvy fires,
 And one and all I damn you, as the case requires!

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Hallowed glories!
 Round whom they brood,
 Wakes unto being
 Of bliss with the Good. 31
 Join ye, the Glorified,
 Rise to your goal!
 Airs are all purified,—
 Breathe now the Soul!

[*They rise, bearing away the immortal part of FAUST.*]

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking around him*). But how?—at
once I find them failing!

This race of minors takes me by surprise!
They with their booty heavenwards are sailing;
Thence on this grave they cast their greedy eyes!
My rare, great treasure they have peculated:
The lofty soul, to me hypothecated, 320
They've rapt away from me in cunning wise.
But unto whom shall I appeal for justice?
Who would secure to me my well-earned right?
Tricked so in one's old days, a great disgust is;
And I deserve it, this infernal spite.
I've managed in a most disgraceful fashion;
A great investment has been thrown away:
By lowest lust seduced, and senseless passion,
The old, case-hardened Devil went astray.
And if from all this childish-silly stuff 330
His shrewd experience could not wrest him,
So is, forsooth, the folly quite enough,
Which, in conclusion, hath possessed him.

VII

MOUNTAIN-GORGES, FOREST, ROCK,
DESERTⁿ

HOLY ANCHORITES,

Divided in ascending planes, posted among the ravines.

CHORUS AND ECHO

Forests are waving grand,
Rocks, they are huge at hand,
Clutching, the roots expand,
Thickly the tree-trunks stand;
Foaming comes wave on wave;
Shelter hath deepest cave;
Lions are prowling dumb,
Friendly where'er we come,

Honouring the sacred place,
 Refuge of Love and Grace!

10

PATER ECSTATICUSⁿ (*hovering up and down*).

Endless ecstatic fire,
 Glow of the pure desire,
 Pain of the pining breast,
 Rapture of God possessed!
 Arrows, transpierce ye me,
 Lances, coerce ye me,
 Bludgeons, so batter me,
 Lightnings, so shatter me,
 That all of mortality's
 Vain unrealities
 Die, and the Star above
 Beam but Eternal Love!

20

PATER PROFUNDUS. (*Lower Region*.)

As at my feet abysses cloven
 Rest on abysses deep below;
 As thousand severed streams are woven
 To foamy floods that plunging go;
 As, up by self-impulsion driven,
 The tree its weight sustains in air,
 To Love, almighty Love, 'tis given
 All things to form, and all to bear.
 Around me sounds a savage roaring,
 As rocks and forests heaved and swayed,
 Yet plunges, bounteous in its pouring,
 The wealth of waters down the glade,
 Appointed, then, the vales to brighten;
 The bolt, that flaming struck and burst,
 The atmosphere to cleanse and lighten,
 Which pestilence in its bosom nursed,—
 Love's heralds both, the powers proclaiming,
 Which, aye creative, us infold.
 May they, within my bosom flaming,
 Inspire the mind, confused and cold,
 Which frets itself, through blunted senses,
 As by the sharpest fetter-smart!

30

40

PART II, ACT V, SCENE VII 383

O God, soothe Thou my thoughts bewildered,
Enlighten Thou my needy heart!

PATER SERAPHICUS. (*Middle Region.*)

What a cloud of morning hovers
O'er the pine-trees' tossing hair!
Can I guess what life it covers?
They are spirits, young and fair. 50

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYSⁿ

Tell us, Father, where we wander;
Tell us, Kind One, who are we.
Happy are we; for so tender
Unto all, it is, To Be.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Boys, brought forth in midnights haunted,
Half-unsealed the sense and brain,
For the parents lost when granted,
For the angels sweetest gain!
That a loving heart is nigh you
You can feel: then come to me! 60
But of earthly ways that try you,
Blest ones! not a trace have ye.
Enter in mine eyes: enjoy them,
Organs for the earthly sphere!
As your own ye may employ them:
Look upon the landscape here!

[He takes them into himself.]

Those are trees, there rocks defend us;
Here, a stream that leaps below,
And with plunges, wild, tremendous,
Shorteneth its journey so. 70

BLESSED BOYS (*from within him*).

To a vision grand we waken,
But the scenes too gloomy show;
We with fear and dread are shaken:
Kindest Father, let us go!

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Upward rise to higher borders!

Ever grow, insensibly,
 As, by pure, eternal orders,
 God's high Presence strengthens ye!
 Such the Spirits' sustentation,
 With the freest ether blending; 80
 Love's eternal Revelation,
 To Beatitude ascending.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS (*circling around the highest summit*).

Hands now enring ye,
 Joyously wheeling!
 Soar ye and sing ye,
 With holiest feeling!
 The Teacher before ye,
 Trust, and be bold!
 Whom ye adore, ye
 Him shall behold. 90

ANGELS (*soaring in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of FAUST*).

The noble Spirit now is free,
 And saved from evil scheming:
 Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
 Is not beyond redeeming.ⁿ
 And if he feels the grace of Love
 That from On High is given,
 The Blessed Hosts, that wait above,
 Shall welcome him to Heaven!

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

They, the roses, freely spended
 By the penitent, the glorious, 100
 Helped to make the fight victorious,
 And the lofty work is ended.
 We this precious Soul have won us;
 Evil ones we forced to shun us;
 Devils fled us, when we hit them:
 'Stead of pangs of Hell, that bit them,
 Love-pangs felt they, sharper, vaster:

PART II, ACT V, SCENE VII

385

Even he, old Satan-Master,
Pierced with keenest pain, retreated.
Now rejoice! The work's completed!

110

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Earth's residue to bear
Hath sorely pressed us;
It were not pure and fair,
Though 'twere asbestus.
When every element
The mind's high forces
Have seized, subdued, and blent,
No Angel divorces
Twin-natures single grown,
That inly mate them:
Eternal Love, alone,
Can separate them.ⁿ

120

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Mist-like on heights above,
We now are seeing
Nearer and nearer move
Spiritual Being.
The clouds are growing clear;
And moving throngs appear
Of Blessed Boys,
Free from the earthly gloom,
In circling poise,
Who taste the cheer
Of the new spring-time bloom
Of the upper sphere.
Let them inaugurate
Him to the perfect state,
Now, as their peer!

130

THE BLESSED BOYS.

Gladly receive we now
Him, as a chrysalis:
Therefore achieve we now
Pledge of our bliss.
The earth-flakes dissipate

140

That cling around him!
 See, he is fair and great!
 Divine Life hath crowned him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*in the highest, purest cell*).ⁿ

Free is the view at last,
 The spirit lifted:
 There women, floating past,
 Are upward drifted:
 The Glorious One therein, 159
 With star-crown tender,—
 The pure, the Heavenly Queen,
 I know her splendour. [*Emaptured.*]

Highest Mistress of the World!
 Let me in the azure
 Tent of Heaven, in light unfurled,
 Here thy Mystery measure!
 Justify sweet thoughts that move
 Breast of man to meet thee,
 And with holy bliss of love 160
 Bear him up to greet thee!
 With unconquered courage we
 Do thy bidding highest;
 But at once shall gentle be,
 When thou paciest.
 Virgin, pure in brightest sheen,
 Mother sweet, supernal,—
 Unto us Elected Queen,
 Peer of Gods Eternal!

Light clouds are circling 170
 Around her splendour,—
 Penitent women
 Of natures tender,
 Her knees embracing,
 Ether respiring,
 Mercy requiring!
 Thou, in immaculate ray,
 Mercy not leavest,
 And the lightly led astray,

PART II, ACT V, SCENE VII

387

Who trust thee, receivest!

180

In their weakness fallen at length,

Hard it is to save them:

Who can crush, by native strength,

Vices that enslave them?

Whose the foot that may not slip

On the surface slanting?

Whom befooled not eye and lip,

Breath and voice enchanting?

(The MATER GLORIOSA soars into the space.)

CHORUS OF WOMEN PENITENTS

To heights thou'rt speeding

Of endless Eden:

190

Receive our pleading,

Transcendent Maiden,

With Mercy laden!

MAGNA PECCATRIX.ⁿ *(St. Luke, vii. 36.)*

By the love before him kneeling,—

Him, Thy Son, a godlike vision;

By tears like balsam stealing,

Spite of Pharisees' derision;

By the box, whose ointment precious

Shed its spice and odours cheery,

By the locks, whose softest meshes

200

Dried the holy feet and weary!—

MULIER SAMARITANA. *(St. John, iv.)*

By that well, the ancient station

Whither Abram's flocks were driven;

By the jar, whose restoration

To the Saviour's lips was given;

By the fountain, pure and vernal,

Thence its present bounty spending,—

Overflowing, bright, eternal,

Watering the worlds unending!—

MARIA AEGYPTIACA. *(Acta Sanctorum.)*

By the place, where the Immortal

210

Body of the Lord hath lain;

By the arm, which, from the portal,
 Warning, thrust me back again;
 By the forty years' repentance
 In the lonely desert-land;
 By the blissful farewell sentence
 Which I wrote upon the sand!—

THE THREE.

Thou Thy presence not deniest
 Unto sinful women ever,—
 Lifest them to win the highest 220
 Gain of penitent endeavour,—
 So, from this good soul withdraw not—
 Who but once forgot, transgressing,
 Who her loving error saw not—
 Pardon adequate, and blessing!

UNA POENITENTUMⁿ (*formerly named Margaret, stealing closer*).

Incline, O Maiden,
 With Mercy laden,
 In light unfading,
 Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
 My loved, my lover, 230
 His trials over
 In yonder world, returns to me in this!

BI ESSED BOYS (*approaching in hovering circles*).

With mighty limbs he towers
 Already above us;
 He, for this love of ours,
 Will richlier love us.
 Early were we removed,
 Ere Life could reach us;
 Yet he hath learned and proved,
 And he will teach us. 240

THE PENITENT (*formerly named Margaret*).

The spirit-choir around him seeing,
 New to himself, he scarce divines
 His heritage of new-born Being,
 When like the Holy Host he shines.

PART II, ACT V, SCENE VII 389

Behold, how he each band hath cloven,
The earthly life hath round him thrown,
And through his garb, of ether woven,
The early force of youth is shown!
Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
Still dazzles him the Day's new glare. 250

MATER GLORIOSA.

Rise, thou, to higher spheres! Conduct him,
Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*prostrate, adoring*).

Penitents, look up, elate,
Where she beams salvation;
Gratefully to blessed fate
Grow, in re-creation!
Be our souls, as they have been,
Dedicate to Thee!
Virgin Holy, Mother, Queen,
Goddess, gracious be! 260

CHORUS MYSTICUSⁿ

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event:
The Indescribable,
Here it is done:
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

NOTES

IN the following brief notes to Parts I and II of *Faust* the letters (B.T.) denote that the explanation offered derives from Bayard Taylor, who appended very copious notes to his translation when it first appeared in 1870. Before that time, and since, there have been numerous attempts to translate *Faust* into English; but it cannot very well be maintained that any of those available is on the whole superior to Taylor's; and for that reason his complete version now appears in this series.

But very considerable advance has been made since Taylor's day in the matter of criticism and commentary upon Goethe's masterpiece; so that it was held desirable to provide the reader with something more than a mere excerpt from the translator's original notes. Wherever possible, however, his explanation has been retained, and this is shown in the manner indicated above.

Quotations from other sources are followed by the appropriate reference from the following list: (s. & d.) = *Goethe and Faust, An Interpretation with Passages newly translated into English Verse* by F. M. Stawell and G. L. Dickinson, London, Bell, 1928; (R.P.) = *Goethes Faust, kritisch durchgesehen, eingeleitet und erläutert* von Robert Petsch, Bibliographisches Institut Leipzig, 1924, revised and enlarged in vol. v. 'Festausgabe der Werke Goethes', Leipzig, 1926; (A.S.) = *Goethe's Faust*, translated by Anna Swanwick [1878 ('93)], edited with Introduction and Bibliography by Karl Brcul, London, Bell, 1905 (² 1928); (v.d.s.) = *Faust, A Tragedy, Done into English Verse in the original metres*, with Commentary and Notes, by W. H. Van der Smissen, London, Dent, 1926; (C.T.) = *Goethe's Faust I & II*, in 2 vols., edited by Calvin Thomas, Boston, U.S.A., I. 1892 (³ 1912), II. 1897 (² 1901); (G.W.) = *Goethes Faust, Der Tragödie I. u. II. Teil, Urfaust*, Aus dem Nachlass, Entwürfe und Skizzen, Kommentar u. Erläuterungen hrsg. von Georg Witkowski, 2 parts, Leipzig, Hesse, 1906 (⁷ 1924).

Such acknowledgements by no means reveal the full

extent of my indebtedness to predecessors, considerations of space compelling me to withhold a complete guide to these. The student is referred to the bibliography contained in Professor Breul's 1928 edition of Anna Swanwick's translation of *Faust*, a very useful and suggestive working list.

D. Y.

NOTES TO THE FIRST PART

DEDICATION (*page 1*)

The poet was forty-eight years old when he wrote these stanzas dedicating himself to the task of completing the First Part of *Faust*. In them he gives expression to the feelings that come to him as he thinks of the shadowy forms of the drama and the phantoms of friends so familiar to him when the work was begun twenty-four years earlier.

PRELUDE ON THE STAGE (*page 2*)

Written at about the same time as the Dedication and reaffirming the intention there expressed. In this dialogue Goethe addresses himself to his task in the light of present requirements. 'I bring the unknown multitude my treasures.' For this purpose he must consider not only his own inclinations (expressed through 'the Poet') which are at conflict with those of the multitude, but also the demands of his Manager-self and that part of himself which is personified in the Comedian. The demands of all three will be complied with.

P. 7, l. 203. Use both the great and lesser heavenly light. The sun and moon as stage-lighting effects. Yet though the demands of the Manager are to be satisfied in this and other respects, the Poet does not intend to sacrifice the poetic quality and universal significance of his dramatic poem to them.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN (*page 8*)

This prologue foreshadows the general character of Goethe's work in its ethical and theological aspect, and was necessary, in order to inform the public of a complete break with Faust-tradition in this respect. The fundamental idea for this scene derives from the Book of Job (ch. i. 6-12), where Satan is invited to try to turn Job from the service of the Lord by means of affliction. Mephistopheles is to try the same experiment with Faust by means of pleasure. With like result.

P. 8, s.d.¹ *The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.* The Archangels indicate in their chant the main theme of this scene and indeed of the whole poem: Darkness, Violence, and Desolation inscrutably serve the purposes of the All-Highest, whose innermost Being is Love, whose ultimate Aim is Preservation, Re-creation, and Evolution in the Universe. On a human plane this theme is reflected in the character and destiny of Faust, who should be taken as a type of the human struggle towards fulfilment. He is more than a living character, which in Goethe's conception must also include that side of human nature which Mephistopheles represents.

P. 10, l. 75. *While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.*

The original of this is the single, well-known line: *Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt.* It has seemed to me impossible to give the full meaning of these words—that error is a natural accompaniment of the struggles and aspirations of Man—in a single line. (B.T.)

P. 10, l. 81. *It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.* This rendering of the original: *Mir geht es wie der Katze mit der Maus* is not successful. Van der Smitten translates *I feel just as the cat does with a mouse.* When the mouse ceases its struggles, the cat loses interest in it. That is the kind of devil Mephistopheles is.

P. 10, l. 87. *A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.*

In these lines the direction of the plot is indicated. They suggest, in advance, its moral denouement, at the close of the Second Part. Goethe, on one occasion, compared the 'Prologue in Heaven' to the overture of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, in which a certain musical phrase occurs which is not repeated until the Finale; and his comparison had reference to the idea expressed in these lines. (B.T.)

The adjective 'good' (in 'a good man') has the sense of 'true'.

P. 11, l. 103. *But ye, God's sons in love and duty.* The reference is to the archangels and heavenly hosts, to whom the Lord now turns.

¹ s.d. = stage direction; and so throughout.

I. NIGHT (*page 13*)

In beginning with a soliloquy, Goethe follows the numerous Faust puppet-plays, which in turn follow Marlowe; but the connexion with the scenes in which Magic is practised is closer here, since we learn that Faust is already devoted to this study. He is not merely a poor dissatisfied scholar, as in Goethe's sources; but reflects the poet's own youthful disgust with academic learning and his passionate longing for direct and intimate communion with Nature, in which he was confirmed by the mystic revelations of his contemporary Swedenborg.

P. 15, l. 67. *From Nostradamus' very hand.* In order to preserve the historic illusion Goethe substitutes for Swedenborg the Latin name of Michel de Notre-Dame, a noted French astrologer and physician, born in 1503. He wrote no such book as is here ascribed to him.

P. 15, l. 77, s.d. *The sign of the Macrocosm.* The term 'Macrocosm' was used by medieval astrologers and philosophers to denote the Universe. They imagined a mysterious correspondence between this World-at-large and the Microcosm (the World-in-little), or Man. It is interesting to observe in this connexion the present-day amalgamation of thought and energy in scientific speculation (cf. Sir James Jeans's *Mysterious Universe*): the tendency to discover an analogy between the workings of the ultimate forces and the workings of the human mind; and the claim that every man is indeed a microcosm reflecting the universe. The sign of the Macrocosm appears in Rembrandt's famous etching of Faust in his study as a geometric figure containing mystic words and letters. It has the power to give Faust a beatific vision of Creative Nature in the Universe-at-large.

P. 17, l. 165. *O Death!—I know it—'tis my Famulus.* The Latin word *famulus* (servant) was applied in the Middle Ages to the shield-bearers of the knights. It came to mean, as here, a professor's assistant or a student who lived with a professor and performed odd duties in return for free tuition. Faust is dismayed at this most inopportune intrusion of Wagner, the 'soulless pedant', who throughout the play personifies cut-and-dried 'scientific' research, such as in Goethe's opinion can never rise to the source of true Knowledge, because it lacks 'vision'.

P. 19, l. 202. *Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper.* The original of this line: *In denen ihr der Menschheit Schnitzel kräuselt* has been very variously explained. In an essay *An Prediger* ('To Preachers') Herder, whose influence is traceable throughout this dialogue, makes use of the expression 'gekräuselttes Schnitzwerk' for the *superfluous oratorical flourishes* used by preachers. The force of this figure lies in its reference to the equally superfluous curls and flourishes that characterize baroque carvings. Goethe changes 'gekräuselttes Schnitzwerk' as above, probably for metrical reasons; but the meaning (though obscured) was not intentionally modified by this transposition.

P. 19, l. 230. *Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play.* The German phrase, *Haupt- und Staats-action*, was applied to the puppet-plays that became popular in the seventeenth century. They dealt with 'state' affairs (bloody tyranny, revolution, political intrigue, &c.) and so were called *Staatsactionen*. Such a play was called a *Hauptaction*, 'principal performance', to distinguish it from the farce given on the same evening. The two titles were then combined. In time the plays became notorious for their spectacular extravagance, their bombast, and their crude, obtrusive moralizing. It is this last quality of them that furnishes the point of the comparison in the text. (C.T.)

P. 21, l. 278. *Shall I accept that stress and strife?* The sense of the original: *Soll ich gehorchen jenem Drang* (referring to man's instinctive urge to strive towards higher things) is not expressed by this rendering.

P. 26, l. 437. *Is He, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?*

The translator speaks of these two lines, in the original, as a marvel of compressed expression. He gives therefore a literal translation, but overlooks the fact that this should not be in the form of a question, but should read: 'In bliss of transition into a higher state of being, He is near to the joy of creating.' The Disciples, left behind and still sharing the woes of Earth, bewail the beatitude which parts Him from them.

II. BEFORE THE CITY-GATE (*page 26*)

Goethe's landscapes, like those of an artist, are always drawn from reality. This scene and all the resorts men-

tioned have been identified in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt.

P. 29, l. 71. *'Tis true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night.* On 29 November German girls used to call upon St. Andrew to show them their future husband in their sleep.

P. 32, l. 194. *Then also you, though but a youth.* Düntzer conjectures that Goethe derived the idea of this helpful activity of Faust, upon which rests the episode with the peasants, from the history of Nostradamus. In the year 1525, when the latter was twenty-two years old, Provence was devastated by a pestilence. The young physician went boldly from house to house, through the villages, and saved the lives of many of the sick, himself escaping all infection. (B.T.)

P. 33, l. 227. *My father's was a sombre, brooding brain.* The translator is not altogether fortunate in his rendering of this line, though it would be unfair to single him out among well over two score other English and American translators of *Faust*, whose versions are equally unsatisfactory. Some commentators assume that the phrase *ein dunkler Ehrenmann* means 'an obscure gentleman'; but the expression is in reality a kind of oxymoron and signifies 'a shady character'. Faust's father was not intentionally villainous. When he administered the kind of concoction described in the next note, he did not intend to poison his patients. But this, we learn, is what actually took place. The expression should therefore be rendered, in this context, 'a man of questionable integrity'.

P. 33, l. 235. *There was a Lion red, a wooer daring.* The jargon of the medieval alchemists, from Raymond Lully to Paracelsus, is used in this description. The system taught that all substances, especially metals, had either masculine or feminine qualities, as well as inherent affinities and antipathies. Campanella's doctrine, that all the elements of matter were endowed with sense and feeling, was very generally adopted by his successors in the art. Goethe drew his description of the preparation of the panacea partly from Paracelsus, and partly from Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*.

The 'Lion red' is cinnabar, called a 'wooler daring' on account of the action of quicksilver in rushing to an intimate union (an amalgam) with all other metals. The Lily is a preparation of antimony, which bore the name of *Lilium Paracelsi*. Red, moreover, is the masculine, and white the feminine colour. The alembic containing these substances was first placed in a 'tepid bath'—a vessel of warm water—and gradually heated; then 'tormented by flame unsparing' ('open flame', in the original), the two were driven from one 'bridal chamber' to another—that is, their wedded fumes were forced, by the heat, from the alembic into a glass retort. If then, the 'young Queen', the sublimated compound of the two substances, appeared with a brilliant colour—ruby or royal purple being most highly esteemed—in the retort, 'this was the medicine'. The product reminds us of calomel, which is usually formed by the sublimated union of mercury and chlorine. (B.T.)

P. 36, l. 323. *Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp.* It is in keeping with the historical setting that Wagner should attribute the effect of weather conditions to certain classes of weather spirits. It is equally in keeping with his character that he should show such distaste for the open-air.

P. 36, l. 340. *Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn and stubble?* The appearance of Mephistopheles in the form of a dog is part of the old legend.

III. THE STUDY (page 37)

P. 39, l. 47. 'Tis written: 'In the Beginning was the Word.' The question here turns upon the proper rendering of the word *λόγος* in John i. 1, as that which 'was in the beginning' and 'by which all things were made'. Faust argues that a 'word' cannot have been 'in the beginning', because a word is the expression of a 'thought', which, therefore, must have come first. But thought cannot have made the world, there must have been 'power', and yet power is nothing unless it is put forth in a 'deed'. He is thus brought around to the position of Gen. i. 1, which puts a 'deed' of creation at the beginning. Strictly he should reject this also, for a 'deed' implies a doer. (C.T.)

P. 40, l. 81. *The Key of Solomon is good. The Clavicula*

Salomonis, a book of magic containing formulae of invocation, spells, and directions for the exorcism of spirits, appeared first in Hebrew, then in Latin, before being translated into German and other languages in the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. It contains no such exorcism as the 'Words of the Four' mentioned below. This refers to the four elements: fire (Salamander), water (Undine), air (Sylph), and earth (Gnome); i.e. a formula intended for dealing with an elemental spirit, and possibly deriving from a Frankfurt book of magic published in 1756.

P. 41, l. 129. *The One, unoriginate*. Here Christ is described, but not named. The four lines read literally:

The One, never-born,
Ineffable,
Diffused through all the heavens,
Wantonly transpierced. (B.T.)

P. 41, l. 144, S.D. MEPHISTOPHELES. H. G. Meek, in his fascinating book *Johann Faust, The Man and the Myth* (Oxford University Press, 1930), points out that the name of Faust's Familiar first appears in England in the sixteenth century. The earliest known use of the name is by Shakespeare in 1579 ('Mephostophilus' in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1. i). A great deal of ingenuity and trouble has been exercised in seeking its derivation, but without success. The conjecture that most complies with the modern conception of the Devil is Duntzer's—that it was imperfectly formed by some one who knew little Greek, and was intended to signify 'Hater of Light'. But Goethe himself confessed that he did not know how the name arose (letter to Zelter, 20 Nov. 1829). He took only the name and a few circumstances connected with the first appearance of Mephistopheles from the legend. The suggestion for allowing the latter to appear in the costume of a travelling scholar (i.e. *scholasticus vagans*, a name given in the Middle Ages to the vagabond students who travelled from one university to another, and lived by their wits) derives primarily from that source.

The character of Mephistopheles, from first to last, is Goethe's own creation. Although he sometimes uses him (though less frequently than he uses Faust) as a mouthpiece for his own opinions, he evidently drew the germ of some

characteristics from his early associates Behrisch (in Leipzig) and Merck (Darmstadt). In reference to the latter Goethe remarked to Eckermann in 1831: 'Merck and I always went together, like Faust and Mephistopheles. . . . All his pranks and tricks sprang from the basis of a higher culture; but, as he was not a productive nature—on the contrary, he possessed a *strongly marked negative tendency*—he was far more ready to blame than praise, and involuntarily sought out everything which might enable him to indulge his habit.'

P. 42, l. 161. *I am the Spirit that Denies!* The act of negation (see previous note) is regarded by Goethe as an evil, but a necessary one, since it indirectly contributes to the establishment of its opposite, in provoking us to reaffirm. It is possible to read Mephistopheles' words, *Part of that Power, not understood, which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good*, as conveying this sense, since it seems to coincide exactly with the declaration of the Lord as to the service Mephistopheles is obliged to perform. But it should be borne in mind that such ingenuousness would be out of character in Mephistopheles and that his paradox should be understood to mean *part of that power which, in doing and desiring what is called 'bad', brings about what I (as a confirmed sceptic) am convinced is a good and rational work.*

P. 44, l. 218. *The wizard's-foot, that on your threshold made is.* In the original *Drudenfuss*. *Drud*, from one root with *Druid*, was the old German word for wizard. The wizard's-foot or pentagram was a five-pointed star, drawn in a continuous line thus: ☆, and resolving itself into three triangles—a triple symbol of the Trinity. It was supposed to possess an especial potency against evil spirits, each of the points presenting a kind of spear-head against their approach. In this instance the lines pointing outwards over Faust's threshold did not join properly, so that Mephistopheles (in the form of a poodle) was able to enter, though not able to leave again. This accounts for his 'snuffing at the threshold' in the beginning of the scene.

P. 45, l. 270. *Song of the SPIRITS.* This remarkable chant is known in Germany (Goethe himself being, I believe, the first to so designate it) as the *Einschlaferungslied*, or Lullaby. It is one of the few things in the work which have proved

to be a little too much for the commentators, and they have generally let it alone. By dropping all philosophical theories, however, and applying to it only the conditions of Poetic Art, we shall find it easily comprehensible. Faust is hardly aware (although Mephistopheles is) that a part of his almost despairing impatience springs from the lack of all enjoyment of physical life; and the first business of these attendant spirits is to unfold before his enchanted eyes a series of dim, dissolving views—sweet, formless, fantastic, and thus all the more dangerously alluring—of sensuous delight. The pictures are blurred, as in a semi-dream: they present nothing positive, upon which Faust's mind could fix, or by which it might be startled: but they leave an impression behind, which gradually works itself into form. The echo of the wild, weird, interlinked melody remains in his soul, and he is not supposed to be conscious of its operation, even when, in the following scene, he exclaims to Mephistopheles:

‘Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervours of glowing passion!’

The rhythmical translation of his song—which, without the original rhythm and rhyme, would lose nearly all its value—is a head- and heart-breaking task. I can only say that, after returning to it again and again, during a period of six years, I can offer nothing better. (B.T.)

IV. THE STUDY (page 48)

*P. 49, l. 48. O would that I, before that spirit-power,
Ravished and rapt from life, had sunken!*

The theme of these lines is: Happy the man whom Death takes in a moment of supreme excitement. The moment to which Faust here refers is when he was in the presence of the Earth-Spirit (pp. 16 f.).

P. 50, l. 77, s.d. CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Faust's curse, which includes even the sentiment of childish faith that overcame him on the Easter morning, places him, unconsciously, in the power of Mephistopheles. The Chorus of Spirits indicates, in a few powerful lines, his rupture with the order of life. The first words of Mephistopheles which follow, would lead the reader to suppose that the Spirits were infernal, and thus a singular discrepancy between

their character and their expressions is implied. In Leubecher's work, however, I find a hint of what I believe to be the true intention of his Chorus. He says: 'The pure spirits who direct the harmonies of existence lament over his (Faust's) step, and encourage him to commence another and fairer career. But Mephistopheles calls these voices precociously shrewd, and proposes the conditions of his compact, promising delights which, in advance, appear worthless to Faust.' The lament is certainly not ironical. (B.T.)

P. 53, l. 170. *When thus I hail the Moment flying:*
'Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!'

In persuading Mephistopheles to accept this clause in their pact, Faust feels some elation, for it embodies his strongest argument against Mephistopheles' disbelief in humanity. Faust's conviction that no pleasure can completely satisfy him implies Goethe's own deep-rooted belief as to the existence in Man of that 'divine discontent' which ever sets itself higher goals and can never be stilled.

P. 53, l. 183. *Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day.* Mephistopheles refers to some inauguration celebration, given by a student on taking his doctor's degree, which he knows Faust will attend.

P. 59, l. 411. *Encheiresin naturae, this Chemistry names.* With the introduction of the Student (whom we shall meet again, in the Second Part, as Baccalaureus), Mephistopheles not only assumes the mantle of Faust, but Goethe also assumes the mask of Mephistopheles. The episode, which is wholly his own invention, was written during his intercourse with Merck, and while his experience of academic teaching was still fresh and far from edifying.

The 'Spanish boots', of which Mephistopheles speaks, were instruments of torture used in the Middle Ages. They were cases of wood, into which wedges were driven until the calves of the victim's legs were compressed into the smallest possible space.

The phrase *encheiresin naturae* signifies, properly, a 'treatment of nature'. Here, however, Goethe seems rather to indicate the mysterious, elusive force by which Nature operates. (B.T.)

P. 63, l. 518. *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.* 'You shall be even as God, knowing good and evil.' In Goethe's time it was a common practice with students to present autograph albums in the manner here shown. Mephistopheles' comment on the Biblical passage which he has inscribed means: Take the Devil's advice (as Adam and Eve did with the snake), and the wonderful knowledge which you hope to acquire will disappoint you too.

P. 63, l. 522. *The little world, and then the great, we'll see.* The world of common life (in Part I), and the 'great world' of the Emperor's Court, &c. (in Part II).

P. 63, l. 539. *A little burning air, which I shall soon prepare us.* The suggestion for the journey through the air on the magic cloak comes from the Faust-legend, that of bringing it about by means of 'inflammable air' (hydrogen) from the invention in 1782 of the Mongolfière, the first hydrogen balloon.

V. AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG (page 63)

This famous wine-room in Leipzig still attracts many visitors by virtue of its association with the early Faust-legend, with the academic years of the young Goethe, and with this scene of *Faust*, which is founded in the legend and in experience.

P. 67, l. 118. *No doubt 'twas late when you from Rippach started.* This is a specimen of Leipzig 'chaff' in Goethe's day. 'Hans von Rippach' denoted a village dolt.

VI. WITCHES' KITCHEN (page 73)

Neither this scene nor the Walpurgis-Night (Scene xxi) has any connexion with the Faust-legend. The chief motive is the passionnal rejuvenation of Faust by means of a love-philtre, as introductory to the episode of Margaret; but Goethe gives free rein to his imagination in this fantastic burlesque of witchcraft, and we are not called upon to ponder very deeply over its satirical intent. But it may be noted that the apes represent men (the common herd), 'watery soup' (p. 75) their taste in literature, the belief in the art of cossinomanzy or divination by means of a sieve (p. 76), their absurd superstitions, the broken

crown (to be mended with sweat and blood [p. 77]), the French revolution, and so forth.

VII. A STREET (page 83)

P. 83, S.D. MARGARET. We now take leave of the original Faust-legend, which will not again be encountered until the appearance of Helena in the Second Part. The episode of Margaret does not belong to Goethe's original plan, but it covers an important aspect (the love-theme) in his conception of Faust as a man like himself in revolt against convention. The conflict is here far more striking than in the scenes of spiritual revolt already perused, and it is not difficult to see why, for instance, in Gounod's opera *Faust* (in Germany *Margarete*) the Gretchen-episode has falsely come to occupy a central position. Yet it is no more than an episode and deals with the contrast between the love-passion and accepted moral standards which so often ends in tragedy for its victims.

At the time when these scenes were written the motive of the child-murderess was a favourite one, but Goethe's treatment of it is superior to all, the most poetical and truthful, inevitable and tragic, unbiased and complete.

It is important to note that in Goethe's presentation the man is shown to be as much at the mercy of instinct in the act of desertion, in his attempt to recover his freedom, as the maid is in her first submission to him.

The whole episode is founded in Goethe's most intimate experience. Margaret is perhaps drawn partly from her namesake, whom Goethe as a boy of sixteen imagined he loved; she reveals in her anxiety for Faust's spiritual welfare a quality which he learned in Friederike Brion; and she may be partly drawn from his betrothed, Lili Schone-mann (the daughter of a banker in Frankfurt), for whom he felt probably the strongest love of his life, at the time when these scenes of his *Faust* were written.

XVIII. DONJON (page 115)

This rendering of the German word *Zwinger* (originally meaning 'ramparts', or rather the space between the moat and the castle or city walls) is rather misleading. It refers here to the unoccupied space between the city wall and the nearest buildings within.

XIX. NIGHT (page 116)

P. 118, l. 45. *Meanwhile may not the treasure risen be,
Which there, behind, I glimmering see?*

Faust's remark refers to some buried treasure (the presence of which was supposed in German folk-lore to be betrayed by a phosphorescent light above the ground) which Mephistopheles has apparently promised to raise for him.

XX. CATHEDRAL (page 121)

P. 122, l. 23. *Dies irae, dies illa*. The opening line of the famous *sequentia* composed by Thomas Celano in the thirteenth century. The passages occurring in this scene translate:

'Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world in ashes.'

'When therefore the Judge shall be seated, whatever is hidden shall appear, nothing shall remain unpunished.'

'What then shall I say in my wretchedness? What protector shall I appeal to, when scarcely the just man shall be secure?'

'What shall I say in my wretchedness?'

XXI. WALPURGIS-NIGHT (page 123)

The title and character of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of the Brocken, on the night between 30 April and 1 May, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of SS. Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the eighth century. She died as abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The 1st of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken—or Blocksberg—naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary. The superstition

probably grew from the circumstance that the Druidic rites were celebrated by night, and secretly, as their followers became few. (B.T.)

P. 131, l. 259, S.D. MEPHISTOPHELES (*who all at once appears very old*). Mephistopheles adopts the appearance of an old man in order to parody the types of old foggy here satirized in the figures of the old gentlemen sitting round 'dying embers' decrying all that is now the rage.

P. 132, l. 286. *Adam's first wife is she*. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says: 'The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but evils.'

The name, from the Hebrew root, *Lil*, darkness, signifies *the Nocturnal*. The word occurs in Isaiah (xxxiv. 14); in the Vulgate it is translated *Lamia*, in Luther's Bible *Kobold*, and in our English version *screech-owl*. According to the Rabbinical writings, Lilith was created at the same time with Adam, in such a manner that he and she were joined together by the back, as it is written, 'male and female created He them, and called their name Adam'. In this condition they did not agree at all, but quarrelled and tore each other continually. Then the Lord repented that he had made them so, and separated them into two independent bodies, but even thus they would not live in peace, and when Lilith devoted herself to witchcraft and courted the society of Devils, Adam left her altogether. A new wife, Eve, was afterwards created, to compensate him for his domestic misfortune.

Lilith is described as having beautiful hair, in the meshes of which lurk a multitude of evil spirits. She has such power over infants—for eight days after birth for boys, and twenty days for girls—that she is able to cause their death. It was therefore the custom to hang an amulet, inscribed with the names of the angels Senoi, Sansenoi, and Sammangeloph, around the child's neck at birth, and from the Latin exorcism *Lilla abi!* sung by the mother, some have derived our word Lullaby, although it has also a more obvious derivation. Lilith was equally a seductress of young men, using her golden hair as a lure to captivate them; but the youth who loved her always died, and after his death a single hair from her head was

found twisted around his heart. Rossetti has embodied this tradition in a fine sonnet. (B.T.)

P. 133, l. 311. PROKTOPHANTASMIST. This is literary satire, pointless for all but Goethe's initiated contemporaries. The name was for Friedrich Nicolai, the one-time friend and co-labourer of Lessing's. He had since made himself ridiculous as an apostle of 'enlightenment' and rationalism in literature, and had already incurred Goethe's ire in 1775 with a foolish parody of 'Werther'. In 1799 Nicolai exposed himself to ridicule in a way that was too good to be missed. In that year he published a lecture which he had delivered in the Berlin Academy, at a time when there were rumours of ghosts in Humboldt's residence in *Tegel*. In this lecture, entitled *Example of the Appearance of Several Phantasms*, Nicolai (who did not believe in the supernatural) explained in all seriousness how he had rid himself of apparitions that troubled him by the application of leeches to that part of his person called by the Greeks *προκτός*. The term Proktophantasmist thus conveys the sense of 'rump-visionary'.

P. 135, l. 378. *The Prater shows no hvelier stir*. The Prater is the famous public park of Vienna.

P. 135, l. 381. SERVIBILIS. Goethe had a Weimar contemporary in mind, one who insisted on having a hand in promoting the production of plays, even if they were devoid of artistic merit. This criticism is sometimes held to apply to Servibilis's present production, the 'Walpurgis-Night's Dream'—even though it is by Goethe himself. See next note.

XXII. WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM (page 135)

P. 135, S.D. OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING. Strictly speaking, this *Intermezzo* is out of place, not only at the end of Walpurgis-Night scene, but in the poem as a whole. It does not belong to the original plan and has nothing to do with *Faust*. But Goethe intended to introduce some literary satire into the Walpurgis-Night and decided to include the following piece for want of a better place to publish it. The title and theme were suggested by Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the plan was to represent the reconciliation of Oberon and Titania as a

kind of golden-wedding celebration, at which the elves who pay them homage should appear as thinly veiled figures of Goethe's literary, artistic, and political world.

P. 135, l. 1. *Sons of Mieding, rest to-day!* Mieding was a famous Weimar stage-decorator who died in 1782.

P. 136, l. 17. *ARIEL*. Ariel is called from the *Tempest* to join his fellow-elves. Here he evidently represents Poetry—the pure element, above and untouched by the fashions of the day. (B.T.)

P. 137, l. 41. *A LITTLE COUPLE*. Two literary collaborators address one another, each speaking two lines.

P. 137, l. 45. *INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER*. Nicolai again (see note to p. 133, l. 311). He is again confronted with an apparition.

P. 137, l. 49. *ORTHODOX*. In 1768 Count F. L. Stolberg declared Schiller's poem, 'The Gods of Greece', to be 'a combination of the most outrageous idolatry and the dreariest atheism'.

P. 138, l. 73. *WEATHERCOCK*. Indicates the sort of person who invariably professes those opinions which he deems acceptable to his immediate hearers.

P. 138, l. 81. *XENIES*. The word signifies 'gifts of hospitality' and was used by Goethe and Schiller for the epigrams with which they tormented their literary, artistic, and political contemporaries.

P. 138, l. 85. *HENNINGS*. Hennings was the editor of the journal *ci-devant Genius of the Age* (after 1800 it became the *Genius of the Nineteenth Century*), in which he attacked the *Xenies*. He also edited another journal, *Musaget*, 'Leader of the Muses', intended to rival Schiller's *Almanach*, in which the Xenian epigrams had appeared.

The first verse parodies his attitude towards the *Xenies*; the second suggests that he is more at home here than as 'Leader of the Muses'; the third verse satirizes his practice of giving a place on the German Parnassus to such authors as flattered him by an obsequious respect for his critical views.

P. 138, l. 97. *INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER*. Nicolai does not speak the following four lines. They describe him and are uttered by the crowd.

P. 139, l. 101. CRANE. 'Lavater was a thoroughly good man, but he was subjected to powerful illusions, and the severe and total truth was not his concern: he deceived himself and others. . . . His gait was like that of a crane, for which reason he appears as the Crane on the Blocksberg.'—Goethe to Eckermann, 1829.

P. 139, l. 112. *The bittern's changeless booming*. This is what the controversy of the approaching philosophers sounds like. They hate one another and only appear together now (as dancing herons) under the urge of the Devil's bagpipes. As they arrive they comment in turn according to their 'school' on the spectacle that confronts them.

P. 139, l. 125. IDEALIST. Here used in the technical Fichtean sense of one who holds that the Not-Me is the creation of the Me and therefore identical with it.

P. 140, l. 145. THE ADROIT. This last group is devoted to political satire. The *Adroit* are turncoats, the *Awkward* are political outcasts, the *Will-o'-the-Wisps* upstarts, the *Shooting-Star* one whose career is meteoric, and the *Heavy Fellows* the masses.

XXIII. DREARY DAY (page 141)

P. 141, l. 1. *In misery! In despair!* These words refer to Margaret, whose fate Faust has now learned. A whole year has elapsed since the Valentine scene. He knows that she has borne a child, has drowned it, and is now in prison awaiting execution.

XXIV. NIGHT (page 143)

P. 143, l. 1. *What weave they there round the raven-stone?* The 'Ravenstone' is the old German word for the place of execution. It is generally supposed that this scene represents the uncanny activities of witches about the spot where Gretchen is to be executed on the morrow; Mephistopheles suggests as much, as we should expect of him. But the original text bears another and more plausible interpretation, namely that Faust sees spirits hovering there and strewing flowers as if to hallow the spot. According to this, Faust's last observation should read *They scatter and consecrate* instead of what we have here.

XXV. DUNGEON (*page 143*)

P. 150, l. 209, s.d. VOICE (from within, dying away). *Henry! Henry!* Gretchen's last call is uttered in an anguished warning tone. But Mephistopheles is further than ever from having Faust in his power. The problem of his destiny is to be solved in Part II, where the interests and passions that shape Society, Government, and the Evolution of the Human Race are set in motion. Of Part II Goethe said: 'It suggests the history of the world for 3,000 years . . . the whole of antiquity and half the history of the modern world. It is a symbol of what has repeated itself in the history of Art, Science, the Church, and, indeed, in the political world.'

NOTES TO THE SECOND PART (*page 151*)

In Part II the whole plan and scope of the work is changed. 'It is higher, broader, clearer, less passionate', Goethe said: 'the man who has not looked about him a little will never know what to make of it.' Whereas the First Part, begun in Goethe's youth, was concluded before he was past middle age, the Second was not completed until he was turned eighty, and it is rich in contemplative wisdom, which it presents largely in symbolical and allegorical form. The intense human interest that distinguishes Part I is lacking here. Faust himself is a symbol, the idealized and generalized representative of aspiring humanity. It is without strict coherence and unity; but Goethe contended that 'the only thing of importance in such a composition is that the single masses should be clear and significant, while the whole remains incommensurable, and for that very reason should lure men, like an unsolved problem, to study it again and again'. It has been described as the most resplendent panorama to be found anywhere in the literature of the world.

ACT I

I. A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE (*page 151*)

P. 151, l. 1. ARIEL. Since the tragedy of Gretchen some considerable time has elapsed, and Faust is awakened to

new life and hope in this scene, in which the elves represent the delicate mysterious agencies through which nature operates on the human soul. Neither in his own life nor in his poetical creations did Goethe give space to remorse for an irrevocable deed. He looked upon remorse as a negative virtue, and the reader may remember that it was an Evil Spirit that tormented Gretchen so mercilessly with remorse in the Cathedral scene of Part I. But this does not mean that Faust is to forget Gretchen. Her influence on him for Good, though it is only made explicit in the last Act, must be conceived to be present throughout the whole of Part II.

P. 152, l. 22, S.D. CHORUS. Each of the four stanzas represents a night-watch. They correspond to the Roman *vigiliae*, each of three hours. The first describes the evening twilight; the second, the dead of night, the third, the approach of dawn; and the fourth, dawn itself.

P. 154, l. 115. *Life is not light, but the refracted colour.* In this scene Faust must now admit that he cannot look the Sun of the Universe, the full truth of things, in the face. In an essay published in 1825 Goethe wrote: 'The true, identical with the divine, is never cognized by us directly; we see it only in the reflection, the example, the symbol.' Faust sees in the waterfall the symbol of human activity, and in the colours of the rainbow overhanging its movement he sees that reflection of the Light of Truth that is alone manifested to us mortals. Cf. Shelley's metaphor in *Adonais*:

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

II. THE EMPEROR'S CASTLE (*page 155*)

P. 155, heading. EMPEROR. On 1 October 1827 Goethe read the manuscript of this scene to Eckermann. 'In the Emperor', said he, 'I have endeavoured to represent a Prince who has all possible qualities for losing his realm—in which, indeed, he afterwards succeeds.

'The welfare of the Empire and of his subjects give him no trouble; he thinks only of himself, and how he may amuse himself, from day to day, with something new. The land is without order and law, the judges themselves accomplices with the criminals, and all manner of crime is

committed unhindered and unpunished. The army is unpaid, without discipline, and ranges around plundering, in order to help itself to its pay, as best it can. The treasury is without money, and without the hope of further contributions. In the Emperor's household things are not much better: there are deficiencies in kitchen and cellar. The Lord High Steward, more undecided from day to day what course to pursue, is already in the hands of usurious Jews, to whom everything has been mortgaged, and even the bread on the Emperor's table has been eaten in advance.

'The Council means to represent to his Majesty all these evils, and to consult with him how they may be removed; but the Most Gracious Ruler has no inclination to lend his ear to such disagreeable things: he would much rather be diverted. Here now is the true element for Mephistopheles, who has speedily made away with the former Fool, and as new Fool and Councillor stands at the Emperor's side.'

P. 162, l. 265. *There lies the fiddler, there the gold.* According to an old proverb, the act of stumbling is explained as taking place where a fiddler lies buried. The expression is used here in reference to the power of divination supposed to be possessed by certain persons.

P. 163, l. 284. *He seeks saltpetre where the clay-walls stand.* The farmer scrapes off the incrustation of saltpetre from old walls in order to give it to his cattle. In so doing he sometimes discovers hidden treasure.

P. 163, l. 299. *A cask of tartar holds the wine.* It is a general belief in Germany that when a cask of wine has been kept for centuries, it gradually deposits a crust of tartar, which may acquire such a consistency as to hold the liquid when the staves have rotted away. The wine thus becomes its own cask, and preserves itself in a thick, oily state. It is then supposed to possess wonderful medicinal powers. (B.T.)

III. SPACIOUS HALL (page 165)

P. 165, S.D. CARNIVAL MASQUERADE. The masquerade takes place on Shrove Tuesday. For the arrangement of it Goethe found many suggestions in a compilation (Grazzini's *Canti Carnascialeschi*) dealing with such festivities under Lorenzo de' Medici, published in Florence in 1559.

He had experience of arranging such masques at the Weimar Court and drew also on his recollections of the Roman Carnival. He was filled with distaste at the general atmosphere of superficiality and empty frivolity prevailing on such occasions, although the characters might symbolize 'the greatest moments in human life', marriage and birth and death. His main purpose in introducing this masquerade here was to reveal the life at the Emperor's Court and to show that this was no suitable sphere for Faust's future activity in his new-formed 'vigorous resolve to seek the highest life'. In the course of the masquerade the reader will observe that Faust's high seriousness prompts him to make several attempts (independently of Mephistopheles) to preach to his audience by means of allegorical representations, but without success; and we can scarcely be mistaken in assuming that this reflects Goethe's own experience at the Weimar Court.

P. 165, l. 1. HERALD. The Herald whose function is to announce what is coming and give needed explanations, points out in these introductory lines that the Emperor has ordained this 'Italian' masquerade on his return from his coronation by the Pope at Rome.

P. 167, l. 72. *What our name is, Theophrastus.* Theophrastus of Lesbos, the favourite pupil of Aristotle, and author of a *History of Plants*.

P. 172, l. 233, S.D. *The Night and Churchyard Poets.* This is aimed at certain contemporaries of Goethe, the authors of a decadent form of Romantic literature. He objected strongly to the gruesome elements which had again found their way into literature in the 1820's and thus expressed himself to Eckermann: 'In place of the beautiful substance of the *Grecian Mythology* we have devils, witch-hags, and vampires.'

P. 172, l. 234, S.D. THE GRACES. The second of the Graces generally goes under the name of Thalia, but Goethe substituted Hegemone (one of the two Graces revered by the Athenians), probably because the name Thalia is better known as that of the Muse of Comedy.

P. 173, l. 239, S.D. THE PARCAE. The fates, instead of appearing in their usual guise, are here adapted to the

festive occasion. The shears are 'usually wielded by Atropos; here they are in the charge of Clotho, who hides them away.

P. 174, l. 284. THE FURIES. Similarly the Erinyes of the Greeks, who were conceived as hideous old hags, appear on this occasion as fair, young, insinuating creatures, who take a peculiar delight in exciting jealousy in lovers (Alecto); in causing feuds between married people (Megæra. Asmodi, referred to as her follower in hostility to married happiness, was an evil demon of the Hebrews who killed in succession the seven husbands of Sara [Book of Tobit iii. 8]); and in avenging marital infidelity (Tisiphone. '*Steel and poison I, not malice, Mix and sharpen for the traitor*' [i.e. false lover]).

P. 175, l. 329. *For that which comes is not to you allied.* The approaching group, which is of high symbolical purport, consists of an Elephant (the State) with Victory enthroned and Prudence as mahout, and (deceptive) Hope and (desponding) Fear ('*two of human foes, the greatest*') in fetters. It is Faust's first contribution to the masquerade (see note to p. 165, s.d.); Mephistopheles (as ZOIL O-THERSITES, i.e. a hideous two-headed dwarf, personifying the nature of Zoilus, the grammarian who belittled Homer, and of Thersites, the demagogue who decried the heroes) intrudes to deride it.

P. 178, l. 427. *Wholly spoiled is now the fun.* Mephistopheles has achieved his immediate object. This masquerade (particularly Faust's part in it) is not conceived in his spirit, and he is determined to mar it.

P. 178, l. 440. *Now a mightier pageant issues.* This succeeding pageant is also of Faust's devising, and it fails similarly of its effect—the point of the allegory is entirely lost on the crowd and Mephistopheles is present to interfere, as in the previous one.

The BOY CHARIOTEER (the spirit of Poetry) appears in a wonderful chariot drawn by winged dragons, in which Faust as PLUTUS, the god of Wealth, is seated enthroned. The association of poetry with wealth, and of the poet with the ruler, is one that Goethe distinctly approved. The noble and intimate relation which for fifty years existed between the Grand Duke Karl August of Weimar and

Goethe himself is here most delicately and feelingly drawn. When the Herald first describes Plutus (p. 180), it is neither Faust nor Wealth whom we see, but Karl August, as Goethe saw him.

He (the Ruler) is the only one who has any understanding of the Boy he has brought with him. The latter's gifts are wasted on the crowd. Even the Herald accuses him of '*giving only what golden gleams*' (p. 181), and the WOMEN think he is a charlatan.

P. 182, l. 581. THE STARVELING. Mephistopheles, true to his character of Negation, wears in this pageant the mask of Avarice. His address to the women, in which there is play upon the gender of the word Avarice (feminine in its earlier form *avaritia*, masculine in German—*der Geiz*), causes an uproar.

P. 184, l. 625. *Thou'rt wholly free: away to thine own sphere.* In permitting the Boy to depart with his chariot, Plutus behaves as Karl August did towards Goethe when he needed to be free, to go to Italy, to find relief from the burdens of office and leisure for poetry. Plutus himself remains with his chest of wealth, and in the ensuing part of the pageant will show its dangers as opposed to its blessings, witnessed in the previous part. This is in accordance with Faust's plan. He is disturbed at Mephistopheles' plot to persuade the Emperor to inflate the currency of the realm. He knows of the approaching pageant with the Emperor himself in the mask of Pan (pp. 187, 189) and intends to warn the latter as forcibly as he can of the dangers of 'playing with fire'. He informs the Herald (p. 190) of what is coming:

*The world and History will both deny it,
So write it faithfully in thy report!*

He already suspects, we see, that his warning will be thrown to the winds.

The sight of Faust's magic gold, in spite of his warnings against it, inflames all with a passion of greed. (Mephistopheles, incidentally, on p. 186, gives his own interpretation of what gold can do.) The MASQUERADE ends in tumult, disorder, and conflagration—Faust's symbol of what is to overtake the Emperor and his realm in the days of financial jugglery.

P. 187, l. 744. *Full well I know what every one does not.* Faust knows that the Emperor himself will appear in the mask of Pan.

P. 189, l. 806. *The Pope hath no such guards, I trow.* Reference to the tall Swiss guards at the Vatican.

P. 191, l. 905. *Terror is enough created.* Faust now summons the cool air, the mist, and the rain to quench his magic fire. His allegory is at an end.

IV. PLEASURE GARDEN (page 192)

In this scene it transpires that the Emperor, far from being displeased with Faust or taking his lesson to heart, foolishly imagines that he has cut a rather fine figure in the midst of the flames. Mephistopheles naturally encourages him in this conceit; he tells him that he now has power over all the elements.

We then learn that (at Mephistopheles' suggestion) the Emperor has been persuaded on the previous evening to authorize by his signature the issue of paper money.

Faust has very little to say in this matter. His one remark, in which he affirms his belief in the existence of the buried treasure and advocates the unearthing of it, is ironical in tone.

But Mephistopheles dismisses this project. The Emperor is reassured and gives generously of the new currency to all around. We learn how each proposes to use it. The most forethoughtful of them is the Fool.

V. A GLOOMY GALLERY (page 198)

In this scene Goethe now returns to the original Faust-legend, in which Mephistopheles voluntarily produces Helena as a concubine for Faust. But like most of the other elements derived by Goethe from this source, this one too is presented to us in immeasurably exalted significance. Even in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* the Helena motive is idealized. Marlowe stands near the beginning of our Renaissance movement, as Goethe does at the end of it; and their respective conceptions of Helen (personifying the Ideal of Classic Beauty) may be accepted as a touchstone of its development. Goethe's Helen is almost etherealized, though she is charmingly human at the same time.

In the light of this consideration, it is clear that Goethe could not allow Mephistopheles to take an active part in conjuring up the Shade of this Ideal. He had to devise a means by which Faust himself, by his own efforts, should conceive it. That is the explanation of the apparatus of this scene, which is intended to convey to us in symbolical yet concrete form Faust's initial realization of this concept. The culmination, an arduous task, is not reached until Act III; for one cannot revivify and embrace the Greek ideal by a mere act of the will.

P. 199, l. 41. They are THE MOTHERS. When asked by Eckermann, always intent on philosophical culture, for an explanation of this 'difficulty', Goethe replied: 'I can only reveal that I found it mentioned in Plutarch, that in Grecian antiquity certain goddesses were revered under the name of "The Mothers"'. That is all I owe to tradition, the rest is my own invention.'

Faust is required to invoke Helena and Paris, and this can only be accomplished (as Mephistopheles points out in terms of this invention of Goethe's) by an intense effort of intellectual abstraction. Faust must forget the region of Actuality, and enter that of the Infinite and Eternal, the realm of 'The Mothers', the field of truth and artistic creation.

P. 201, l. 87. Here, take this key. The symbols of the Key and the Tripod have given rise to much speculation. Their meaning, of course, is entirely dependent upon that which may be attributed to the Mothers, since the key is to guide Faust to the latter, and then enable him to gain possession of the tripod, the incense-smoke of which will shape itself into the ideals of Human Beauty. Schnetger and Kreyssig agree that the tripod is a symbol of the profoundest wisdom, and the former attaches to it the idea of 'intuition'. (B.T.)

Faust's *stamping, and sinking out of sight* at the end of the scene is to symbolize the act of concentration of the mind and will.

VII. HALL OF THE KNIGHTS (*page 205*)

** P. 209, l. 119. The form, that long erewhile my fancy captured.* This is a reference to Faust's vision of a beautiful female

form in the scene of the Witches' Kitchen (Part I, Sc. vi). What Faust experiences now is the revelation of an aesthetic ideal, conceived in the innermost depths of his spirit. But this inspiring ideal is yet far from being tangible. It vanishes, and in the abrupt reaction we see Faust lying senseless on the ground. He cannot remain any longer now at the Emperor's court. The period of his aesthetic education commences and is completed afterwards in the Third Act.

ACT II

I. A GOTHIC CHAMBER (page 211)

P. 213, l. 49. *In all this trash and mould unmatched,
Crotchets forever must be hatched.*

There is a pun in the German which cannot be given. *Grillen* means both *crickets* and *crotchets* or splenetic humours (whims, fancies), the first reference being to the insects which Mephistopheles has shaken out of Faust's old fur robe. (B.T.)

P. 214, l. 70. *Oremus*. The Famulus to Wagner, now 'the first man in the world of knowledge' (cf Part I, note to p. 17, l. 165), imagines Mephistopheles to be an eminent Divine, and suggests that they should *pray* together.

P. 215, l. 119. *I'll expedite his luck, if he'll but try me!* As we shall see in the next scene, Wagner is experimenting to produce an artificial mannikin. But he does not succeed, it should be observed, until Mephistopheles arrives on the scene.

P. 216, l. 171. *But don't go, absolute, home from here!* There is a philosophical antithesis implied in the words 'resolute' and 'absolute' in this couplet. Mephistopheles uses the former word in its double sense of 'determined' and 'dissolved', while the latter, according to Kreyssig, is a sarcastic allusion to the Hegelian philosophy. It would seem from what follows, however, that Goethe had Fichte in his mind, rather than Hegel. (B.T.)

P. 218, l. 222. *When one has passed his thirtieth year,
One then is just the same as dead.*

The reference to Fichte is here not to be mistaken. The following passage occurs in his works: 'When they have

passed their thirtieth year, one well might wish, for their own reputation and the advantage of the world, that they would die; since, from that age on, their lives will only be an increasing damage to themselves and their associations.' (B.T.)

II. LABORATORY (page 219)

P. 221, l. 61, s.d. HOMUNCULUS. Faust's 'infinite yearning for the highest beauty', the classic conception of Beauty which Helen symbolizes, can only be stilled after a long pursuit, as Goethe knew from his own experience.

This pursuit is represented by the allegories of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, in which Faust's achievement of the Ideal is brought about by contact with the lowest and most grotesque to the highest and most poetical of artistic creations, by an ascent through the whole range of art from Griffins and Sphinxes to Helen herself.

The way to Helen is the way to Greece. And the spirit that leads Faust to Greece is Wagner's (or rather Mephistopheles' [see note to p. 215, l. 119]) Homunculus.

The name and mode of origin of Homunculi belong to the learned superstition of the humanistic period, and all taken from Paracelsus. They were of the order of helpful familiar spirits, characterized by a wonderful knowingness and clairvoyant powers, as in the present instance. The classical sympathies of Goethe's Homunculus, his hatred of medievalism, are not only natural in him by virtue of his humanistic origin; they are also necessary if Homunculus is to play the part indicated above.

P. 222, l. 85. Fair scenery! Faust is dreaming of Leda (Helen's mother) and her lover (Jupiter), the Swan. Homunculus reads his dream, which is visible to him alone.

P. 225, l. 176. I may detect the dot upon the 'I'. This expression (which Goethe sometimes uses in his correspondence to denote finish, completion) is explained by the endeavour of Homunculus, afterwards, to break the glass in which his artificial being is confined, and commence a free and natural existence. (B.T.)

This imperious desire is superadded to Homunculus' other attributes by Goethe, perhaps in order to provide an opportunity to expound something of evolutionary doctrine. The Spirit's vision of evolution's consummation in

the beautiful Galatea scene thrills him with the desire to achieve such evolution, even though he has to start at life's earliest beginning, in the sea.

III. CLASSICAL WALPURGIS-NIGHT (page 225)

This allegory occupies the same place in the Second Act as the Carnival Masquerade in the First. When we have once accepted Goethe's double intention of conducting Faust to a higher plane of life through the awakening and development of his sense of Beauty, and, at the same time, of bringing together the Classic and Romantic elements in Literature and Art, in order to reconcile them in a region lofty enough to abolish all fashions of Race and Time, we have no difficulty in fancying how the plan of a Classical Walpurgis-Night must have presented itself to his mind, as a *pendant* to the Walpurgis-Night of the First Part, which is Gothic, Medieval, Romantic. (B.T.)

I. THE PHARSALIAN FIELDS (page 225)

The idea of a spectre-haunted battle-field, where the ghosts of the slain reassemble each year on the anniversary of the fight and renew their conflict in the air, is found in the folk-lore of many peoples. Goethe imagines such a rendezvous on the field of Pharsalia (the battle, in which Caesar triumphed over Pompey and put an end to the Roman republic, took place 6 June 48 B.C.) and then amplifies it into a general conclave of classical spirits of all kinds. The motive of the gathering is simply festivity. The weird festival is opened (in classical iambic trimeters) by the witch *Erichtho*, the avenging spirit of Strife.

P. 228, l. 73. *I rise refreshed, Antaeus in my feeling.* Faust recovers from his trance as soon as he touches Grecian soil: his artistic instinct tells him that he is on the track of Helena. Antaeus was the giant of Libya (i.e. Africa), son of Neptune and Earth, who remained invincible as long as he touched his mother Earth. Hercules, having discovered this, held him up in the air and squeezed him to death.

P. 228, l. 77. *I find myself so strange, so disconcerted.* Mephistopheles, on the other hand, is entirely out of his proper element. His disgust with the nudity of the antique forms

is an admirable bit of humour, through which we can detect Goethe's own well-known defence of the chastity of ancient art. The delicate satire of the line, *Doch das Anuke find ich zu lebendig*, is lost in translation. We may almost surmise that when Mephistopheles speaks of overplastering the figures according to the fashion, Goethe referred to the indecent rehabilitation of the statues in the Vatican.

Mephistopheles finally addresses himself to the Griffins and Sphinxes, as the most grotesque and unbeautiful of the forms around him. (B.T.)

P. 228, l. 91. *The source, wherefrom its derivation springs.* One of the Griffins (fabulous monsters with a bird's head and a lion's body) objects to the word *griff* on the theory (held still in Goethe's day by certain pre-scientific philologists) that it belongs to the family of unpleasant words in 'gr-'. Mephistopheles points out the inconsistency of this in a *griffin*. The latter then contends that *this* root is allied to the lucky word 'to grip'.

P. 229, l. 100. *ANIS (of the colossal kind).* Classical superstition told of a race of gold-gathering ants of the size of foxes.

P. 229, l. 105. *THE ARIMASPEANS.* These were a one-eyed race engaged in continual feud with the gold-guarding griffins (cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 943 ff). The feud is, however, in suspense for the duration of the Classical Walpurgis-Night festivity.

P. 229, l. 119. *Men saw me there as 'Old Iniquity'.* By a lapse of memory, it would seem, Goethe identifies the Iniquity, or Vice, of the English Moralities with the Devil. In reality Vice accompanied the Devil. Cf. Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night*, iv. ii; *Richard the Third*, iii. 1; Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, Prol. l. 49. (C.T.)

P. 230, l. 152. *SIRENS.* The Sirens were generally represented as beautiful maidens to the waist, the lower half having bird form. They were reputed to tear their victims with their hideous talons.

P. 231, l. 178. *In the Repulsive, grand and solid features.* Faust, who has been wandering about, arrives now on the scene and sees only the finer side of these apparitions. He is reconciled to them by their association with early

memories of Crecian history and literature and feels that in them he has a clue which shall guide him to Helen. The Sphinxes direct Faust to Chiron the Centaur (half man, half horse) who taught Achilles, Hercules, and the Argonauts. Faust passes on, and we shall discover him next on the banks of the Peneus, where he encounters Chiron. Mephistopheles they advise, after pointing out to him the *Stymphalian birds* (beak and claws of iron) and the heads of the *Lernian Hydra* (killed by Hercules with Iolaus' aid), to try his fortunes with the *Lamiae* (p. 246, l. 696). They were described as vampire-ghosts which assumed the form of beautiful women to entice young people to them.

II. PENEUS (page 233)

The river-god, Peneus, is awakened from his slumbers by earth tremors (announcing the coming earthquake) and calls upon the rushes, reeds, willows, and poplars of his environment to lull him to sleep again.

Arriving on this scene, Faust identifies it with that of his vision of Leda and the Swan (see note to p. 222, l. 85). He feels that he approaches the realization of his Ideal.

P. 240, l. 468. MANRO. In Greek tradition Manto was the daughter of Tiresias, the blind soothsayer; but Goethe makes her the daughter of the great physician Aesculapius (pupil of Chiron's), in order to account for her present role.

She sympathizes with Faust's striving after the 'impossible' and conducts him through the temple of Apollo to the depths of Olympus, where Persephone sits enthroned, queen of the dead. Manto's advice to him is to use his chance better than Orpheus did (who, it will be remembered, glanced back and lost Eurydice in his attempt to rescue her from the lower world).

But just what did happen when Faust reached the nether world, and in what manner he prevailed upon Persephone to give him Helena, we shall never know. This scene, though planned, was never written; it is left to the imagination of the reader. The reason for this omission will be clear when we come to the Triumph of Galatea, which provides an infinitely greater and more significant climax to this Act.

So Faust here withdraws from the scene in order to

prepare for the consummation in the following Act, when, through the union between classical and medieval culture, a new epoch is to be inaugurated; and we are free to follow Mephistopheles in discovery of his ideal of the Ugly, and Homunculus in his yearning to commence organic existence.

III. ON THE UPPER PENEUS (*page 240*)

P. 241, l. 496. Health is none where water fails! This scene introduces a 'geological episode', which strictly speaking has nothing to do with the main scheme of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, but which relates to Goethe's views on the great geological controversy between the Plutonists and Neptunists. Goethe preferred the theory of the Neptunists, who held that all rocks were of sedimentary origin and that water was the chief agent in modifying the surface of the globe.

This explains why the Sirens are here made to sing in praise of water and prepare us for the Triumph of Galatea scene, which is set in the Aegean Sea.

While the Sirens sing, the earth is upheaved by an earthquake, personified by the primeval giant *Seismos*. Goethe indulges in mild satire at the expense of the Plutonists, when the latter takes pride in having formed a volcanic mountain and refers to the time when in the company of Titans he played ball with mountains (*Pelion and Ossa, Parnassus, &c.*)—otherwise 'how should this world so beauteous be?'

The purpose of introducing this *Seismos* episode was probably to show that the process of evolution, alike in nature and in history, is frequently accompanied by seasons of revolution and disruption, but that these are essentially destructive and lawless occasions.

P. 243, l. 582. Haste, ye Emmets, and collect it! The gold-hoarding Griffins command their servants, the Ants, to gather the gold which they see gleaming in the crevices of the new-made mountain.

P. 244, ll. 603, 619. PYGMIES. DACTYLS. Associated with the Ants are the *Pygmies* and *Dactyls* (Thumblings and Fingerlings) to represent the *Plutonists*. They attack the *Herons*, who in their turn are avenged by the *Cranes* (both representing the *Neptunists*). This strife is a humorous

reference to the controversy spoken of in the previous note. The suggestion for a feud between the Pygmies and Cranes comes from Homer.

P. 245, l. 660. The CRANES OF IBYCUS (cf. Schiller's famous ballad) appear as agents of revenge, and summon their more immediate kin, the cranes of the sea ('serried wanderers of ocean'), to the campaign.

The poet Ibycus was attacked by assassins near Corinth. He cried out to a flock of passing cranes to avenge his death. Later, when the Corinthians were assembled in the amphitheatre, a flock of cranes passed overhead, and one of the murderers who was present cried out ironically: 'Lo, the avengers of Ibycus.' This led to the detection of the criminals.

P. 246, l. 682. *The Snorers snarl at Elend—snorting peers,—
And all is finished for a thousand years.*

Even the Devil grumbles over these Plutonist disturbances, these new surface-inflations, and praises his secure Brocken of a thousand years, with its primitive and eternal forms of the Ilsestein, Heinrichshöhe, the Snorers, and Elend: he greatly prefers such a soil to this uncertain quake-world. (B.T.)

P. 247, l. 736. *Empusa, with the ass's foot.* Empusa (the 'one-footed', as the name denotes) had one human foot and one ass's hoof, and is therefore fairly entitled to call Mephistopheles 'cousin'. Goethe probably took her, as well as some other characters of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, from Böttiger, with whose works he was well acquainted. Empusa is mentioned in *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, and also in the life of Apollonius Tyana, by Philostratus. She had not the same habit of transformation as the other Lamiae, but surpassed them all in her hideous appearance and her cannibalic habits.

Mephistopheles, however, is too ugly and repulsive for even these. They simply amuse themselves with him, and then send him further. The transformations which they undergo when he attempts to grasp them are characteristic of the Lamiae. (B.T.)

P. 250, l. 811. OREAD (*from the natural rock*). Here the Oread is the spirit of a primeval mountain, created according to the Neptunic theory. (B.T.)

P. 251, l. 851. ANAXAGORAS (*to THALES*). The representatives of the two geological theories are now introduced. Goethe's choice of Anaxagoras and Thales is too evidently dictated by what is known of the systems of those philosophers to need any further explanation. The former wrote of eclipses, earthquakes, and meteoric stones; the latter derived all life and physical phenomena from water; yet both based their theories on 'Nature', and equally sought to solve her mysteries. (B.T.)

P. 253, l. 920. *Then were it true, Thessalian Pythonesses*. Wishing to protect the mountain-folk from the vengeful Cranes, Anaxagoras implores the triune Luna for a natural darkness. A meteorite falls upon the mountain, giving it a pointed summit and crushing its inhabitants. Anaxagoras falls upon his face in terror, believing that he has conjured the moon from the sky.—The real Anaxagoras was a scientific rationalist, eminent in mathematics and astronomy. He explained eclipses as due to natural causes, and undertook to predict how long it would take a stone to fall from the sun. These views led to his arrest as an enemy of the popular religion. So Goethe makes him pray to the moon for an eclipse *without magic*. But the awful result is such as to shake his rationalism and convince him that the old story of the moon being conjured down from the sky by Thessalian Pythonesses (witches) may have been after all true. (C.T.)

P. 254, l. 967. *The Phorkyads!* The Phorkyads, or, more correctly, Phorkids, were the three daughters of Phorkys (Darkness) and Keto (The Abyss). Their names were Deino, Pephredo, and Enyo: Hesiod in his *Theogony* gives only the last two. They were also called the *Graiae*. They were said to have, in common, but one eye and one tooth, which they used alternately, and to dwell at the uppermost end of the earth, where neither sun nor moon beheld them. They represent the climax of all which the Greek imagination has created of horrible and repulsive. Mephistopheles, consequently, is ravished with delight: he has found the Ideal Ugliness. (B.T.)

IV. ROCKY COVES OF THE AEGEAN SEA (page 257)

With this scene commences the third and last of the three parts into which the Classical Walpurgis-Night naturally

divides itself. The first part, as we have seen, gradually eliminates the Beautiful from the Grotesque, separates the opposite paths of Faust and Mephistopheles, and closes with the disappearance of Faust, on his way to implore Helena from the shades. The second part introduces the Plutonic theory in geology as a disturbing element, satirizes it, symbolizes its overthrow, decides the course of Homunculus by attaching him to the Neptunic Thales, and closes with the union of Mephistopheles and his Ugly Ideal.

The development of the Idea of the Beautiful is now taken up at the point where it was suspended, and carried onward; but Homunculus is henceforth the central figure of the changing groups. The reader will remark, however, that this and the following scene are strictly Neptunic: the characters all belong to the Ocean, and the occasion which calls them together is a festival of Nereus. Although Goethe's scientific creed is constantly suggested, it is subordinate to his aesthetic plan, and hardly interferes with it. His few brief references are like so many low rocks, which cannot interrupt the multitudinous dance of the waves. Oken, for whom Goethe felt a hearty and admiring respect, has the following passage: 'Light shines on the salt flood, and it becomes alive. All life is from the sea, nothing from the firm land: the entire ocean is living. It is a billowy, ever upheaving and again subsiding organism. . . . Love is a birth of the sea-foam. . . . The first organic forms issued from the shallow places of the great ocean, here plants, there animals. Man, also, is a child of the warm shallows of the sea, in the neighbourhood of the land.' This passage which Goethe certainly knew, and probably accepted in a poetical sense, will throw some light on what follows. (B.T.)

P. 258, l. 1072. *Steering away to Samothrace*. By way of proving their seriousness the Nereids and Tritons set out for the neighbouring Samothrace to bring the mighty Cabiri to the festival. Of these mysterious Samothracian deities very little is known accurately. The vague and contradictory notices concerning their names, number, origin, and symbolism gave rise even in ancient times to endless theorizing. Goethe's persiflage was more directly suggested, however, by Schelling's *Die Gottheiten von Samothrace*, published in 1815 (cf. Eckermann for 17 Feb.

1831). In this pamphlet Schelling absurdly exaggerates the importance of the Cabiri and their cult, and evolves, out of nothing, all sorts of deep-diving and unintelligible conclusions regarding them.

He attempts to prove (p. 25) that the four Cabiri, viz. Axieros, Axiokersa, Axiokersos, and Kadmilos, form a 'living progressive series', Kadmilos being superior to the other three. He then adds: 'With this god (Kadmilos) begins incontestably a new series of revelations whereby the series of personalities mounts to seven and eight.' (C.T.)

P. 260, l. 1138. *The Graces of the Sea, the Dorides*. The Dorides were the daughters of Nereus and the sea-nymph Doris, but are called Nereids in the Grecian mythology. Goethe's object in calling them *Dorides*, and presenting them as the daughters of Nereus, while the Nereids are introduced without any hint of their relationship, has puzzled the commentators; and since any attempt at explanation must be merely conjecture, without evidence, I leave the question as it stands. There seems, also, to be no ground whatever for the declaration of Nereus that at *Paphos*, *Galatea* was worshipped in place of *Cypris* (Aphrodite). Thus far, none of the Olympian Gods or Goddesses have been introduced; and the fresco of *Galatea* by Raphael, which Goethe knew, together with the description of a very similar picture, mentioned by Philostratus, undoubtedly suggested to him the propriety of giving her, as the representative of *Helena* (Beauty), the place which really belongs to Aphrodite.

It is possible that the reason why Nereus refuses to help Homunculus to being, and refers him to *Proteus*, is that Goethe intends the former to be an embodiment of accomplished, completed existence, while the latter represents Transformation, and therefore—since Homunculus must begin with the lowest form of organic life—he must be first consulted. (B.T.)

P. 262, l. 1221. *These Malformations, every one,
Had earthen pots for models.*

In Homunculus' (and Goethe's) opinion the whole controversy about the Cabiri (see note to p. 258, l. 1072), who were originally worshipped under the form of thick-

bellied, earthen jars, was a waste of time. And most commentators on *Faust* agree with this view so whole-heartedly that they wish Goethe had exercised sufficient restraint to say nothing about them.—‘Here the episode, which we cannot but feel is altogether unnecessary and unedifying, comes to an end. (B.T.)’

P. 263, l. 1261. *On the broad ocean's breast must thou begin!* Proteus (who amuses himself by every fantastic disguise and by an unseen voice passing from place to place, and who at last carries the delighted Homunculus to where he can commence existence by being wedded to the ocean, cf. notes to p. 225, l. 176, p. 257, p. 260, l. 1138, above), represents the protean or versatile forces of Nature.

V. TELCHINES OF RHODES (*page 264*)

The Telchines of Rhodes, who were called Sons of the Sea, were the first workers in metals. They made the knife of Kronos and the trident of Poseidon, and cast the first images of the Gods in bronze. Their appearance, here, indicates the dawn of the age of the higher Grecian art. Pliny and Theophrastus are Goethe's authorities for the sunny weather and pure atmosphere of Rhodes. The very movement of the verse suggest brightness; we feel that the sun and air are not those of Rhodes alone, but of all classical art and literature.

The Telchines exalt Luna as the sister of Phoebus, who was the tutelar deity of Rhodes: the conclusion of their chorus seems to indicate the union of Religion and Art, and suggests Coleridge's ‘fair humanities of old religion’. Proteus exalts organic being, life in the waters, over the dead works of the Telchines, and hints at the overthrow of the Rhodian Colossus by an earthquake. (B.T.)

P. 266, l. 1360. PSYLLI AND MARSI. The Psylli were a race of snake-charmers, magic-healers, &c., who dwelt in Libya. The Marsi were an Italian people popularly credited with healing snake-bites by magic.

As a result of a misunderstanding Goethe thought of them as inhabiting the island of Cyprus, one of the chief seats in the worship of Cypris (Aphrodite, Venus, *here Galatea* [see note to p. 260, l. 1138]) and arbitrarily makes them the guardians of her chariot.

P. 267, l. 1369. *Unseen to the new generations.* The new generations, who disregard them and whom they disregard, are the Romans (Eagle), Venetians (Winged Lion), the Mohammedans (Crescent), and Christians (Cross), subsequent conquerors of the island of Cyprus.

P. 270, l. 1475. *What fiery marvel the billows enlightens.* Homunculus sees at once the beginning and consummation of existence. With one throb of recognition and ecstacy he rushes to meet Galatea, and in the moonlit ocean about her car his glass is shattered at her feet.—‘The waves around her shell-chariot are covered as with fire: he begins life in the phosphorescent animalculæ of the Ocean. (B.T.)’

ACT III

BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS (*page 270*)

P. 270, l. 1. HELENA. The Third Act, the *Helena* as it is called, is not a mere ‘Interlude’, but covers an important phase in Faust’s development, and includes only such human motives as are essential to represent the process by which he is matured. Its content and treatment are, however, purely symbolical, suggestive—in no sense realistic or literal; and it is well that this should be so. How otherwise would it have been possible for the author to indicate the manifold experiences and influences by which Faust is changed from an individual of vague and ‘obscurest aspiration’ to a man who is conscious of ‘the one true way’ and is intent to pursue it?

To explain the *Helena* in concrete terms would therefore be impossible. Goethe’s intention was that we should rather sense than comprehend its purport; and it is for this reason that the whole action is presented with a dream-like effect, and the individual motives in such rich instrumentation, so that they may continue to reverberate in us and evoke their sensory impressions to the full.

But it is possible, perhaps, to hint at certain aspects of Faust’s maturing process conveyed in this Act. In the first place there is the conception of harmony, plastic clearness, moderation, and restraint, which Faust acquires (as Goethe himself did) through embracing the Greek ideal, reflected in the classical form at the commencement of the Act.

Then Helen herself, as we have already seen, represents and symbolizes the ideal of Grecian art. And from her union with Faust, that modern 'romantic' figure of vague unsatisfied longings, is to spring a new form of spiritual development, and (as in their child Euphorion) a youthful spirit, which manifests itself in Faust as well, active and energetic to inaugurate the new age.

The union between Faust and Helen is symbolical of reconciliation between vague longing and self-restraint, between romantic and classic poetry, modern and ancient culture. But it has its human aspect too; and Euphorion (in addition to representing the Spirit of Modern Poetry and the New Age; in addition to 'resembling' Lord Byron, whose heroic death was so deeply lamented by Goethe) partakes of genuine human parental love.

Yet nowhere does the language restrict us to any particular interpretation, nor confront us with ordinary facts; it only enables us to divine its manifold implications and absorb the poetic atmosphere of the whole.

P. 272, l. 37. *Enough, with mine own spouse have I been
hither shipped,
And now by him beforehand to his city sent.*

Helen has come back to earth from the Shades, but she believes that she is living her old life still, and that she has just landed with a company of captive Trojan women, her attendants, after the ten years at Troy. She imagines that her husband, Menelaus, has sent her with the women before him from the ship to make preparations for a sacrifice. But the 'faithful Stewardess' of the palace, of whom Menelaus has spoken, is actually none other than Mephistopheles in the guise of a Phorcyad adopted in the previous Act.

P. 277, l. 209. CHORUS. As far as p. 292, when we are surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of the Middle Ages, this Act is conceived in the style of a Greek tragedy, and the form of the verse is classic. In reference to the metres of this choral song Carlyle wrote: ' . . . There is everywhere a strange, piquant, quite peculiar charm in these imitations of the old Grecian style; . . . for often, so graphic is the delineation, we could almost feel as if a vista were opened through the long gloomy distance of ages, and we, with our modern eyes and modern levity, beheld afar off, in clear light, the very figures of that old

grave time; saw them again living in their old antiquarian costume and environment, and heard them audibly discourse in a dialect which had long been dead. Of all this, no man is more master than Goethe.'

The form of the ensuing quarrel between Phorkyas-Mephistopheles and the Chorus is also imitated from Greek tragedy. When Phorkyas appears, the Chorus (speaking as one person, using the pronoun 'I') declare her to be more horrible than any nightmare which they have witnessed during the siege of Ilion (Troy). They bemoan their fate, lovers of beauty, forced to endure the hideous spectacle she presents. The Phorkyad replies that the home of Beauty shall not be polluted by such shameless wantons, such war-begotten brood, as they are.

P. 282, l. 350. *Can it be memory? Was it fancy, seizing me?* The wrangling between Mephistopheles and the Chorus distresses Helen, revives old memories in her. These Mephistopheles maliciously stimulates, so that she remembers her old life, the crime and strife and misfortune that her beauty has provoked. Confused and fainting she falls into the arms of the chorus-leader, half aware that she is only a dream.

But when Helen recovers and Mephistopheles again speaks, he has begun to transform, and pays reverent homage to her beauty. From this point onwards we shall see that Mephistopheles is constrained to abandon his purely negative attitude.

P. 285, l. 436. *Queen, the offering art thou.* Goethe here follows one of the many Greek legends in relation to Helena. Although Homer relates that Menelaus threw away his sword, overcome by her beauty, when he again met her, yet there are frequent references in the poets (Euripides, among others) to a story of her having been sacrificed. Goethe makes a skilful use of it, to account for Helena's migration from Classic to Romantic soil. Phorkyas maliciously amuses herself with the terror of the Chorus: the summoning of the dwarfs to prepare for the sacrifice is but a grim joke; she is bound, as Mephistopheles is, to obey Faust's command. Her threat of death to the Chorus is suggested by the punishment which Telemachus in the *Odyssey* (Book XXII), inflicts on the faithless maids, (P.T.)

P. 295, l. 728. *LYNCEUS, THE WARDER OF THE TOWER.* Here, as in Act V, the watchman of the tower, bears the name of the 'lynx-eyed' pilot of the Argonauts. He is type of Goethe's keen eye for visible beauty. In these stanzas he makes use of rhyme—something new for Helena.

P. 297, l. 791. *Forth from the East we hither pressed.* In this second address Lynceus identifies himself with the invading 'barbarians' who overflowed western Europe. In course of time a new civilization appeared among them. Lynceus gives expression in what follows to the chivalrous beauty-worship of the Middle Ages. And, as applied to Helen, this has the effect of underlining the whole theme of this part of *Faust*, the fertilization of the romantic by the classic spirit, the worship of ideal beauty as the crowning element of civilization.

P. 300, l. 879. *Each sound appeared as yielding to the next.* Helena is enchanted with the new 'romantic' music of the rhymed stanzas she has heard. Faust replies by giving her a lesson in rhyming in a charming episode which represents the complete merging of the Classic and Romantic spirit.

'The gifts are not all on one side: the Romantic welcomes and worships the Classic, but in return it adds the music of rhyme to the proportion of metre. Thus the new element continues to absorb the old, through the loving mutual approach of the two. The allegory becomes so incarnate in the chief characters that it impresses us like an actual human passion, and is so described by the Chorus. The very soul and being of the antique world—the proportion, the reality of form, and the sublime repose of Classic Art—are wedded, in a union perfect as that of love, to the sentiment, the passion, and the freedom of Romantic Art: and the latter, equally yielding, forgets Time, Place, and Race, and feels only that it now possesses the supreme Ideal of Beauty. (B.T.)'

P. 306, l. 1088. *Ye also, Bearded Ones, who sit below and wait.* These words are addressed to the audience as in Attic comedy, and Phorkyas, who has lost her identity with Mephistopheles, proceeds to announce the birth of Euphonia and describe his nature.

P. 309, l. 1140. *Call'st thou a marvel this,
Creta's begotten?*

Phorkyas ('Creta's begotten') has completed her account

of the marvellous boy Euphorion, and the Chorus is made to counter with a description of the birth and childish tricks of Hermes (*or* Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maia), as related in Lucian's dialogues of the Gods. The purpose of this is to make the present myth appear by contrast more credible.

P. 311, l. 1205. EUPHORION. In the original legend Faust has by Helena a son, to whom he gives the name Justus Faustus, and who disappears with her when his compact with Mephistopheles comes to an end. In one of the ancient Grecian myths Helena bears a son to Achilles (recalled from Hades) on the island of Leuke. This son, born with wings, was called Euphorion (the swift or lightly wafted), and was slain by the lightning of Jupiter. Goethe unites the two stories, and adds his own symbolism to the airy, wilful spirit resulting from them.

We have, at the outset, three positive circumstances to guide us. Euphorion is here, as when he formerly appeared in the *Boy Charioteer*, Poetry; he is born of the union of the Classic and Romantic; and shortly before he vanishes from our eyes, he becomes the representative of Byron. . . .

During the appearance of Euphorion upon the stage, the Classic form is wholly lost, absorbed in the Romantic. The measure becomes a wild, ever changing, rhymed dithyrambic, which, in the original, produces an indescribable sense of movement and music. I can only hope that something of the infectious excitement and delight which I have felt while endeavouring to reproduce it may have passed into the English lines, and will help to bear the reader smoothly over the almost endless technical difficulties of translation. The spirit of the scene is quite inseparable from its rhythmical character. (B.T.)

P. 315, l. 1336. *Midst of Pelops' land,
Kindred in soul I stand.*

It was near here that Byron met his death at Missolonghi in 1824. The lawlessness of Euphorion reflects to some extent Byron's wild, unregulated youth. Goethe said to Eckermann (in 1827): 'I could take no one but Byron as the representative of our recent poetic time; he is without question the greatest talent of the century. And then he is not antique and not romantic, but is like the present day. Such a one I needed. Then he suited me also because of

his unsatisfied temperament and his longing for war, which ruined him in Missolonghi.' But these particulars should not be allowed to obscure the real character of the allegory, which may be in part expressed as follows: From the union of the Classical and the Romantic a spirit issues which is different in nature from either, but which has inherited the distinguishing qualities of each in such degree that it must inevitably overreach itself in unstable and unresolved endeavour. In his nature and destiny Euphorion exemplifies the danger, the fallacy even, in Faust's idealistic striving after a harmonious union between differing elements. The bond between himself and Helena must now be loosed. It was never conceived as being an end in itself, but only as covering a necessary phase in Faust's development. If it were persisted in, Faust's striving would remain as far removed from life and actuality as Euphorion's is in its youthful excesses from the start.

P. 316, l. 1386. *The path to Glory opens now.* The Chorus entreats Euphorion to bide in the peaceful Arcadian land of Poetry; and his answer is entirely in accord with the spirit of the Philhellenes, during the Greek Revolution. The heroic struggle of the Suliotcs, in which even women and children shared, is indicated in the preceding verses, and then follows the closing chant, in which the wail of the coming dirge is fore-felt through the peal of trumpets and the clash of cymbals. I am not able to state whether Goethe had read Byron's last poem, written at Missolonghi, on his thirty-sixth birthday, when he wrote the concluding portion of the *Helena*. It is strangely suggested here, in spite of the allegory, and the difference of metre. (B.T.)

P. 318, l. 1417. CHORUS [*Dirge*]. Goethe to Eckermann (in 1827): 'You have remarked that the Chorus quite loses its part in the Dirge; formerly it was antique throughout, or at least never contradicted its maiden-nature; but now it suddenly becomes grave and loftily reflective, and gives utterance to things which it never before thought or could have been able to think.'

The allegory is thrown aside: the four stanzas are a lament, not for Euphorion, but for Byron. They express Goethe's feeling for the poet, while the profound impression created throughout Europe by the news of his death was still fresh.

P. 319, l. 1464, s.D. HELENA's garments dissolve into clouds. Since Faust is only temporarily typical of the Artist, the symbolism embodied in the disappearance of Helena, and his elevation upon the clouds into which her garments are transformed, is not difficult to guess. The Ideal Beauty is revealed to few; but even its robe and veil form a higher ether over all the life of Man. In the direct course of the drama, aesthetic culture is the means by which Faust rises from all forms of vulgar ambition to that nobler activity which crowns his life. (B.T.)

P. 320, l. 1494. *Service and faith secure the individual life.* Panthalis, the Chorage, is the only member of the Chorus who has manifested an individual character throughout the Interlude; consequently she retains it here, where the other members are about to be lost in the elements, entering into the being of trees, echoes, brooks, and vineyards. We are reminded, by what Panthalis says, of Goethe's vague surmises in regard to the future life. He hints on more than one occasion that a strong independent individuality may preserve its *entelechie* (actual, distinctive being), while the mass of persons in whom the human elements are comparatively formless will continue to exist only in those elements. In 1829 he said to Eckermann: 'I do not doubt our permanent existence, for Nature cannot do without the *entelechie*. But we are not all immortal in the same fashion, and in order to manifest one's self in the future life as a great *entelechie*, one must also become one.' The subject seems to have been discussed with others, for we find Wilhelm von Humboldt, in 1830, writing to Frau von Wolzogen: 'There is a spiritual individuality, but not every one attains to it. As a peculiar, distinctive form of mind, it is eternal and immutable. Whatever cannot thus individually shape itself, may return into universal life of Nature.' (B.T.)

ACT IV

I. HIGH MOUNTAINS (page 323)

In this Act we return to the Empire, as in Act I. Helena's veil, in the form of a cloud, has borne Faust from the realm of Arcadia to set him down again on German soil. As the cloud recedes it takes the shape of Helena, and one last

wisp of it that of Gretchen herself; for both are closely linked in Faust's feeling, and represent the ideal powers that have ennobled his spirit and reconciled him with himself and with the world.

These forms recede now, having played their part in informing in Faust a new and positive ideal. He is no longer the type of isolated genius, nor the victim of unruly passion, and strives no longer after the vague and undefined. He stands now on firm ground and has conceived a practical aim for his activity. This derives primarily from his union with Helena and expresses itself symbolically in terms of an ambition to curb the aimless force and unfettered violence of the ocean waves, an ambition which leads eventually to Faust's 'salvation' through noble activity in the service of mankind.

In this Act Mephistopheles, restored to his former role, seeks to divert Faust from his purpose by the prospect of sensual enjoyment and fame. He lures him into an alliance with the Emperor and into participation in war and victory. But the reader will recognize in Goethe's symbolical and satirical treatment of this theme how little such activity and gain can appeal to Faust now, or tempt him to desert the cause he has embraced.

P. 324, l. 28, s.d. *A seven-league Boot trips forward.* Goethe means to indicate by this image, and the first words of Mephistopheles, that Faust has been borne far away from his previous life, so that the former is obliged to make use of the seven-league boots of the fairy tale, in order to overtake him.

Mephistopheles, finding him among jagged peaks of stone (a volcanic formation?), immediately claims an infernal origin for them. Goethe's hostility to the Plutonic theory is again exhibited here, and with more of his irritation than in the Classical Walpurgis-Night. (B.T.)

P. 332, l. 283. *No! but I've brought like Peter Squence,
From all the raff the quintessence.*

The name is that of Shakespeare's Peter Quince, as popularized in Germany by Gryphius in his farce *Herr Peter Squentz*. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* Quince has a 'scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess'. From this 'eligible-list' he chooses his actors.

Thus the selection finally made represents the quintessence, or refined extract, of the whole crowd. So Mephistopheles, instead of enlisting the mountain-folk as a whole, calls to his aid a concentrated extract of soldier-qualities in the shape of three 'mighty men', like those who helped David against the Philistines. The Hebrew names Adino, Eleazar, and Shammah are replaced by the allegorical names Bully, Have-quick, and Hold-fast. In their make-up the Mighty Men represent Youth, Manhood, and Age. (C.T.)

II. ON THE HEADLAND (*page 333*)

Here Faust's warning in the masquerade of the first Act (cf. note to p. 184, l. 625) is realized in actual life; the Emperor, made apparently rich by the influx of paper money, has, in accordance with the character there attributed to him, let things take their course, till the insurrection, symbolized by the magical conflagration, has actually broken out. Faust helps to suppress it, that he may thus obtain the privilege of reclaiming a tract of land from the sea.

P. 336, l. 95. *The Sabine old, the Norcian necromancer.* In the appendix to his *Benvenuto Cellini*, cap. xii, Goethe speaks of the uncanny reputation borne from of old by the mountains of Norcia. 'The earlier romancers', he says, 'used this locality in order to take their heroes through the most wonderful happenings, and increased the popular faith in those magic beings whose forms had first been outlined by saga.' He then goes on to say that the local tradition of the place still preserves the memory of Master Cecco of Ascoli, who was burned at Florence as a necromancer in 1327. Finally he adds, with reference to a passage of the preceding biography, that Cellini's attention was at one time drawn to this region by a Sicilian who promised him treasures and other good things in the name of the spirit. Our fiction is, then, that a Sabine wizard, who had been condemned to death by the Roman clergy, was pardoned by the Emperor on the day of his coronation, and has ever since had his Majesty's welfare at heart. He has now sent Faust and Mephistopheles to offer the aid of the mountain-folk. The object of the invention is to break the force of any reluctance the Emperor might have to profit by the

aid of magic. He is only reaping the proper reward of his former goodness of heart. (C.T.)

P. 341, l. 277. *Methinks that he will send an omen.* After introducing the *Fata Morgana* of Sicily and the fires of St. Elmo, Faust states that the fictitious 'necromancer of Norcia' (see previous note), the Emperor's alleged ally, will now send an omen of the outcome of the battle. This takes the form of a conflict in the air between an eagle (the Emperor's heraldic emblem) and a griffin (that of the Rival Emperor), in which the latter succumbs. Cf. Homer, *Iliad*, xii.

P. 344, l. 365. *The thing is done!* The apparent advantage of the enemy, in carrying the position occupied by the left wing of the Emperor's army, makes Faust's aid (through Mephistopheles) indispensable to victory. The latter, therefore, employs all his magic devices, in turn. Goethe seems to have ransacked the superstitions of History, and combined their most picturesque features. We are reminded of the storm and flood described by Plutarch, of St. Jago fighting for Spain, of the apparitions and noises which are reported to have accompanied many famous battles; but the most effective agent, after all, is *transmitted party hate*. (B.T.)

III. THE RIVAL EMPEROR'S TENT (page 346)

In the hour of victory the Emperor speaks proud words, and tells how he had turned his gaze inward, and has learnt through the experience of years the value of the moment. Nevertheless in this crisis of his affairs, instead of applying himself to the establishment of good government he forthwith augments the power of the princes and, that they may give lustre to his court, he allows them to oppress the people by the arbitrary imposition of taxes. Goethe here exhibits the Golden Bull, by which the emperor, Charles VI, in the Reichstag at Mainz, 1356, defined the hereditary offices of the Kurfürsts. Hollow pomp and artificial ceremonialism takes the place of genuine political activity. The insurrection had been promoted by the clergy, whose bigotry and rapacity are strikingly exhibited in the person of the Archbishop. We have here a picture of the political state of Germany from

the days of Faust to the days of Goethe. Such a state of things offered no sphere for the high and earnest purpose of Faust, which, for its realization, must create for itself a new and appropriate sphere. (A.S.)

P. 346, l. 9. Here hangs a morning-star, so strong. A huge club with iron spikes.

P. 354, l. 206. When newly crowned, thou didst the wizard liberate. The reader will have already remarked that the satire of this scene is not limited to its medieval features. It not only embraces that mechanical statesmanship which, after a great historical crisis, sees no other policy than the re-establishment of previous conditions, but it shows in a contrast which grows sharper towards the close, the grandeur of intelligent human ambition, embodied in Faust, and the narrow greed and selfishness, first of the State, and then of the Church. The indifference of the secular princes becomes almost a virtue, beside the bigotry of the Archbishop. The latter refers to the humanity of the young Emperor, in saving the life of the Norcian necromancer, as an unatoned sin. The acceptance of the Wizard's gratitude, in the aid rendered by Faust and Mephistopheles, although it has saved the dynasty (and the Archbishop, himself, with it), is a still greater sin, deserving the ban of the Holy Church. The Emperor is required to make heavy sacrifices of land, money, and revenues, before he can receive full absolution for his guilt. We are reminded of the priest's words to Margaret's mother (First Part, Scene ix):

'The Church alone, beyond all question,
Has for ill-gotten goods the right digestion.'

But the climax of rapacity, and also of inconsistency, is reached when the Archbishop demands the tithes of the new land which Faust has not yet reclaimed from the sea. (B.T.)

ACT V (*page 356*)

Between this Act and the previous one many years are supposed to have elapsed, and Faust's great practical enterprise is nearing completion. The symbolical purport of this effort to impose order upon chaos has already been spoken of (see note to p. 323).

The reclaiming of land is moreover a good work.

But since this enterprise is associated with human ambition and the exercise of dictatorial powers, certain means are (almost inevitably) employed which the end does not justify or require. Faust is no saint, and Goethe but makes him more human in admitting (though by no means condoning) this fact. Faust's continued use of Mephistopheles' aid, and that of the Three Mighty Men, his unscrupulousness towards Philemon and Baucis, exemplify this aspect of his activity, as of all human endeavour in the 'practical' sphere.

The cruel tragedy which Faust's covetousness leads to, when he orders the dispossession of the aged couple from their home, causes him to realize that he has not yet made good, nor achieved real nobility of purpose. He now forswears Magic, banishes evil motives from him, so that his spirit rises supreme to its shackles and limitations, and wins through at last to independence, courage, and self-conquest.

In this new-found freedom Faust is able to exorcize without recourse to magic the phantom Care that seeks to haunt him. And even when this beldam leaves Faust stricken with blindness, that she may indulge the irony of having him believe that his good work is being furthered when actually it is his own grave that is being dug, Faust is still victorious. For what he has created will not perish with him. His spirit will live on in the world, will escape extinction, will ascend in time and space ever higher in pursuit of its great and noble ideals.—'This it is, and this alone, that the concluding scenes of the drama, with their traditional representation of Hell and the ascent to Heaven, symbolize.

I. OPEN COUNTRY

P. 357, l. 17. BAUCIS (*a little woman, very old*). 'My Philemon and Baucis have nothing to do with that famous pair of antiquity or with the saga relating to them. I gave them those names merely to elevate the characters. As the personages and the conditions are similar, the similar names produce a thoroughly favourable effect.' (Goethe to Eckermann, 6 June 1831.) The same applies to LYNCEUS, the Warder, in Sc. iii. He is not to be identified with his namesake in the *Helena*.

The cottage in which the aged couple dwell, the lime-trees, and the chapel are situated on a dune where many years ago the WANDERER was shipwrecked, though now it is far distant from the sea in a broad stretch of fertile and thickly peopled land which Faust has reclaimed.

III. PALACE

P. 361, l. 32. With twenty come to port again. Mephistopheles, still forced to serve, turns his commercial into a piratical voyage, and hopes to secure Faust's complicity in Evil by tempting him to accept the precious spoils of all climes, and the vessels which he has accumulated. His argument, that War, Trade, and Piracy are 'three in one', makes no impression on Faust, who, as we learn from the Three Mighty Men, turns away from the bribe in disgust. (B.T.)

V. MIDNIGHT

P. 367, s.D. Four Gray Women enter. Faust is still on the balcony, from which he is able to overhear dimly what the four phantoms below are muttering. Three of them, Want, Guilt (or 'Debt'), and Necessity, are unable to enter the rich man's house; but Care may yet find her abode with Faust. The following quotation will make clear the nature of the allegory.

'Goethe's serene courage was not the result of a gay nature; it was deliberate self-conquest:

"Had you seen as much as I've seen of the strife", he wrote, "you'd try, as I do, to love your life."

"Ruhe, Ruhe, nur Ruhe!" the old man would exclaim in talk with his friends, rather for himself than his company, and more and more in his writings he lays stress on "Heiterkeit" ("Cheerfulness"), because it is a sign of victory. His refusal to "give up at a miserable sixty", his determination to use to the full the last embers of the sinking fire, sprang from the same deliberate choice. Thus it is typical of his whole attitude to life that the last assault upon the centenarian Faust should be made by "Sorge" ("Care"), and also that the man should find reserves of strength to meet it.' (s. & D. p. 237).

VI. GREAT OUTER COURT

P. 372, l. 21. LEMURES. Goethe has here borrowed (probably from Percy's *Reliques*, which he knew) the

original song of Lord Vaux, a part of which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*. But he has taken only the first half of the verses, completing them with other lines of his own. Therefore I have only translated these latter. (B.T.)

In his essay *Der Tanzerin Grab* Goethe speaks of the 'pitiable Lemurs that retain enough of muscles and sinews to be able to hobble about and not appear as transparent skeletons and collapse', as represented on one of the reliefs from Cumae. He uses them in this great scene of triumph and fulfilment, of grim irony and deepest pathos, to afford what is spoken of as comic relief.

, P. 373, l. 75. *In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest Moment, this!*

Through his prophetic vision of a free people, living upon a free soil—courage, intelligence, and patriotism constantly developed anew by danger—Faust experiences the one moment of supreme happiness. He has attained it in spite of, not through, Mephistopheles. He has blessed his fellow men for aons to come by creating for them a field of existence, surrounded with conditions which assure them its possession and their own freedom and happiness. Not through Knowledge, Indulgence, Power—not even through the pure passion of the Beautiful, or victory over the Elements—has he reached the crowning Moment which he would fain delay; the sole condition of perfect happiness is the good which he has accomplished for others. (B.T.)

In the light of this consideration no reader will contend that in uttering the fateful words '*Ah still delay—thou art so fair*' Faust has lost the wager which he made with Mephistopheles at the beginning. Strictly speaking, he does not utter them to the passing moment, but as one who envisages a future moment when his great work shall be completely realized; so that Mephistopheles cannot justly claim to have won even in a technical sense, much less in a moral one. Goethe's verdict reads: 'Mephistopheles can only half win his wager, and even if Faust were himself half to blame, God's right of forgiveness is immediately exercised, and all comes right in the end' (letter to Schubarth, 3 Nov. 1820).

*P. 374, l. 106. One now offends, the ancient way;
Upon the new we're not yet recommended.*

Mephistopheles means that the old method (as for instance in the Miracle-plays and in the Faust-legend) of consigning a human being to perdition by having the Devil seize his soul is now discredited, and that he needs reinforcements in these days if he is not to be cheated of his prey.

In the struggle which follows between devils and angels for Faust's soul, Goethe wishes to represent his conviction that spiritual help is given to those who strive to do good.

P. 375, l. 130. Hell hath a multitude of jaws, in short. Goethe's first plan was to send Mephistopheles into the presence of the Lord, for the purpose of announcing that he had won. This, however, would have interfered with the effect of the closing scene, and he selected, instead, the machinery of the Miracle-plays, as better adapted to his purpose. The open jaws of Hell, as they are still represented in many chapels of Catholic countries, and the two varieties of Devils, are intentionally introduced as a coarse, almost vulgar, framework for a scene which is meant to include the sharpest contrast of two principles, Heaven stooping down, and Hell rising up to take hold of the soul of Man. (B.T.)

P. 377, l. 188. CHORUS OF ANGELS (scattering roses). How often in pictures angels are represented scattering roses, which, however, become burning flames to the devils, just as in the depraved soul, which has lost the capacity for ideal enjoyment, the vision of pure beauty awakens only the torment of ungratified desire: this is experienced by Mephistopheles.

The form of the medieval Latin hymns is reproduced in the angels' songs, which intentionally echo those of the Easter morning of the First Part.

Between the musical harp-like tones of the angels' song are heard in wonderful contrast the discordant utterances of Mephistopheles, as he now exhorts the devils to pluck off the Psyche-wings of Faust's soul, now recognizes and deplores his own lustful and futile cravings. Thus he retires, like the stupid devil in the popular religious plays, self-deceived, rather than deceived by others.

In Goethe's treatment of the subject, as in the medieval

dramas, the humorous element is associated with the earnest conception of the struggle between Heaven and Hell; the poet has ventured to blend together the sublime and the burlesque, heavenly peace and demoniacal desire, and he has succeeded. (A.S.)

VII. MOUNTAIN-GORGES, FOREST, ROCK, DESERT (page 381)

The conception of the holy mountain derives from what Goethe had read of Montserrat, near Barcelona, a mountain inhabited in the Middle Ages by anchorites in hermit-cells perched high up on the rocks. Calvin Thomas refers also to an engraving in Goethe's possession, a (so-called) Titian, representing St. Jerome in the wilderness, of which the opening lines in this scene read like a poetic description.

In speaking of this concluding scene of Faust's apotheosis, Goethe confessed to Eckermann that he found it very difficult to delineate and that he drew his hints for the scenery and characters from the medieval church, so as to give definiteness and substantiality to his poetic intentions.

In the light of this explanation it is not permissible to regard the scene as removed from the sympathies of Protestant readers, for Goethe had no choice than to present his allegory in terms of the imagery by which Christianity has endeavoured from earliest times to symbolize the infinite and the unseen.

The idea of the Virgin-mother was sure to appeal to him, for it was as a woman, he confessed, that the Ideal always appeared to him; this also gave him an opportunity for re-introducing the Gretchen-motive and emphasizing his belief in the redeeming power of love.

P. 382, l. 11. PATER ECSTATICUS. It is generally agreed—and the tendency of Goethe's mind during his last years justifies the belief—that the three *Patres* symbolize different forms or manifestations of devotional feeling. Their appearance, as we afterwards feel, was suggested by the necessity of avoiding a sudden transition from the blasphemous sensuality of Mephistopheles to the 'indescribable' exaltation of the closing mystery; but they also have their appropriate place in this ever-rising and ever-swelling symphony, with its one theme of the accordance of Human and Divine Love.

We might almost say that the *Pater Ecstoticus* represents Devotion as manifested through temperament or exalted sensation; the *Pater Profundus* Devotion as it shapes the intellect, which perceives symbols in all things, feels the limitations of the senses, and aspires towards Divine Truth as the highest form of knowledge; and finally, the *Pater Seraphicus* Devotion as it possesses the soul in the purest glow of self-abnegation. (B.T.)

P. 383, l. 51. CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS. 'These boys, whom Goethe calls 'midnight-born', are the spirits of those who died in birth, barely given to Life and then taken from it before the awakening of sense or mind. The meaning seems to be that they are still undeveloped in the spiritual world—in other words, that, in the scale of ascending Being, they have missed our sphere, and feel only the delight of existence (*allen ist das Dasein so gelind*), without the intelligence, from which must be born the aspiration for what is still beyond and above them. (B.T.)

P. 384, l. 93. *Who'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.*

The original of these two lines:

*'Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen',*

were enclosed in inverted commas by Goethe, in order to stress their importance as providing the 'key to Faust's redemption: in the man himself an activity that goes on growing higher and purer and, from heaven, the Eternal Love coming to his aid. This is in harmony with our religious belief, that we cannot attain blessedness through our own powers but only with the help of Divine grace.' (Goethe to Eckermann, 6 June 1831.)

P. 385, l. 121. *Eternal love, alone,
Can separate them.*

The quotation in the foregoing note has a bearing on the interpretation of these and the previous lines. Eternal Love, vouchsafed in this scene through the mediation of the Blessed Virgin at the supplication of Margaret, is alone able to set the soul free from its terrestrial attributes and cause it to appear in perfect purity.

P. 386, l. 146. DOCTOR MARIANUS. That the fourth saint

is called 'doctor' instead of 'pater' is not especially significant. Goethe first wrote 'pater'. The epithet 'Marianus' marks him as especially devoted to the Virgin Mary. (C.T.)

P. 387, l. 194. MAGNA PECCATRIX. I have retained the references attached to this and the two following stanzas, because I am not sure whether they were originally written by Goethe, or afterwards added by Reimer. Mary Magdalene and the Woman of Samaria require no comment; Mary of Egypt is described in the *Acta Sanctorum* as an infamous woman of Alexandria, who, after seventeen years of vice, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On approaching the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an invisible arm thrust her away. Weeping, overcome with the sudden sense of her unworthiness, she prayed to the Virgin, and was then lifted as by hands and borne into the Temple, and a voice said to her: 'Go beyond the Jordan, and thou wilt find peace.' She went into the Desert, where she lived alone forty-eight years, only visited by a monk, who brought her the last sacrament, and for whom, when she died, she left a message written upon the sand.

These three sinful yet penitent and glorified women are made intercessors for the soul of Margaret, which has not yet been admitted to the higher spheres. (B.T.)

P. 388, l. 226. UNA POENITENTIAM. Margaret sees her full pardon in the face of the Mater Gloriosa, before it is spoken, and the prayer (First Part, Scene xviii) which was a despairing cry for help now becomes a strain of unutterable joy. The Blessed Boys approach, bearing the soul of Faust, already overtowering them as it grows into consciousness of the new being. By him, who has learned so much of Life, they shall be taught at last. Margaret, no longer an ignorant maiden, but an inspired soul, sees the beauty and glory of the original nature of Faust, now redeemed, releasing itself from its earthly disguises and shining like the Holy Host. But we hear no voice: we only know that it awakens. (B.T.)

P. 389, l. 261. CHORUS MYSTICUS. These lines, famous in the original through the whole world of poetry, mystically express the relation between the earthly and heavenly spheres. On the last two lines Taylor has the following excellent comment:

'Love is the all-uplifting and all-redeeming power on Earth and in Heaven; and to Man it is revealed in its most pure and perfect form through Woman. Thus, in the transitory life of Earth, it is only a symbol of its diviner being; the possibilities of Love, which Earth can never fulfil, become realities in the higher life which follows; the Spirit, which Woman interprets to us here, still draws us upward (as Margaret draws the soul of Faust) there '

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